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Collier's

OCTOBER 8, 1949
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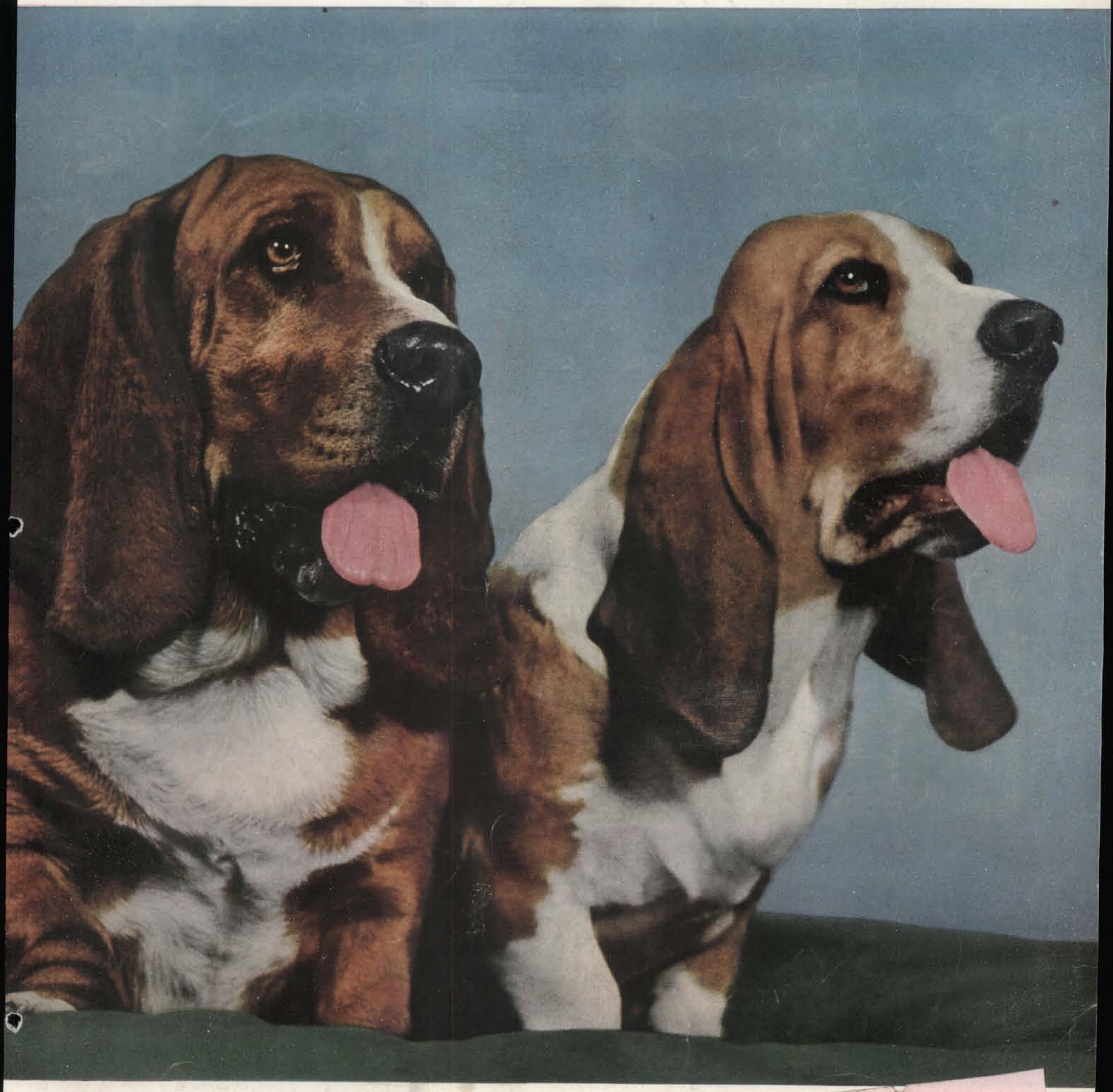

Crack-up of an American Commu

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"I lived in Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

SAYS Fred MacMurray

star of "BORDERLINE," a Milton Bren Production

"Yes, I've lived in Milwaukee," says Fred MacMurray, "and I can tell you that Milwaukee brews America's best premium beers. And of them all, *my* favorite . . . and *Milwaukee's* favorite . . . has always been Blatz! It's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!" Yes, according to official figures, *Blatz is the largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin!* Try Blatz Beer, today!

Whenever his studio activities permit, you'll find Fred, the angler, tying trout flies. "Part of the fun of fishing," says Fred, "is the thirst it develops for a good cold bottle of Blatz, Milwaukee's *finest* beer."

Why don't *you* try Blatz Beer, too? As Fred MacMurray says, "It's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!" Ask for Blatz at your favorite store . . . and at better clubs, taverns, restaurants and hotels.

TUNE IN
DUFFY'S TAVERN
Thursday evening,
9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C.

Blatz
BETTER TASTING BEER
FOR THE 98TH YEAR

Blatz is Milwaukee's First Bottled Beer!

©1949, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.

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800,000 people own the Bell Telephone Business

One out of every 60 families in the United States shares in the ownership of the Bell System

There are 800,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Their savings have helped provide the telephone system that serves you.

Most of them are small stockholders. 230,000 own five shares or less. The average holding is thirty shares. More than one-third have owned their shares for fifteen years or longer.

No one—no individual, company or institution—owns as much as one-third of one per cent of A. T. & T. stock.

The people who own the Bell System come from all walks of life throughout the cities, towns and countryside of America. One in every 60 families in the United States shares directly in this ownership.

Every time you use the telephone, the accumulated, small investments of these hundreds of thousands of people go to work for you.

They have built the best and most widespread system of communication in the world for you to use at low cost. It is from their savings, and the savings of many like them, that the money needed to improve and expand the service comes.

A fair and regular return on the money these stockholders have invested is an important factor in making possible the good telephone service you get today.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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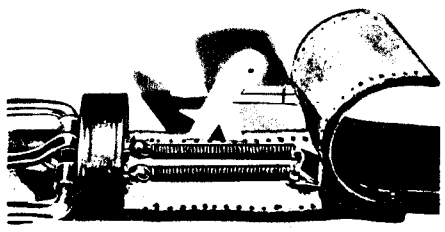
IT G-I-V-E-S

Here's a BELT that b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s IN then OUT

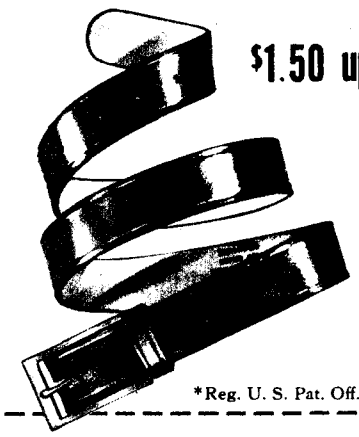


Completely hidden springs

EXPANSO* is the special patented feature in a Knothe belt that g-i-v-e-s as you move! This patented feature is a completely hidden set of springs—inside the belt leather. You can't see them—can't hear them—they cannot chafe the waistband of your trousers. They just smoothly expand and contract as you breathe or bend, stoop or stretch!

If there is no Expanso retailer in your community we shall be pleased to send you the belt of your selection upon receipt of your money order or check.

Listed below are a few of the most popular EXPANSO styles in fine leathers.



$1.50 up

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357452

$1.50	Calf-Grain Cowhide	black . . . . brown
$2.00	Smooth Cowhide	black . . . . brown
$2.50	Natural Grain Pigskin	hazelnut
$2.50	Morocco Goatskin	black
$3.50	Smooth Cordovan	black . . . . mahogany
$5.00	Hand Boarded Calfskin	black . . . . brown
$5.00	Boa Constrictor	Cuban brown
$9.00	Alligator	mahogany

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Enclosed is $.....
Please send me the EXPANSO belt checked above in waist size.....

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October 8, 1949

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The Cover

The pink-tongued, stubby-legged hunting dogs are not bloodhounds but basset hounds—originally the French equivalent of the English beagle. Rabbits are their natural quarry. Basset hound field trials are scheduled for Brighton, Michigan, October 1st and 2d; and for Du Bois, Pennsylvania, October 29th and 30th.

Week's Mail

Discord in the Brass Section

EDITOR: Thanks to General Edson for the thought-provoking "Power-Hungry Men in Uniform" (Aug. 27th).

Thinking Americans certainly are already suspicious of the subtle effort to promote an all-powerful military caste, but this group is a small minority. Far too many people are blandly ignoring personal concern in matters of this sort and have failed to appreciate the ominous significance of "centralization of military authority."

This article cannot be construed as a bitter remonstration from a retired representative of a minority military group, the illustrious Marine Corps. It is a studied and logical utterance by a high-ranking military man with a comprehensive knowledge and understanding of the problem.

C. F. SMALL, West Allis, Wis.

. . . I was deeply shocked to find in General Edson's article an attack on General Williston B. Palmer, formerly commandant of the Army Information School, at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania.

Until the fall of 1946 I was junior officer serving under General Palmer as executive officer of the academic section of the Army Information School. I do not recall the statement attributed to him in General Edson's article. Such a statement may have been made during one of General Palmer's lectures, but if that is the case I can only assume that it has been pulled out of context and thus warped.

To couple General Palmer's views with those of Hitler is atrocious. I know of no general officer who has a more democratic concept of the proper relationship between the military and the civilian worlds. While quoting General Palmer, General Edson might well have quoted those lectures in which General Palmer examined the history of the American Army and stated, repeatedly and unequivocally, that the soldier is a servant of his government and that the armed forces rightly receive authority and direction only from the Congress and thus from the people of the nation.

WILLIAM B. HARTLEY, Stamford, Conn.

. . . I wish to express my appreciation for and admiration of the article, "Power-Hungry Men in Uniform." In my opinion, it is a well-written article and the gospel truth. These are two qualities not always found together. It ought to be read by every citizen. J. W. REEVES, JR., Vice-Admiral U.S. Navy, Pensacola, Fla.

. . . At the beginning and throughout his article General Edson harps continually on the Prussian general staff system which "destroyed all vestiges of democracy in the German nation."

The German general staff and the *Wehrmacht* opposed Hitler and the Nazi party in Germany with every measure short of actual bloodshed. General staff officers were even involved in the famous attempt on Hitler's life. (I recommend The Other Side of the Hill, by Liddell Hart, for the general's reading.)

General Edson states that history contains no record of final victory in world conflict for a nation operating under such a military system. On the contrary, history

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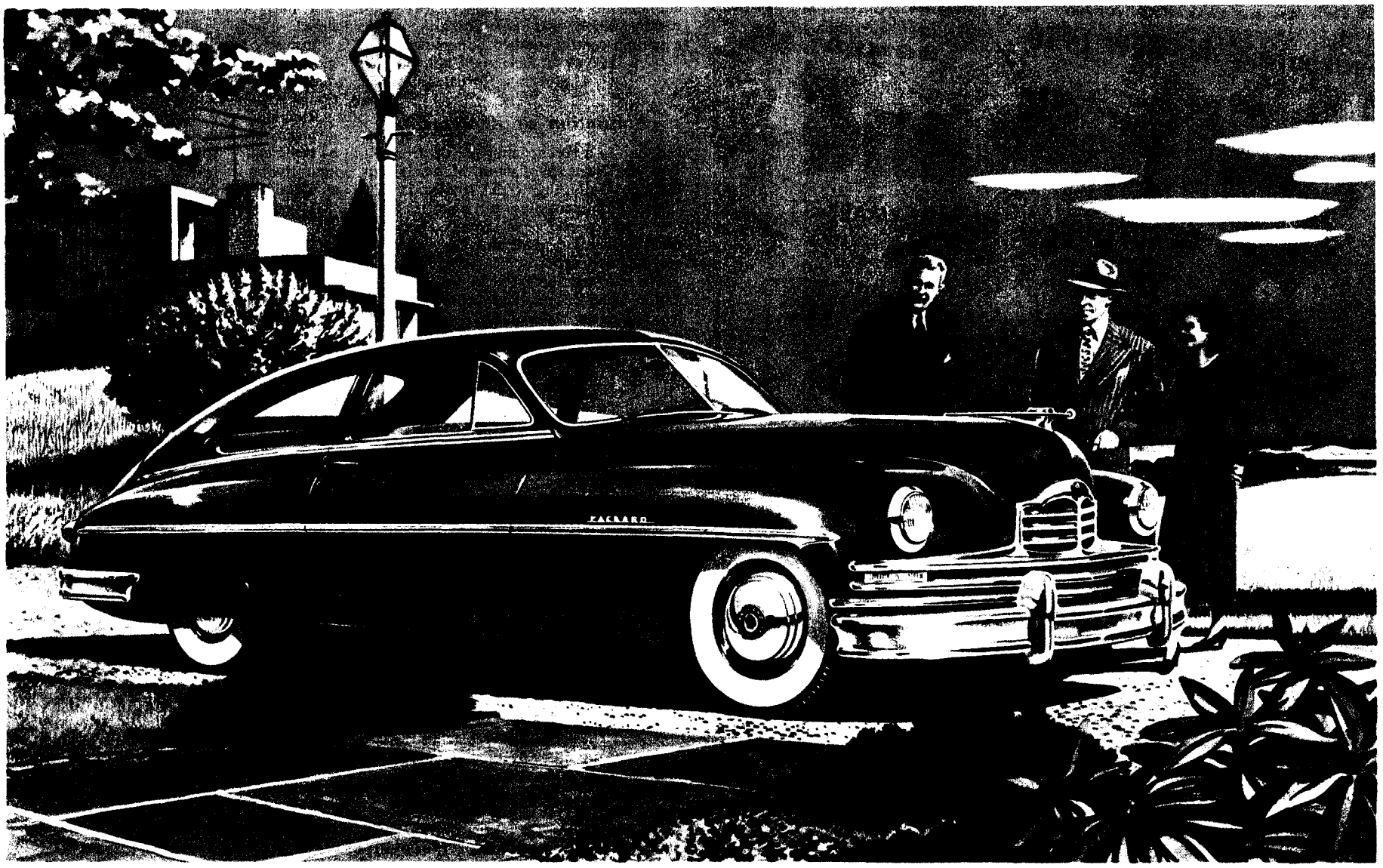


New Golden Anniversary Packard Eight, 135-HP Club Sedan—$2224—delivered in Detroit, state and local taxes, if any, and white sidewalls ($21), extra.

Are you "guessing" yourself out of a Packard?

THE LETTER we know by heart is the one that begins: "Why didn't somebody *tell* me how easy it is to own a Packard! I had an idea . . ."

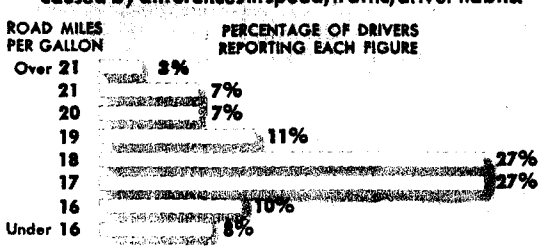
—An idea that a Packard is priced above your reach? Just look at today's *new lower Packard prices!*

—An idea that Packard's luxury comfort means high upkeep costs? Check the facts on Packard durability!

—An idea that Packard's spectacular performance means high operating costs? Just look at the gas-economy chart below!

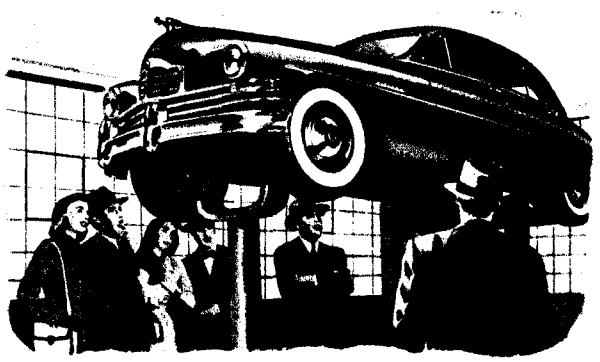
Once you've matched your 'notions' against today's hard *facts,* you'll know it's time to *be* "the man who owns one!"

Gas-Mileage Report on the new 135-HP Packard Eight, with overdrive.† Variations are caused by differences in speed, traffic, driver habits.



Gas economy—HIGH. Where would *your* car rate on this *Packard* economy chart? Even with their stepped-up power, the new Packards are the thrift sensation of the year!

†*Optional equipment at moderate extra cost*



Upkeep—LOW. Fact: Of all the Packards built, in the last 50 years, over 50% are still in service! And today's new Packards are the most durable ones of them all!

And at new lower prices! You can own a new 135-HP Packard for less than the price of many lighter-built lower-powered eights—less, even, than for some of today's *sixes!*

Ask your dealer about PACKARD ULTRAMATIC DRIVE—the *last word* in automatic, no-shift control!

Golden Anniversary PACKARD

135-HP EIGHT 150-HP SUPER 160-HP CUSTOM

Ask the man who owns one

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Presenting the NEW 1950
HOMES
"Thrift Home"
LOWEST-COST QUALITY HOME ON THE MARKET!
If you make $45-$50 a week you can own a "Thrift Home"
Imagine being able to own this beautiful new 1950 home for only a few hundred dollars down and monthly payments of around $40! No wonder the "Thrift Home" outsells any other home on the market!
The first "Thrift Home", introduced in 1948, was a sensational success. Thousands have been sold. Each one is giving perfect satisfaction. But the new 1950 "Thrift Homes" is an even better buy. More beauty, more comforts, more fine-home features. And at no increase in cost.
There's still time this year for you to move into a new 1950 "Thrift Home." Get the facts today.
Look What You Get!
★ Long-lasting, plastic plywood exteriors — weatherboarding or shingle walls available. ★ Interior walls are room-size panels of crackproof, waterproof material — no joints —can be painted or papered. ★ Fully insulated. ★ Youngstown kitchen: with sink cabinet, including laundry tray; wall cabinets. ★ Complete modern bathroom. ★ Economical forced-air wall furnace. ★ Automatic hot water heater. ★ Ample closets, storage space. ★ Acceptable for F. H. A. financing.
16
National

contains no record of final victory for a nation which was *not* operating under a strong, central, unified command.

HARVEY L. JENKINS, Capt. Infantry
U.S. Army, Fort Benning, Ga.

Limitation of Armaments

EDITOR: In a recent letter to you from Ernest W. Towne, Wollaston, Massachusetts, (Week's Mail, Aug. 27th) it is said: "The Constitution guarantees the right of all citizens to keep and bear arms." This statement is so often made that it seems to be accepted as true.

The Constitution says: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed" (Second Amendment). The collection of cases in U.S. Code Annotated shows that the "arms" refers to the arms of a militiaman or a soldier and that the word is used in a military sense only.

The amendment does not permit weapons to be carried by the general public and is not a limitation of any kind on the powers of a state or city to forbid carrying firearms. The statutes and ordinances on concealed weapons are constitutional, and laws requiring guns and other weapons to be registered are necessary for proper police regulation.

Whether we go around carrying concealed weapons or not, let's not rewrite the Constitution by misquoting.

WILLIAM E. MOONEY, Omaha, Nebr.

The Fast Fly Boys

EDITOR: There They Were! Jet Hop to Europe (Aug. 6th), by Lieutenant Colonel Clarke Newlon, has created considerable interest among the F-80 jet jockeys in our command who are in constant training via long overwater hops, particularly between Okinawa and the Japanese islands. Recently 41 jets made a mass flight from Naha, Okinawa, to Yokota Air Force Base, Honshu, Japan, a distance of 950 miles, in two hours and 20 minutes—with no aborts.

The jet men in the Far East are certainly interested in the exploits of their speedy brethren in other parts of the world, hence the issue with Newlon's article had a short life on the PX counters, and has created much favorable discussion in places where the jet pilots gather.

More power to you for continuing to furnish up-to-the-second articles on the modern Air Force, and a bravo to Newlon for aggressive and interesting reporting.

FLINT O. DUPRE, Hq. Far East,
Tokyo, Japan

. . . I thought Colonel Newlon's photograph of his pilot Colonel Dave Schilling was a very inspiring picture. But now I would like to see Colonel Dave Schilling without all that what-you-call-it on his face.

If possible could you publish a normal picture of him? I would appreciate it very much, and I am sure he would too.

EFFIE MARIE THOMAS, Houston, Texas

Jet Pilot Schilling, on and off the job

Connecticut's Chester

EDITOR: In Walter Davenport's article on Chester Bowles ('52 Buttons for Bowles? Aug. 27th), I find no mention of the fact that he is one of the country's leading advocates of world government. Can it be that this does not seem to you an important point to be mentioned in an article on a man who may possibly become our next President?

Instead of any mention of his support of global federation, the article says "he marches abreast his onetime fellow isolationist Arthur Vandenberg."

Ridiculous! Vandenberg opposes world government, and while he may no longer be technically "isolationist," he is still many figurative miles behind men of vision, such as Chester Bowles.

FRANK IRWIN, White Plains, N. Y.

. . . Please straighten Mr. Davenport out on the number of Catholics in the state of Connecticut ('52 Buttons for Bowles?). There are approximately 670,000 of us there instead of but 70,000, as mentioned in his article. J. U. DION, Irvington, N. J.

An Editor Approves

EDITOR: Collier's and Lester Velie have done an outstanding service for California by "exposing" Artie Samish and his activities among our legislators. It's the kind of job that most of our California editors, including myself, have thought about doing for a long time, but never managed to get around to doing.

I can't recall any single magazine article in the history of California that has won such immediate and widespread notice.

TOM R. HENNION, Editor, Advance-
Register, Tulare, Cal.

Shipmates & Gandy-Dancers

EDITOR: William J. Slocum's Skid Row—U.S.A. (Aug. 27th) is the most interesting thing I've ever read in Collier's, but the piece grieves me.

I spent 25 years in the Army and Navy and am now retired from the Navy. I can't understand how a man who spent the best years of his life in the uniform of his country should have to resort to Skid Row. I hate to think of my shipmates and buddies being there. JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS,
Birmingham, Ala.

. . . I would like to call your attention to an erroneous statement in Skid Row—U.S.A. "a gandy-dancer is entitled to unemployment benefits *from the railroads* based upon how much money he makes." (Italics are mine.)

Gandy-dancers, or track laborers as they are better known to the average layman, do not receive unemployment benefits from the railroads when they become unemployed. They can apply for and receive unemployment insurance benefits under the provisions of the Railroad Unemployment Insurance Act, which is a federal law and is administered by the United States of America Railroad Retirement Board.

DANIEL L. UFFNER, New Haven, Conn.

. . . In his 8,000 miles of gathering material for Skid Row—U.S.A., Mr. Slocum should have run into at least one old-timer to tell him that the correct term, in their own lingo, is "skid road." Much more descriptive, I think.

JOHN COULTHARD, San Francisco, Cal.

Old Swimmin' Hole

EDITOR: Never in all my life has a Collier's cover meant as much to me as Carl Mansfield's photograph of the boys swimming, on the August 20th issue.

I spent several minutes just staring at the cover before I could even open the magazine. I relived my childhood all over again —this photograph brought many memories back to me that I had almost forgotten, and in this busy world had not taken time to cherish. RICHARD JOHNSON, Tampa, Fla.

And No Questions Asked

EDITOR: In regard to the article, What Happened to the Fair Deal (Aug. 27th), I have only this to say: "Whatever happened to the Fair Deal, thank Heaven it happened!"

W. L. WILLIS, Edna, Texas

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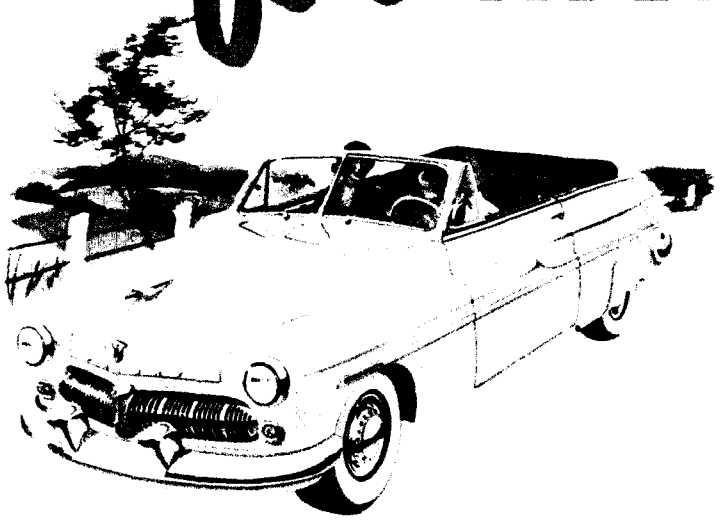
"There's no match for MERCURY *style!*"



THAT'S WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT THE HANDSOME NEW 1949 MERCURY!

It's long! It's low! It's really massive! No wonder owners say there isn't a smoother, smarter, more handsomely designed car than the 1949 MERCURY *! And they're right! There isn't!*

Make your next car

MERCURY

YES, the 1949 Mercury is the most beautiful value today – in more ways than one!

For everything in it has been *road-proven* by thousands of owners over millions of miles!

You get a new 8-cylinder, V-type engine with surprising *economy!* Front coil *springing!* A truly restful "comfort-zone" *ride!* Easier *steering!* "Super-safety" *brakes!* Increased all-round *visibility!* Plus the luxury of foam rubber-cushioned *seats!*

See it! Drive it—and you'll say: *"It's Mercury for me!"*

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

White side-wall tires and rear wheel shields optional at extra cost

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE is fine, but for *my* sake he needs some advice about his hair. Just look at it! So dull and straggly. And tell-tale loose dandruff, too. Yes, he's got Dry Scalp all right. Guess I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

GREAT BOON! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic really keeps your hair looking shipshape. Just a few drops daily check unsightly loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp . . . make a world of difference in the good looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Gives double care to both scalp and hair.

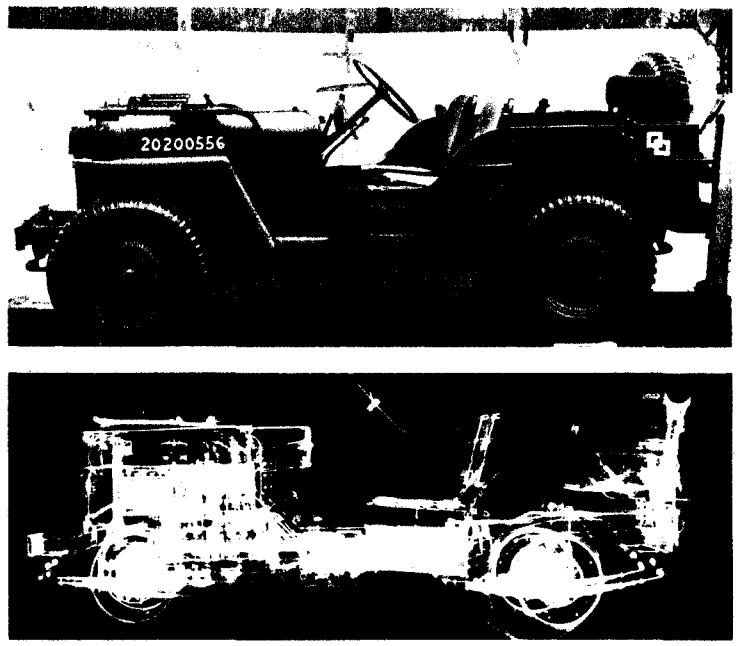
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



At top, a jeep is placed in front of film sealed in envelopes. The world's largest X-ray photo (12′ 1″ x 4′ 8″) results (below)

The largest X-ray photograph ever made on a single negative—an actual-size radiograph of an Army jeep—is 12 feet, one inch long and four feet, eight inches high. It was made on November 26, 1945, with new equipment developed jointly by scientists of the University of Rochester and the Eastman Kodak Company. Although this picture required an exposure of one hour and 30 minutes to a 1,000,000-volt X-ray machine, it proved that this method of making one complete radiograph of a large object is considerably faster than the old method of making such a picture in sections.

* * * * * * * * *

The Bourne Whaling Museum in New Bedford, Massachusetts, is an unusual memorial, erected to Jonathan Bourne, a prominent whaling man of 19th-century America. He owned and sailed a whaling bark named Lagoda for 45 years, a model of which is on exhibition in the museum which was built to house it and which, with the model, cost $150,000. Setting on the floor and appearing as it would on the surface of the sea, this Lagoda has an over-all length of 83 feet and the over-all height, including the mast, is 60 feet, or as tall as a five-story building. Thus, it is the largest ship model in the world.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's greatest woman swindlers was Cassie Chadwick of Cleveland who did not hit her stride until 1898 when she was forty-one. The first step in Cassie's most successful swindle was the spreading of a "secret" about herself. She confided to a lawyer that she had claimed recognition as an illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie and that the millionaire Scotsman had promised her a fortune in bonds. She felt sure that the lawyer would tell the secret to his banker friends if he were convinced that it were true, so she persuaded him to accompany and protect her on the trip to New York to get the securities. After arriving at the Carnegie mansion and asking her companion to wait in the carriage, the lady went up to the door, pretended to ring the bell and enter the house (although she merely hid in the vestibule), and emerged 20 minutes later with a package. Back home, she soon found a banker who had heard the tale. He gladly accepted her sealed package for safekeeping and gave her a receipt for "Andrew Carnegie's $2,000,000 Trust Fund." With it, Cassie borrowed—and spent—some $3,000,000 by 1905 when she was exposed, tried, convicted and given a ten-year sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary. She died there two years later.

* * * * * * * * *

Piracy, which ended a century ago throughout most of the world, has continued off the south coast of China and flourishes today as never before. Among the many gangs of Chinese pirates, the largest is owned and operated by Chung Lo-Yu, a thirty-five-year-old widow, who has a band of 1,500 bandits and a fleet of 52 armed junks. So audacious is this lady that, one night a short time ago, she led her looters in boarding and robbing a big Dutch steamer bound from Canton to Swatow. They leisurely searched and took the money and jewelry of each passenger, devoting 15 hours to the holdup which netted them well over $200,000.

* * * * * * * * *

At least half of approximately 50 English nouns that were once commonly used to designate groups of animals have become obsolete. While we still use such terms as a *swarm* of bees and a *school* of fish, we no longer speak of a *gaggle* of geese, a *watch* of nightingales, a *charm* of finches, a *murmuration* of starlings, a *richesse* of martens, a *haras* of horses or a *kindle* of kittens.

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The Royalty of Television

Only Zenith Giant-Picture Television Gives You All This!

New Glare-ban "Black" Tube
This amazing picture tube relieves eyestrain by reducing glare and providing a darker background for the picture. This increases clarity 60% in lighted rooms. Medical authorities recommend this way to view television.

165 sq. in. Giant Circle Picture
Television's largest direct-view picture in relation to screen size . . . up to 30% larger than in ordinary receivers with the same size tube! Also, Zenith's new Picture Control Switch gives you a *choice* of circular or rectangular type pictures!

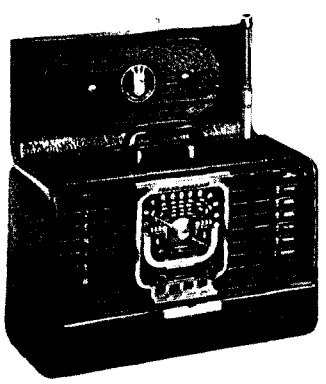
One-Knob Simplified Automatic Tuning
One twist brings in station—picture—sound, all pre-adjusted! Automatically does what in many sets requires up to 5 or 6 manual tuning operations! See Zenith's Giant-Picture Television at your dealer's now!

NEW ZENITH† "ST. REGIS"—Giant-Picture television console with 165 sq. in. screen, new Glare-ban "Black" picture tube, new Picture Control Switch. Cabinet of elegant simplicity, in genuine Mahogany veneers. **$399.95***

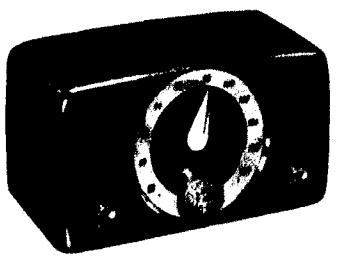
New Zenith "Newport"—Giant-Picture table model receiver with 105 sq. in. screen, new Glare-ban "Black" picture tube, new Picture Control Switch. Compact design in beautiful Afara veneers, mahogany finish. Also available in modern blonde. **$279.95*** *(Table Extra)*

SEE ZENITH'S GREAT NEW RADIO VALUES, TOO!

lew "Trans-Oceanic" ortable—now more owerful—more sensitive—et lighter to carry, and ower in price! Standard roadcast coast to coast. Has international Short Wave on 5 separate bands. Works on long-life battery, AC or DC.
Only **$99.95*** *less batteries*



New Zenith "Major"—most sensitive FM set ever offered the public! Works even in fringe areas where others miss. Static-free even in worst storms. Lowest price ever for Genuine Armstrong Circuit FM. Plays on AC or DC.
Only **$39.95***



**Prices subject to change without notice. West Coast prices slightly higher on St. Regis, Newport and Trans-Oceanic.*

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO and TELEVISION †®

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION ®

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Good friends
TO YOUR FEET

Your feet do a lot of hard work every day. They deserve the kindness you accord them when you select famous Porto-Ped Shoes. Yes, Porto-Ped's patented resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift are the perfect answer to complete foot comfort. What's more, their smart styling marks you as a man of good taste! See your Porto-Ped dealer—or write us for his name.

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Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

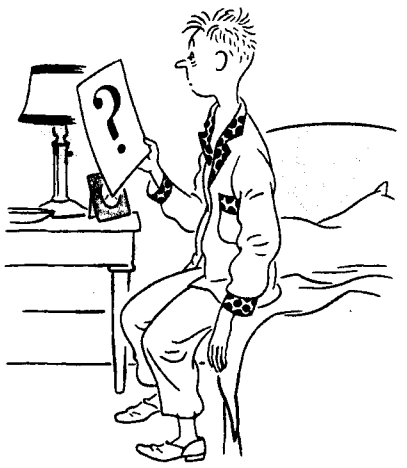
THE BRIARWOOD
Model 2333
Tan Calf with
Hand-Sewn Vamp

Priced from
$12.95 to $14.95

WHERE WERE WE?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

Maybe* you *need a hypnotist, too



It was an idea of dazzling brilliance

"UNTIL yesterday Charles Roy Grover of the Bronx could remember nothing of his past previous to December 11, 1948, when he was found wandering in the park in a dazed condition. Now, under the skillful questioning of Felix Yostian, noted hypnotist, Grover's past life is beginning to unfold itself. Put in a hypnotic trance and questioned, Grover was able to recall that he grew up in Altoona, Pennsylvania, had a job as—"

Items like that are constantly cropping up in the papers these days, and they set me thinking that our own family could certainly stand the services of a hypnotist. What all of us seem to be afflicted with is consistent and periodic amnesia, and there are a good many questions that could stand answering.

Specifically I would like to know what took place on the evening of September 24th last. The following morning I awakened with a ringing sound in my head, came down to breakfast and greeted my wife cheerfully.

"Humph," she replied.

"That was a swell party last night," I pursued. "The Carsons are charming people. Must have them over here soon."

"I don't think," she retorted coolly, "that we'll be seeing the Carsons either soon or in the distant future."

"How come?" I asked.

"You'll know," she replied enigmatically, "when you get the bill."

My further efforts to find out what took place got stony stares, but I don't think she is anyone to criticize. She gets amnesia too. There was that day, last winter, when she left the house at eight thirty in the morning and didn't return until shortly after six. All she can remember is that she bought a round-trip ticket to New York. The rest of the day is a complete blank. And all the information I am able to supply is that on the following three days seven different delivery trucks drove up to our place and unloaded assorted hats, dresses, lingerie and other merchandise totaling a C.O.D. cost of $123.75. Would there be any connection? And if so, must I live in constant dread that this particularly virulent type of amnesia may recur? (A doctor I've consulted says yes.)

What happened to my mind in the early-morning hours the day before yesterday? I awoke with a brilliant inspiration—a plot for a play that would outrun South Pacific by at least three years. I put on the light, got a pencil and paper and jotted down its central theme before I went back to sleep. The following morning I looked at the note. It read: "Lots of trees. She doesn't want them. Pay-off first act." H'm. That *may* be a plot that will take all the marbles, but I've apparently forgotten a good many details in the interim.

The examples that keep cropping up seem practically endless. My normal golf score in 105, but one day last summer I shot an 84. How was I holding the club? What kind of a stance was I using? What was I doing with my shoulders? Ever since, I've been back in the hundreds again, and my mind is a complete blank.

What comes over Junior? He seems to remember his name all right, and some of the essentials of arithmetic and spelling still seem to survive in his memory. But in one space of four days recently he lost two shirts, a cap, a left shoe, four socks and my best screw driver. We question him and question him, but all we can get from him is: "I had them, and then they were gone." Is it congenital?

How did two match packets inscribed "Jollity Club—30 Beautiful Girls" get in the left pocket of my brown jacket? I want to know, because my wife wants to know.

And how do you explain that phone call I received yesterday evening? I picked up the phone, and a cheerful but unfamiliar voice announced: "This is Ted!"

"Ted?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Ted McCullit—remember? And I haven't forgotten that date. I'll be over Saturday."

"I don't seem—"

"Look, pal," he explained. "That cruise you took last summer. We made a definite date. *Now* do you remember?"

"Well—"

"I knew you would," he rejoined, "and I'm bringing Flotsy along too. Now you just tell us how to get there, and we'll be all set."

Well, it looks as though two total strangers are going to walk in on us Saturday unless I'm lucky enough to get hold of a hypnotist before that. And all I've got to say is I hope he isn't booked up too solidly. From the looks of things, we're going to be in a pretty long trance before everything gets straightened out. THE END

An unfamiliar voice announced: "This is Ted"

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"What you tell me is as thrilling as what I see!"

exclaimed ***JANE PICKENS***

when she realized

that ***ELGINS****, winner*

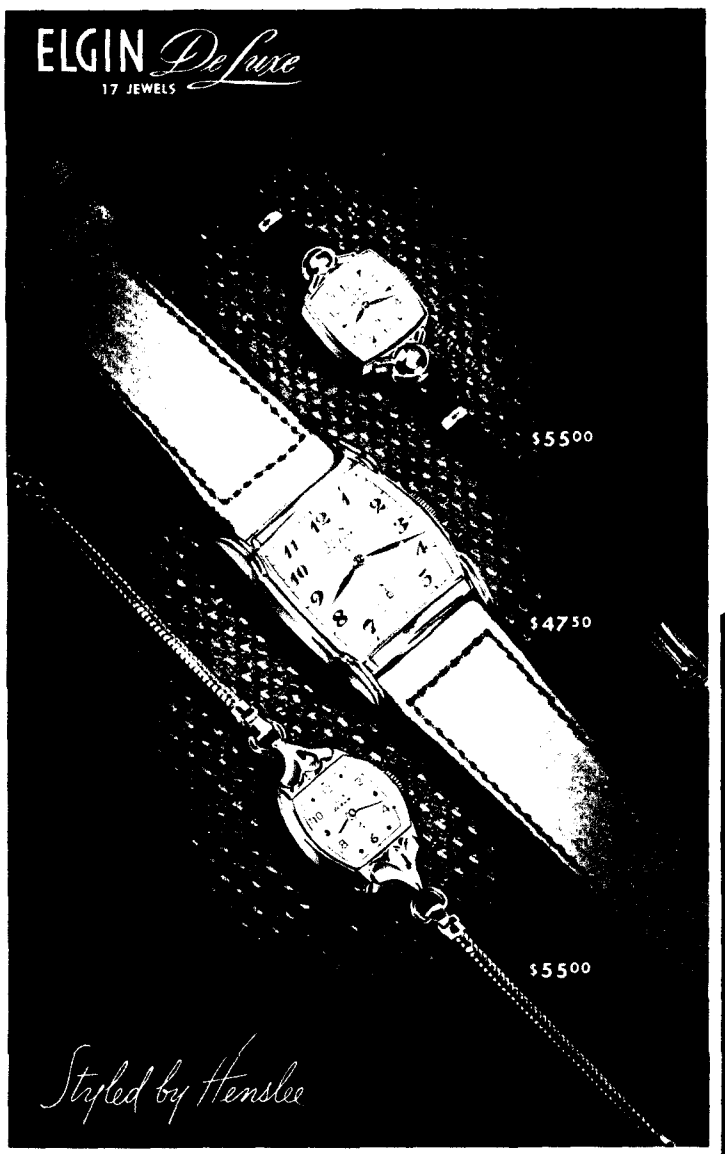
of the Fashion Academy

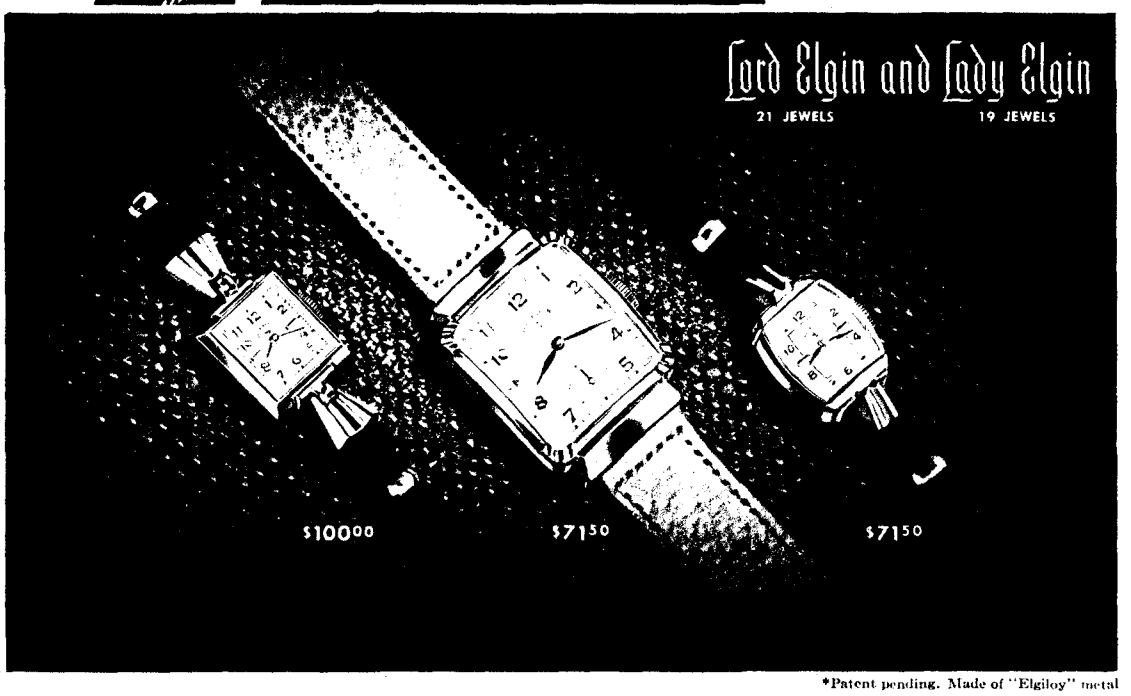
Award, also had the

DuraPower Mainspring

Jane Pickens, singing star of radio and concert, chosen by the Fashion Academy as one of America's "best-dressed" women

THE *DuraPower Mainspring** ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!





Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from **$67.50** *to* **$5,000**. *Elgin De Luxe from* **$47.50** *to* **$67.50**. *You will find other Elgins priced as low as* **$29.75**, *including the Federal Excise Tax*

*Patent pending. Made of "Elgiloy" metal

ELGIN

TIMED TO THE STARS

The genius of America to wear on your wrist

Jane Pickens' style-wise appraisal of the new Elgins is confirmed by the Fashion Academy of New York. For this noted authority has given its Gold Medal Award to Elgin. You'll understand *why* when you see these new watches at your jeweler's.

What you won't see but should surely learn about before buying a new watch is the miracle that's happened *inside* an Elgin . . . the remarkable DuraPower Mainspring. *No other watch in the world has such dependable power for accurate timekeeping!* Don't forget that important fact when you choose a watch to own or to give. You or the one you love will be *happier* with an Elgin. Your jeweler now has Elgins in a wide range of styles and prices.

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WHITE SIDEWALL TIRES, CHROME WHEEL COVERS, REAR BUMPER GUARDS AND REAR FENDER SCUFF GUARDS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

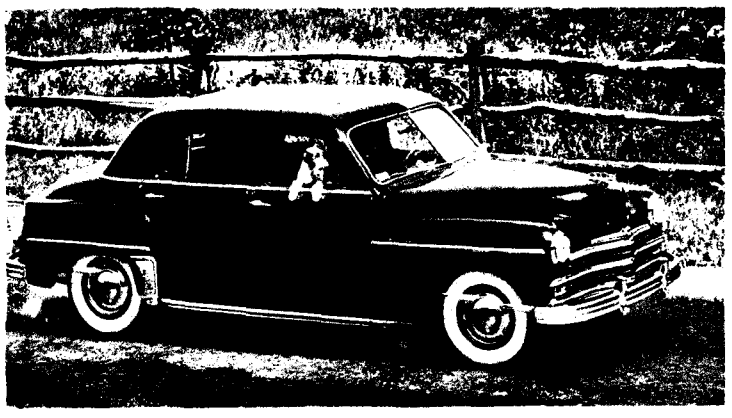
The car that likes to be compared

NEW PLYMOUTH

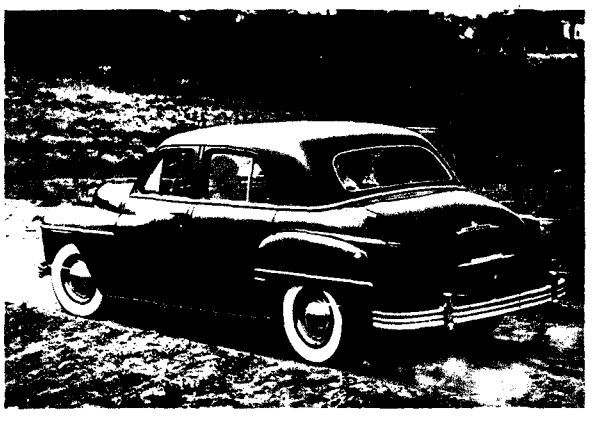
Yes, it likes to be compared for COMFORT, too!

Sit straight up—then compare! The great new Plymouth gives you generous head and shoulder room *where you need it*, without crowding or leaning. Chair-height seats are wider, deeper from front to back.

Breathe fresh air, year 'round. An optional under-the-hood system provides ventilation in summer, both heat and defrosting in winter.

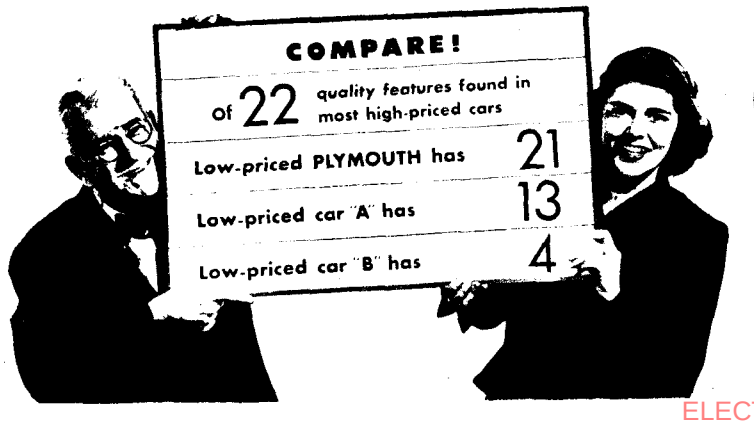


Ride with a brand-new glide! The new Plymouth cradles all passengers between the wheels. It has airplane-type shock absorbers; a new, lower center of gravity; and a new diagonal mounting of rear shock absorbers that reduces sidesway, especially on turns.



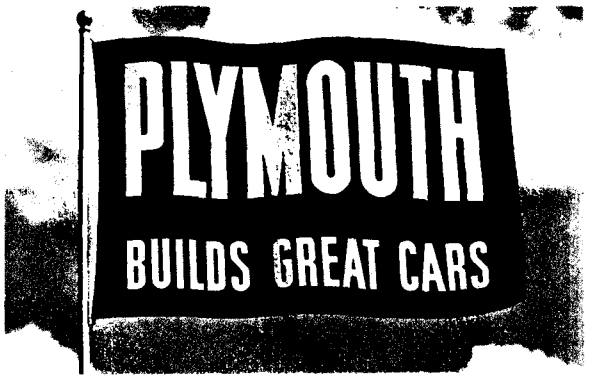
Relax in the floating comfort of improved Air Pillow Ride, which includes Air-foam seat cushions (optional), big bump-smothering Super-Cushion Tires, rubber-padded suspension units, and soft rubber body mounts.

Bolster heavier-than-average people with individual cushioning! Extra seat springs front and back can be inserted to meet specific family requirements for cushion firmness.


COMPARE!
Of 22 quality features found in most high-priced cars
Low-priced PLYMOUTH has 21
Low-priced car "A" has 13
Low-priced car "B" has 4

Check—Plymouth value against other cars. Not only for *comfort*, but for *performance*, for *safety*, for *low operating cost*, for *all* features! Drive the Plymouth. Compare it on the road. And see the new Quality Chart at your dealer's; a condensed version appears at left.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



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Crack-up of an American Communist Family

By JOHN LEAR
ARTICLE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S

The incredible story of a woman's revolt against twenty years of entanglement with The Party Line. Moscow decided her friends, her books, even her baby's birth

WHY this story came to me, rather than to another editor, or why it should have come to any editor, I frankly do not know. I only know that it came, and that I was asked to tell it exactly as I heard it. Which I shall do.

Who the woman is I am not at liberty to say. I shall not identify her husband beyond the statement that he is not the least important member of the Communist party in the United States. Any marriage is an intimate experience whose depths no outsider can hope to plumb, and I do not pretend to understand the motives that have made me privy to details of this one. I am not certain that I have all the pertinent details. Indeed, I suspect I do not. But everything I set down here is essentially true.

The people of whom I write may seem to you to be mere shadows, twisting and turning across the page. If that is so, it will be because I cannot clothe them in anything closely resembling their own flesh and blood without risking harm to an innocent child.

I shall call the woman Marian. I shall call her husband Gus. And I shall ask you to remember that what I relate happened in the city of New York, in a land where, we are taught to believe, people are free.

Twenty-odd years ago Marian was free. A girl in her late teens, avid to write poetry. She met Gus at a vacation camp one summer, and fell deeply in love. There is no doubt in my mind that she would have married him even if she had known his political beliefs. Back in the 1920s, no one to speak of in this country worried about Communism. On the contrary, it was quite the thing for bright young folks to get together and argue about Karl Marx.

To this very day Marian refuses to believe that Gus ever meant to deceive her. A helpless victim of a pernicious ideology—that's how she sees him. And she may be right. But her family and friends put her down as a gullible goose. For Gus did belong to The Party from the first, and never confided the fact to her. She had to learn it by chance. It was not until long after they became man and wife that she slowly, sadly became aware that his love for her came second to his devotion to The Party Line.

The mournful best that can be said is that Marian was just a little dumb. She should have suspected something when Gus got so disturbed that first time she recounted to friends the details of the wedding.

"For Heaven's sake," he berated her, after the friends had left. "Forget the details. It's so bourgeois, talking about marriage."

In becoming Gus's bride, Marian unwittingly had acquired allegiance to a Russian tyrant 5,000 miles away. Joseph Stalin had decreed that the family was the last bulwark of capitalism and hence had to be destroyed. Legal marriage then ran contrary to The Party Line. The Communist faithful must pursue free love.

Marian's parents had come from Poland, and were very devout. No free lover could have got away with any of their daughters. Marian had been legally wed, in church, and possessed the necessary documents to prove it. Yet, in her own home, she was not allowed to introduce her husband to callers as "my husband." Nor would he introduce her as "my wife." The one permissible salutation was "my comrade."

Marian was puzzled by this, but not truly concerned. To her, the necessity of being a "Comrade" was on a par with the insistence on secret passwords in certain fraternal orders. Comrades had something to do with politics, she gathered, and they were somehow trying to help the Russian masses fight what was left of Czarism. Gus's employers were always putting on Russian entertainments and sponsoring Russian lecturers at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. All the movies and plays Gus took her to were Russian, all the records he bought for her were Russian music. Marian saw nothing wrong in any of that. The movies and the plays and the music were good. And didn't everyone agree that the czar had been cruel?

Marian's favorite sister, Ruth, liked Gus from the beginning. His adamant refusal to step inside a church—even to pay respects at the funeral of a friend—was odd, she thought, but otherwise he was normal and, as she put it, "quite cute." Ruth and her husband often came around to Marian's apartment to make it a foursome. All of them liked picnics, and it was at one of these outings that Gus's political affiliation came out.

When he issued the invitations to this affair Gus said it was for members of a progressive political group whose name is no longer important. But just as he and Marian and Ruth and her husband arrived at the picnic grounds, a brass band burst forth with the International.

The crowd yelled the words at the top of its lungs. Ruth, for one, didn't join the chorus. She was struggling too hard not to laugh at the fat couple right in front of her who were bawling with great gusto, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!"

On the way home that evening, Ruth's husband turned to Gus and asked:

"You a member of The Party, Gus?"

"Yep," said Gus. "Been a member for a couple of years."

Ruth was shocked. She told Marian so.

"Oh," Marian said, "I'm not shocked. I'm only surprised. The thing that surprises me most is that I never asked him myself."

The fact that Gus was a Communist didn't make any real difference to Marian then. She loved Gus. She believed in him. If he *(Continued on page 68)*

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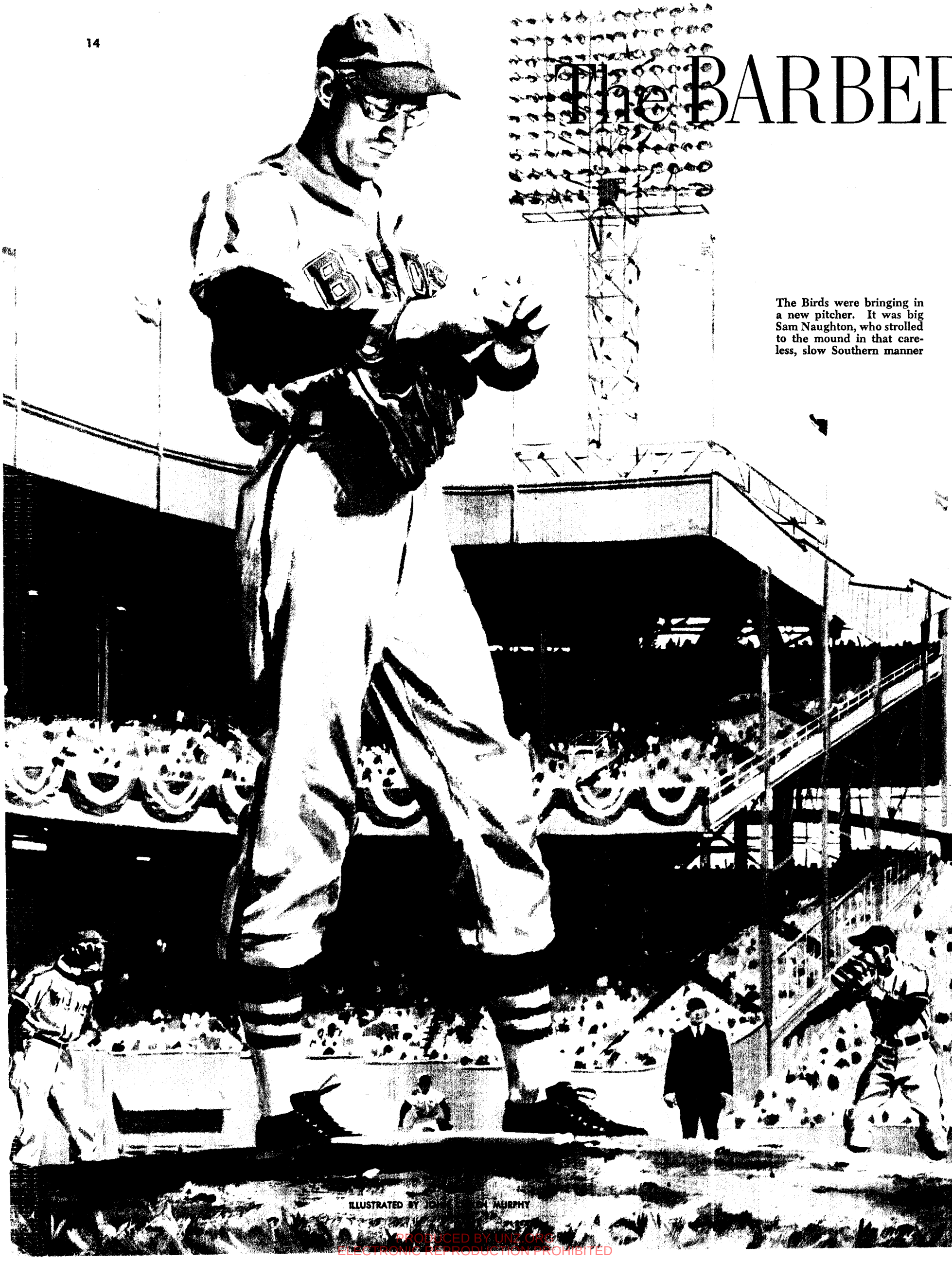
the BARBER



The Birds were bringing in a new pitcher. It was big Sam Naughton, who strolled to the mound in that careless, slow Southern manner

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN [illegible] MURPHY

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who played in the SERIES

By ROBERT GIBBONS

In the seventh game of that World Series a strange thing happened which almost ruined Homer Naughton's reputation as a barber

MY WIFE had been insisting for a week that I get a haircut before Charlotte's wedding. I had said at first that if I got one so early I'd need another before the wedding, and then I had said that if I got one so late I'd look like I'd just got a haircut. On the day of the wedding, still holding my ground, I was listening to the sixth inning of the seventh game of the series when my wife came into the room, bringing with her a sheet, a pair of scissors, a comb, a shaving mug and brush, and my razor. She said, "Either you go right now or I'm going to trim it around the edges."

"I'll go after the game," I said.

"There may not be time. Didn't that one yesterday run away past?"

She was right. I switched off the radio and left.

When I reached the barbershop the second Bird batter in the top half of the seventh had just fouled out to the Gray Sox catcher. The score was still 3-1 in favor of the Sox.

Four of the six chairs in the shop were empty, and the idle barbers were listening to the radio in the back of the shop. I waited for Homer Naughton. He had a towel wrapped around a reclining customer's face so that only a small reddish bulb of nose showed. When he took the towel off I saw that the customer was old man Will Naughton himself, the father of Homer, and of Sam, who was up there in Lakeland, where the series was being played. Sam had helped pitch the Birds to a pennant, but he had been knocked out of the box in the second inning of his only series start—the third game.

"Thought maybe they might have started Sam again today, Mr. Will," I said.

He didn't say anything. He lay in the chair and blinked up at the long slender fluorescent lamps in the ceiling, and I knew by the way nobody took up my remark that I had stuck my foot in somebody's big mouth—my own. I listened to the game and watched Homer Naughton shave his father's face.

Homer was a long rawboned straw-haired man with big-fingered hands. So long as he was between the chair and the back counter, where his tools, tonics, towels and such things were, you didn't notice anything. It was only when he took more than the one step that you saw the limp which had made him give up ballplaying and hunt another trade.

He had had infantile paralysis the summer he was pitching for Bayview, one of the Bird farm clubs in the Gulf Coast League. He came back home, bought a barbershop because he had a stubborn pride that made him want to prove that he could stand all day if he had to. He was active in local sports programs, not turning sour on ballplaying just because he had to be a spectator from there out. Sometimes I had seen his blue eyes burn with a nearly fanatical light when he talked about sports as being good for a boy's health and personality.

He believed that thing, and he made others believe it, and so he had made the thing come true in our town, just by believing. Once in a confidential mood, which even friends and neighbors are liable to shy away from instead of reaching, he told me, "I feel sometimes like a little part of me is in every lad I ever encouraged to play the game, win or lose, to the last pitch."

As I sat there thinking those things I knew why I had mentioned Sam Naughton. I had been trying to say I didn't believe that Sam had flopped and was on the way down and out. Recollecting how I had said the words I knew, too, why they had sounded wrong. I hadn't said them with any real belief, because real belief wasn't in me. I was convinced—along with most of the baseball public—that Sam Naughton was through.

The Gray Sox had a big seventh inning—three more runs. Phil Bell cut the radio off. "That's all, step down," he laughed, in the way a man laughs when something hurts him more than it humors him. Somebody switched the radio on again.

Will Naughton raised his head. Remnants of lather made him clown-faced. He said bitterly, "Let it stay off. Who cares?"

"The game ain't over yet," Homer Naughton snapped.

Wallerford walked the first Bird batter in the eighth.

Even when it was freshly shaven Will Naughton's face had the crusty quality of a pomegranate hull. His son put a lotion on it, fanned the air against it with a towel. Then he raised his father upright, said, "Okay, Papa."

Will Naughton got out of the chair, stood blinking uncertainly a moment. Homer said, "Next, Charlie," to me. I got in the chair.

With a three-two count the second Bird batter singled over second. Phil Bell slapped his hands together. "Well, here we go!"

"Yeah, here we go to hell," Homer's father grunted. He stood beside Homer, facing the mirror over the back counter, buttoning his collar. He was unsteady on his feet, and the winy smell of him wasn't from the after-shave lotion. I knew he had been hitting the bottle with the bright label pretty hard ever since Sam started losing games in July.

"You better sit down, Papa," Homer said.

"Yeah, I might as well sit this one out with Sam." Will Naughton laughed bitterly.

Homer was taking a long time to start cutting my hair, because the Birds were definitely rallying. Three men on now. The Gray Sox manager was out talking to Wallerford. They were going to bring in a new pitcher to face Hackney, the Birds' catcher. Then the announcer said, ". . . and there is renewed activity in the Birds' bull pen. We may have a pinch hitter for Alden, who would ordinarily bat after Hackney, and that of course would necessitate a new pitcher for the Birds when they take the field. As we told you before, we have difficulty seeing the Birds' bull pen, but that looks like Perry—yes, it definitely is Perry—and possibly Naughton—the big left-hander whom the Sox rocked out of the park in the third game of this thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten—"

Homer's father turned from the mirror. There was a yellow-white patch beside each nostril. "He said Sam, didn't he?" Will asked wistfully.

"He said he wasn't sure," Homer said.

I could see myself and the two men—father and son—in the mirror. I wanted to be at home, with a mixing bowl marking my prospective hairline and with my wife hacking away. I didn't want to have to watch Homer and his father if Sam didn't pitch for the Birds—or if he did. Sam had gone to pot in midsummer, and was still there. And now his father began to tell me about it as though I didn't know the whole story.

Hackney went down swinging. One out, three on, five runs needed to tie. "There is the announcement over the public-address system—Lewisham batting for Alden—so *(Continued on page 71)*

We leaned toward the radio that told of how our friend Sam Naughton was doing

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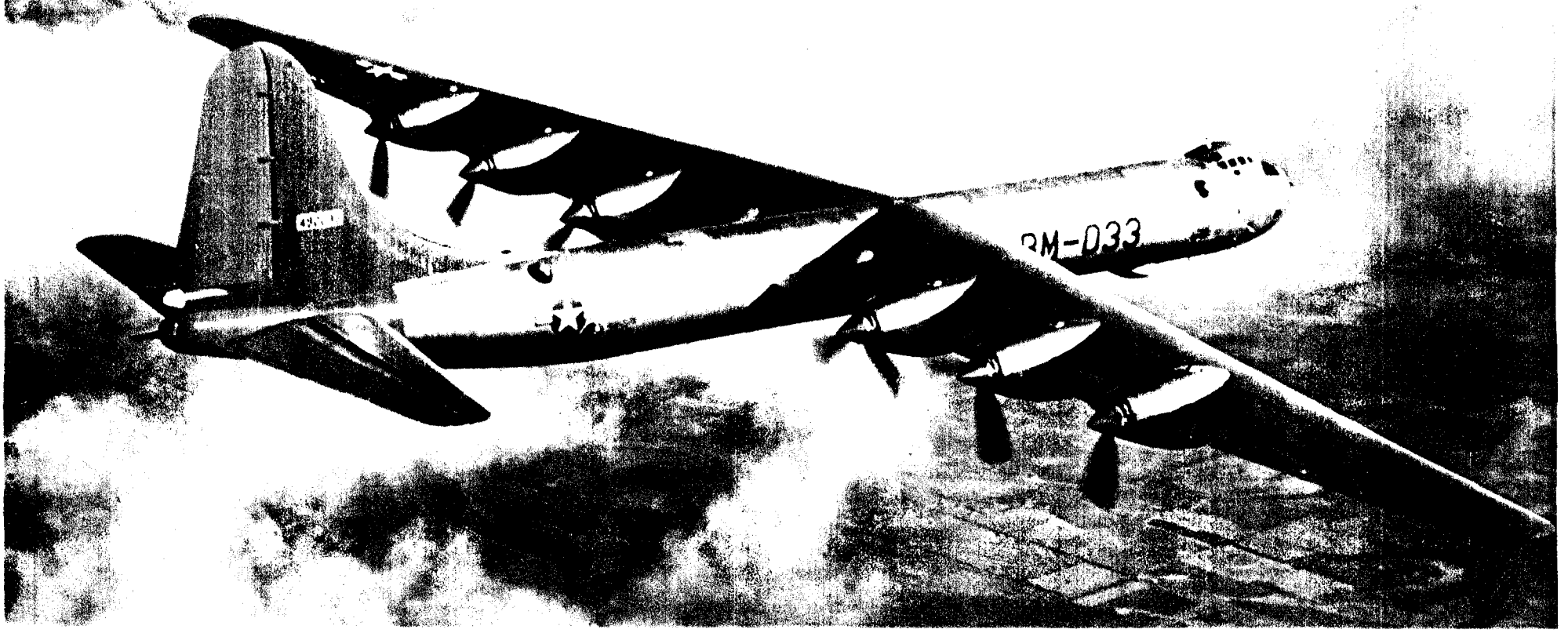
We Need CARRIERS *the* B-36

-Without Fighters Our Bombers



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

Famed war correspondent Richard Tregaskis covered the major battle fronts and wrote the wartime best seller, Guadalcanal Diary

GENERAL CURTIS E. LEMAY, the Air Force's solemn, cigar-chewing, inexhaustible boss of the Strategic Air Command, enjoys the almost idolatrous loyalty of many of his subordinates. But now it seems that he and his supporting brass have gone somewhat overboard on a current and pressing issue.

The point in question is the Air Force superbomber, the B-36, and the way it is to be used in a possible war. LeMay's solution has given a slight case of the shudders to many airmen who flew big bombers in Europe and in the Pacific during the last war.

LeMay's theory is that the huge, slow, six-engined B-36s will be sent to "Eurasia" (his euphemism for Russia) *without fighter escort!* Furthermore, he believes that these bombers may even be "Silversides"—that is to say, their flanks will be slick and shiny because they will be stripped of their side and front guns. These Silversides would rely for protection on their speed (450 miles an hour if they have emergency "jet pods," or boosters, on the wing tips) and on a "stinger" mount of three 20-mm. guns at the point of the tail for defense against pursuing 600-mile-an-hour fighter planes.

If this seems like fairly flimsy protection, consider also the special handicaps in bombing Russia. The bombers would have to fly 1,000 to 2,000 miles into Soviet territory, and 1,000 to 2,000 miles back, in order to hit important industrial centers. All the while over Russian territory they would have to penetrate many walls of fast, high-altitude jet fighters. Besides this ordeal, the bombers probably would have a lengthy approach to and retreat from Russian territory—3,000 additional miles each way if the planes started from North America.

Yet, believe it or not, General LeMay and his Air Force cronies have been *planning* these tenuous tactics. As a correspondent who flew with a Silversides wing of B-29s at the close of World War II, this writer feels a pang of sympathy for the B-36 boys who may undertake similar missions in a war with Russia.

I flew on five B-29 Silversides bombing trips after Jap air opposition was almost prostrated. We flew at night, too, and dropped by radar, often through heavy clouds so that it would be hard for the Japs to find us.

Those days large Navy task forces were lying off the coast of Japan and sending in fleets of carrier planes to the Jap airfields, neutralizing Jap air defenses with bombs and strafing. In the last two months of the war the carrier planes knocked out more than 1,000 enemy planes on the ground and in the air, and blasted hangars, revetments and runways.

Furthermore, the Japanese target cities which the Silversides went after were right on the seacoast. No penetration of a continent was necessary.

The Jap fighters were not a great threat. Most of them had been cleaned out by the carrier planes and the few which did get aloft didn't seem to have any radar direction. But the Russian air force—fresh, ready to fight, with as many jet fighter planes as we have, and with radar that is a miracle of modernity compared to the Japs'—is a different matter. Shudder for future B-36 crewmen who may have to take their Flying Cigars into battle under these Air Force conditions.

And they definitely are conditions imposed on the nation by our Air Force. If the Air Force had not interposed in Navy affairs and—with Army support—killed the Navy project for a 65,000-ton Supercarrier last spring, a big flattop would have been available by 1952 to supply protection for our B-36 "kamikazes."

This Supercarrier, first of its type, would have been able to operate in an arc of sea around Russia, sending in big fighters and atom-bombing planes to paste enemy airfields and shoot enemy fighters out of the sky.

True, we might build fighter bases on land near the Russian border to fulfill the same mission. But the Supercarrier would have been a very difficult target for the enemy to hit or damage, even with A-bombs. Land bases, on the other hand, are expensive to build and maintain, and they could be contaminated by one enemy atom bomb and rendered useless for months. Remember, too, the easy lesson that a moving object is harder to hit than a fixed one.

The Air Force has been worried about the Supercarrier since work on it was first projected. Air Force brass felt that the big carrier represented a Navy attempt to grab their most cherished mission—strategic bombing. After it had been in the works for two years and $9,000,000 had already been spent for preliminaries, the Supercarrier project was abruptly canceled last April by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson just five days after the keel of the big ship had been laid.

Johnson's decision came after quick consultation with generals of the Army and Air Force respectively. The in-favor vote of Secretary of the Navy John L. Sullivan was disregarded. Feeling that his view had been deliberately ignored, Sullivan indignantly resigned his job.

Such shenanigans as these might not have happened if the Armed Services (Unification) Act of 1947 had not been passed. The Navy would have decided as usual how it *(Continued on page 60)*

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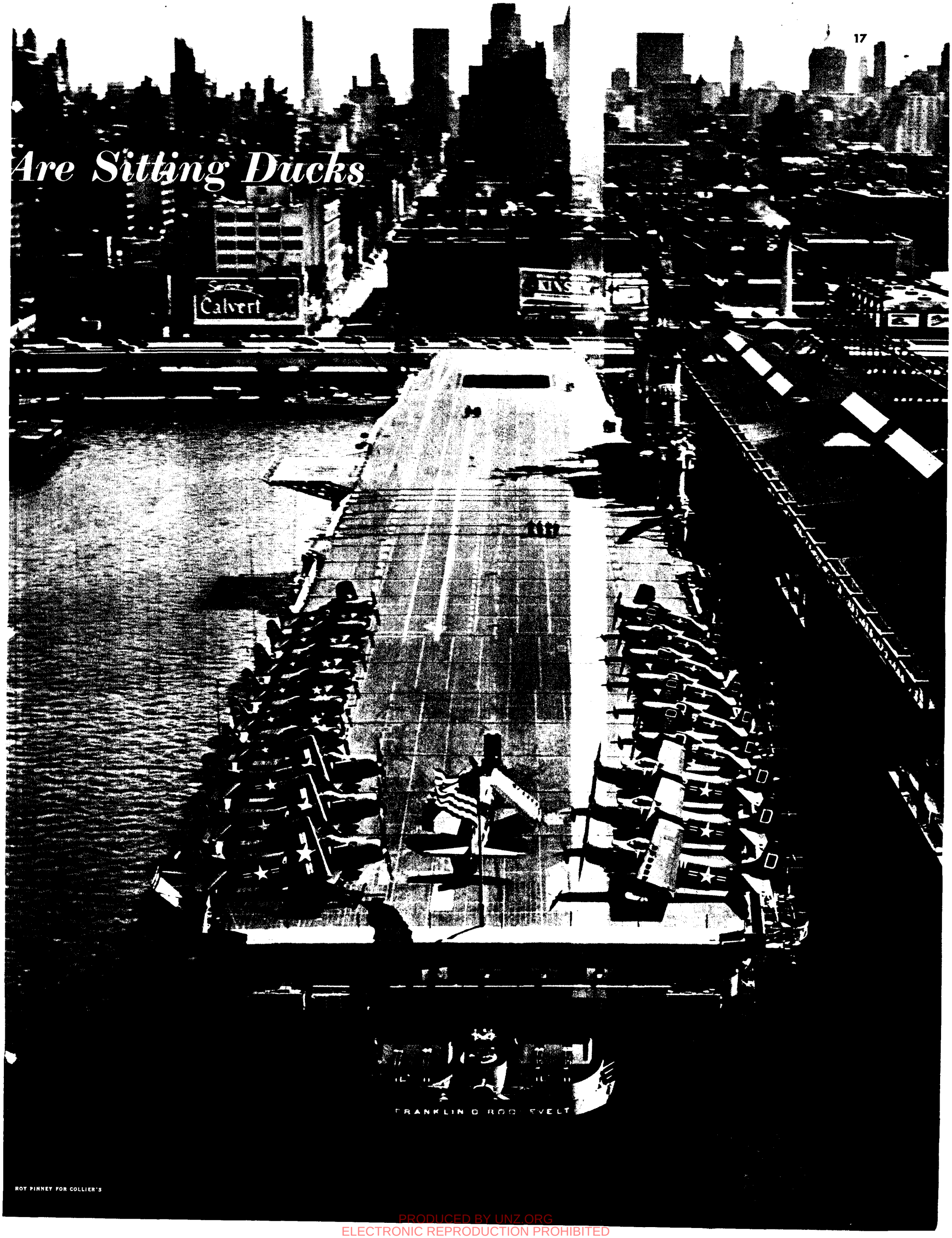
Are Sitting Ducks



ROY PINNEY FOR COLLIER'S

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The operations began later in the evening, when Agatha put on a strapless evening gown and posed for Joe McGowan

Bride of the Week

The Bride was Harrison Baker's own creation.

It was a pity, in a way, that the girl was going to marry somebody else

By ROBERT CARSON

ACME WORLD ADVERTISING, INC., was a large firm that dealt in organized public suggestion, and had tentacles stretched all over the habitable globe. The headquarters, in midtown New York City, possessed every device known to modern business, including a conference room on the twenty-eighth floor which was equipped with a mahogany table, deep leather chairs, vacuum bottles full of ice water, and aspirin tablets.

One morning at the unprecedentedly early hour of seven thirty, a group of gloomy people with overactive thyroid glands gathered in the conference room. They composed what was known in Acme as "Operation Eleventh Heaven," and they had been summoned to a crucial meeting by the president. The president himself appeared promptly. He was a tall, spare, haggard and intense young man with fire glowing in his dark-circled eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said without any trifling preliminaries, "perhaps I should introduce myself. I am Harrison H. Baker, the new head of this organization. The reason I am here is because the previous head concentrated too much on policy and not enough on detail. I don't intend to repeat that mistake."

"Yes, sir," somebody said, just to break the ensuing silence.

"As part of my duties," Harrison H. Baker resumed, "I intend to make intensive examinations of every one of our projects which is not doing well. Test patterns I shall call them."

"Yes, sir," somebody else said. "Test patterns."

"Now," Harrison H. Baker said, "let me tell you something. To me, advertising in any form whatever, whether it is in the written word of the magazine and billboard, the spoken word of the radio, or the projected image of television, is simply an extension of one's convictions. How much those various media sell for you depends upon the fierce-

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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ness of your own convictions. The advertiser must be a crusader; he has to believe. I don't believe we are believing in the matter of Eleventh Heaven."

"I see," another voice said.

"Conviction, fervor, holy fire!" Harrison H. Baker said. He banged on the mahogany table to emphasize each word, and obviously hurt his fist. "The reason Operation Eleventh Heaven is slacking off is because we have forgotten those qualities. We must believe that no woman is beautiful without Eleventh Heaven Beauty Aids, and we must further believe that no woman can be satisfactorily married without them."

He whacked the table again and plainly flinched. Nobody could think of anything to say for a while, including Harrison H. Baker.

Then an elegant, handsome lady in her late forties addressed him from the far end of the table: "Does it hurt? Would you like to go soak it in hot water?"

"Yes," Harrison H. Baker replied, "but I haven't time. Who are you?"

"Mrs. Elliot Crane," the lady said. "I'm the one who digs up the prospective brides and goes around the nation with a tape recorder."

"Just the woman I want," Harrison H. Baker said. "Who accompanies you on these trips?"

A small, bald, rumpled man raised his hand. "Me. I'm Joe McGowan, the photographer. I was hired specially for Operation Eleventh Heaven."

"When are you leaving on another tour?" Harrison H. Baker asked.

"We meant to hop a train last night for Colorado," Joe McGowan said, "and start the Western swing from a place called Pioneer City. This meeting you called held us up."

"I'll go with you," Harrison H. Baker said, and shot convulsively to his feet. "I'll get to the bottom of this on a personal experience basis. Until the investigation is completed by me, you other people on the operation can stand by for a further definitive meeting . . . Follow me, Mrs. Crane and Mr. McGowan. Meeting adjourned."

THE two followed their president to his sumptuous office near by. He had two secretaries and five telephones. To his employees' horror, he also had a suitcase, which one of his secretaries brought from a closet.

"It is always packed and ready," Harrison H. Baker explained. "I can leave at a moment's notice. I usually do . . . Order the executive plane made ready, Miss Hilton. Tell the pilots we will depart in an hour for Pioneer City, Colorado."

"I kiss you," said Harrison, "only because of an advertising program"

"But—" Mrs. Crane began.

"Yes?" Harrison H. Baker interrupted coldly.

"Nothing," Mrs. Crane said. "I live in Westchester, but I'll buy myself a toothbrush and a nightgown somewhere. The tape recorder is about all I can carry anyhow."

"I guess I better bring some extra film," Joe McGowan said. "At this hour it feels as if I got enough on my teeth to last, but I suppose I better get two or three extra rolls."

Miss Hilton protested to the president that he was leaving an enormous amount of unfinished correspondence and reports. The instant the words issued from her lips, she turned deathly pale, realizing what she had done.

"You're right, Miss Hilton," Harrison H. Baker agreed. "Come with us. Bring plenty of pencils and paper and a portable typewriter. Keep your baggage to a minimum."

"Yes, sir," Miss Hilton said, and gazed sadly at the compact and cigarette case she had brought with her that morning. She lived in Irvington and commuted every day.

After an interval of twenty-seven minutes, Harrison H. Baker gathered his flock and left for the airport. On the way, he dictated memoranda to Miss Hilton. At the airport, Dink Reed, the pilot, and his copilot were waiting for them, with the plane all ready to take off. . . .

THE weather grew rough an hour or so out of New York, and Miss Hilton turned a rich green and had to stop taking dictation. Joe McGowan, strapped in a front seat, covered his head with a blanket, and occasionally emitted a plaintive groan. Even the president was affected and tended to clutch his flat stomach with his hands. A halt for gas and food in Kansas City was a welcome relief to one and all.

"I hope you're not going to be unable to continue the trip," Mrs. Crane remarked falsely to Harrison H. Baker. "That would be a shame."

"I'll manage," Harrison H. Baker said. "I just have a nervous stomach. I can't sleep, either. I don't enjoy anything. Pressure of work, you know."

"I was thinking of this test pattern you mentioned at the meeting," Mrs. Crane said. "Your life must be rather like the way those patterns appear on television receivers—all white flashes and lines and dots, and so forth."

Harrison H. Baker stared at her queerly. "Yes, it is—now that I come to think of it."

"May I call you Mr. Harrison Baker?" Mrs. Crane asked in softer tones. "The 'H' seems to throw me."

"Yes, of course," Harrison Baker said. "Pardon me. I have to make several long-distance telephone calls."

Early in the evening Mrs. Crane again had dealings with her president. It had grown rougher as they reached the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and once more he was showing a tendency toward clutching his middle. She sat down beside him and patted one of his tense shoulders.

Mrs. Crane stayed with him after they landed at Pioneer City and guided his first few tottering steps on solid ground. Then she went to telephone a girl named Agatha Lamb, who was getting married soon and had agreed to testify in behalf of Eleventh Heaven Beauty Aids.

Agatha answered promptly in a soft, easy voice. Mrs. Crane explained the circumstances of their sudden arrival.

"Oh, don't go to a hotel," Agatha Lamb said. "Come stay with me. I've got a great big old house here, and nobody in it."

"My dear, we really couldn't," Mrs. Crane said. "There are six of us, including the pilots. But thanks anyway."

Agatha's voice continued quiet, unimpassioned and lacking in urgency, and she didn't argue; but Mrs. Crane suddenly found herself overpowered by a sense of peace and a desire to drift. She agreed to come and bring everybody with her.

The Lamb house was in an old residential section and dated from another, more spacious age. It was surrounded by wide lawns and tall trees, and decorated with fantastic scrollwork, turrets and bay windows. On the wide veranda waited their hostess, not quite as alone as she had earlier indicated. With her were a handsome, ancient, rawboned lady, dressed in black, with a lace cap on her head; and a squat Chinese of indeterminate age.

Harrison gazed deep into her eyes. He appeared to be under anesthesia

The hostess herself was not very tall, but she was elegantly proportioned, and she had hair of gold, uninfluenced by peroxide, and big blue eyes. She was—in a word—gorgeous.

Mrs. Crane introduced herself, the president and the others. Agatha Lamb introduced the lady in black, who was her Aunt Pauline, and Wong, the Chinese. She said Wong would show them to their rooms and then prepare supper.

"It's called supper in these parts," she added.

"We hate to impose on you like this, Miss Lamb," Harrison Baker said. "I know it's a great deal of trouble—"

"It's no trouble at all," Agatha interrupted, "and I'm delighted to have you." She smiled. "Don't you believe me, Mr. Baker?"

"Yes, I do," Harrison Baker said, and seemed momentarily mesmerized by the generous girl.

There were enough bedrooms in the old house for everybody, complete with big soft beds, marble-topped washstands and Currier and Ives prints. Wong found no difficulty in supplying Miss Hilton and Mrs. Crane with toothbrushes, nighties and other necessities.

WHEN Harrison went downstairs, he discovered a man kissing his hostess in the hallway. The man was introduced as Kenneth Pryce, Pioneer City's leading citizen and the potential owner and operator of Agatha. Suffering a slight shock, Harrison Baker saw that Pryce was burly, husky-voiced, had gray in his hair and was probably close to forty. Of course that was none of Eleventh Heaven's business, but they generally preferred to avoid the May-and-December kind of engagement.

"We'll have to show you folks a good time while you're here," Pryce said. "Ever been to the Rocky Mountain country before, Mr. Baker?"

"No, Mr. Pryce," Harrison Baker began, "but—"

"Call me Ken. I know you're working hard. So am I. I'm the busiest man in this part of the country. But there's a week end coming up."

"Ken has a lovely ranch up on the six-thousand-foot level," Agatha said. "You'd enjoy yourself, Mr. Baker. Call me Aggie."

"I don't think I have the time, Aggie," Harrison said. "Thank you, Ken. Call me Harrison."

The others appeared and they went into the enormous parlor. Harrison accepted a glass of sherry, and was rather surprised to observe Aunt Pauline pouring herself a stiff beaker of redeye.

"In the early days here," Aunt Pauline explained, "it was customary to take *(Continued on page 44)*

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Other Woman

By KATHARINE BRUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

THE building where the other woman lived was Number 43, and it turned out to be a narrow, four-story house—a walk-up, obviously. Emily Wintringer's taxi stopped before it, and she got out and paid the driver, and even said to him, "Thank you for hurrying." Still numb with the shock of the telephone call which had summoned her here, she spoke and moved mechanically and steadily—a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, with graying hair and a white, bloodless face, in which only the eyes had any color. They were blue eyes, bright now with a kind of frozen agony.

She climbed the steps to the door, and consulted the bank of name plates at the side. The name she was looking for—Madeline Kennedy—leaped at her as if she had known it always, although she had never heard it until twenty minutes ago. She rang the bell, and when the latch was clicked, pushed open the door and started up the inner staircase, on the soft gray carpet.

Three flights of stairs. Miss Kennedy's apartment had its own small foyer on the third floor, and here her engraved name appeared again, fixed to the doorframe.

Emily Wintringer pushed the buzzer, and waited, fighting for self-control. I can't, she thought. I can't go in there. It was pain enough, and shock enough, to be widowed like this and told about it by an unknown woman's voice over the telephone. ("A heart attack," the woman had said. "In my apartment—") It was too much to bear, that now she, Emily, wife of the dead man, must enter this apartment where he lay, must meet the woman she had never dreamed existed . . .

A uniformed maid opened the door, and looked at her with frightened eyes. In a cold, level voice, Emily said, "I am Mrs. Wintringer."

The maid, a little flurried, said, "Yes, come in, please, ma'am. I'll tell Miss Kennedy you're here." Closing the door, she added, "The doctor's with her now, but if you'll just please have a seat—"

"Thank you," Emily Wintringer said.

This was the woman's living room; and now she was alone in it. She sat down because her knees felt suddenly too weak to hold her; but she sat very straight, tensely, on the edge of the chair, so as to use as little of the woman's hospitality as possible. She kept her eyes lowered deliberately. The whole place was very still; the phrase that came unbidden to her mind was "still as death." Though her ears strained for sounds from other rooms beyond, she could hear nothing.

After a while, reluctantly, she began to survey the room, in little stolen glances first, and then attentively, taking it all in. It was a charming room. Someone with taste had dictated this color scheme, chosen these fabrics and this furniture, arranged the books and ornaments and flowers. Someone with money must have paid for all of it. The woman herself? thought Emily Wintringer. She smiled in mirthless, bitter unbelief at that. No, she thought, Vincent. Vincent's money.

There was a photograph of Vincent on a table at the far end of the room. She got up and crossed to it, and for a long time stood there staring at her husband's pictured face, her eyes inquiring now, as though to say, "How did this happen? And how is it that I never knew about this other life of yours—never even guessed it or suspected it? When did it start? And was it my fault? What was lacking in me?"

But the picture held no answer, unless it was its youthfulness. It is a very old one, she thought. Taken years ago. Why, I'd almost forgotten it! She had a copy of her own at home somewhere, but put away long ago. It was strange to find this boyish, smiling picture here, showing him in his early thirties. He was nearly fifty now.

No, Emily thought, it isn't strange. It means the girl is young herself.

NOW she heard voices down an inner hall and the doctor appeared, the unmistakable black bag in hand. He was alone. He nodded gravely, solicitously, at Emily, and said at once, "I'm Dr. Baines. You must be Mrs. Wintringer. I'm very sorry about this."

Emily inclined her head in silence. She listened while he went on speaking, telling her of the arrangements he had just made on the telephone.

"Thank you," she said faintly. She was aware that his concerned glance, still fixed on her, was a diagnostician's glance. He was measuring her strength.

"You will want to know that there was no suffering," he said. "Mr. Wintringer died instantly. He was in good spirits—laughing—and suddenly he fell. If one must go, it's the best way to go. But it is hard on the survivors."

"Yes," she said.

"You're very brave," Dr. Baines said. "I can see that. But if there's anything I can do for you, before I go along—?"

"Thank you, no," she said. "I'm quite all right."

He went out. The door closed after him; and then the maid came in, saying, "Miss Kennedy will be right with you, ma'am. She is sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Not at all," Emily murmured automatically, and closed her eyes. *Now*, she thought. In a moment now, I've got to see her—

And then she thought, with fierce derision, I know what she'll be like! Young, of course, and blond, of course, and beautiful enough, but with hard, calculating, mercenary eyes. A woman chic and costly, like this love nest where she lived. The tabloid phrase is fitting, thought Emily bitterly. So are the others like Home-breaker. Gold digger. Back-street woman.

She could not think beyond this, to the surely far worse moment when she must see Vincent. She sat gathering all her strength for the immediate encounter. She said to herself, "I shall hate her. I shall want to kill her—"

Then the girl appeared, on soft, hesitant footsteps. She could not be called a woman at all; she was too young for that. She was small and slender and rather plain with a sweet face, but not a pretty one. Bedraggled now, her hair awry, her eyelids swollen with wild weeping.

She looked dimly familiar, and all at once Emily was able to identify her as a girl who had worked in Vincent's office for a little while—such a short while that she, Emily, had never learned her name. Why, but that was during the war, she thought now. Has this been going on ever since then? Suddenly she was sure it had; this had been no trivial, temporary thing. The girl's face told her that. The girl was more grief-stricken than she herself, more genuinely brokenhearted. There was no question about that.

"There, now, my dear," Emily found herself saying softly, pityingly. "There, now, you mustn't cry like that—"

And suddenly she held out her arms, and the other woman came into them, and both of them were crying—Vincent's two widows—mingling their tears. THE END

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Have No Feah, "BIG JOE" *is Heah*

Disk jockey Joe Rosenfield, Jr., uses his wee-hours program to help humanity. His Happiness Exchange is radio's newest hit

By GORDON MANNING

RADIO'S "insomnia stretch"—the hours between 2 and 5 A.M.—is customarily the time for disk jockeys with a brisk line of patter to ride the airways. This being so, listeners to New York Station WOR were startled one early morning last May to hear a new program open with a sirupy Dixie accent drawling, "Ah don' wanna be rich . . . Ah don' wanna be good-lookin' . . . Ah jus' wanna be happy . . . Have no feah, Big Joe is heah!"

"Big Joe" is Joe Rosenfield, Jr., an energetic forty-eight-year-old New Orleanian whose lazy delivery belies a restless and imaginative personality. He was bringing his original Happiness Exchange to what he calls "the loneliest city in the world" after 15 months of astonishing success with it in Louisiana.

Since then, Happiness Exchange, a unique variety show built around Big Joe's incessant efforts to aid the needy, the afflicted and other unfortunates, has soared to the top among predawn programs reaching blasé New Yorkers. No regular radio survey ratings are available on after-midnight shows. (After all, how would *you* like to answer the phone at 3 A.M. to tell somebody what you're listening to?) But Big Joe can substantiate his claim to the bulk of stay-up-late tuners-in because of the volume of mail he receives (about 200 letters per day) and the number of telephone calls (an average of 300) he handles during each stint, seven mornings per week.

According to one rival network producer who dropped by to analyze the program from a neutral corner, Big Joe's Happiness Exchange is smart radio.

"Big Joe is plenty good," the official admitted. "He skillfully combines the pathos of soap opera, the sort of humor developed by Arthur Godfrey, the challenge of quiz giveaways, the inspirational factor of religious programs, and the informality and music which have popularized disk jockeys.

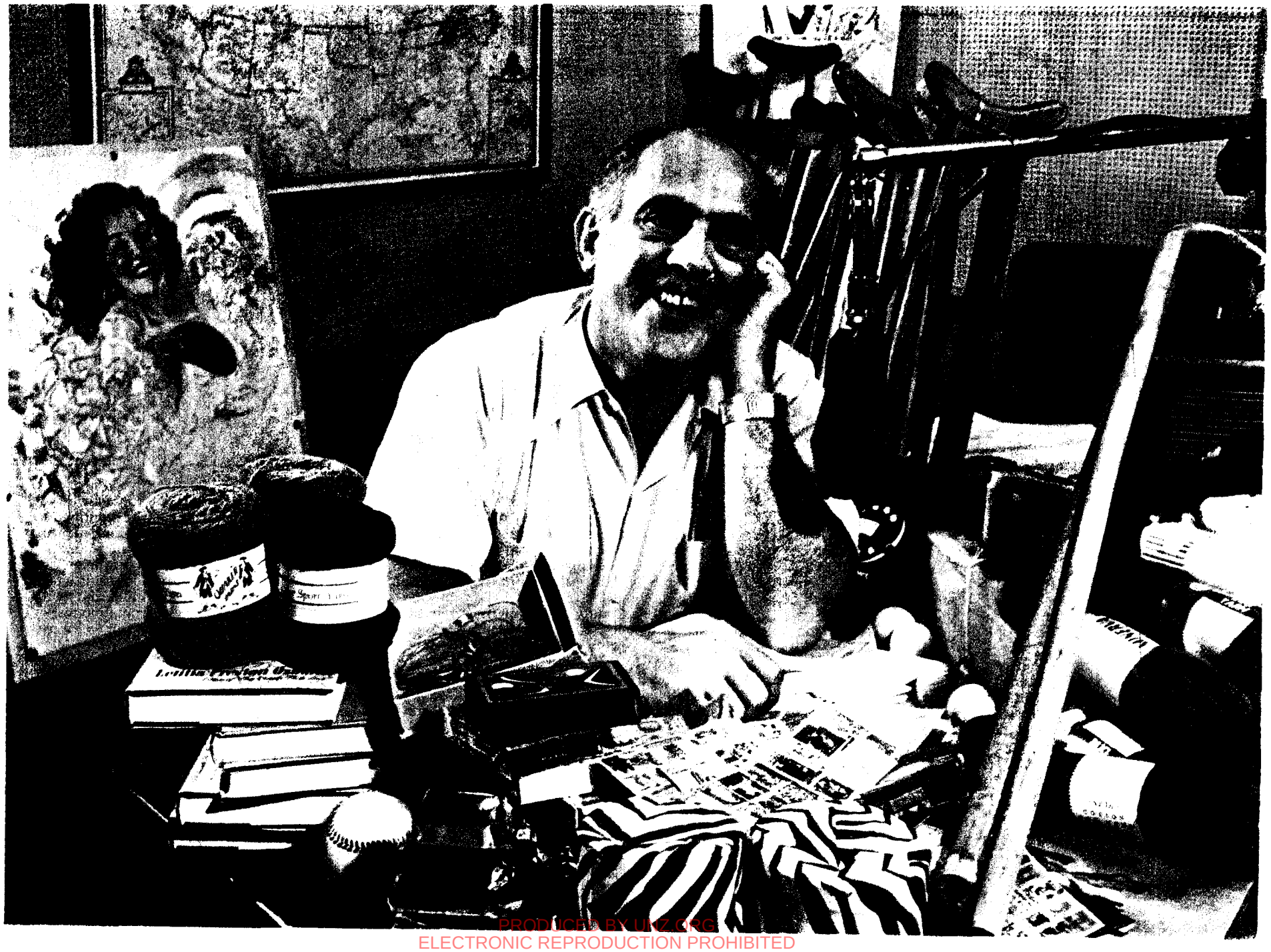
"I happen to know," the producer continued, "that Big Joe's contract calls for $500 a week, and I say he's worth every penny of it. His type of program can conceivably be the salvation of radio. Perhaps public service of one form or another is what the medium must accomplish if it is to survive against television. Big Joe may be showing us the solution to a problem which already has caused a record number of ulcers in the industry."

Almost anything can happen as Big Joe hawks happiness in the early A.M. It's an informal three hours during which time he reads news, plays records, offers brief but baffling contests for minor prizes, spouts a few spot commercials, recites poetry and prayers, interviews guests, and handles the constant phone calls, telegrams and letters appealing for or promising help. Through it all he bubbles with optimism and cheer. He repeats favorite slogans, such as "Every li'l thing is gonna be fine befo' the end of '49," and "Don' worry 'bout nothin'; don' worry 'bout a darnnnn' thing."

A swarthy, squirrel-toothed individual with sparse gray hair and a small salt-and-pepper mustache, Big Joe is far from big, physically. He took the nickname simply to differentiate between himself and his son, Joe Rosenfield III, when they broke into radio as a father-and-son disk-jockey team on Station WNOE, New Orleans, in 1947.

At work Big Joe usually dresses in a colorful sport shirt, an old pair of slacks, and a pair of loafers on stockingless feet. He chain-smokes, using three different brands of *(Continued on page 56)*

PHOTO BY JOE COVELLO



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Some of the old men who survived the period of vitamin starvation at the County Home near Fort Wayne, Indiana, wait for dinner call outside the dining room

Twenty-nine deaths in five weeks at the Allen County, Indiana, old-people's home shocked the nation. Are your aged citizens being sent

To the County Home to DIE

By GORDON SCHENDEL

SUDDENLY last May the whole country was shocked by a newspaper dispatch from Fort Wayne, Indiana, stating that 29 old people in the County Home had died from vitamin starvation. The deaths had occurred in a period of only five weeks, and the official physician at the County Home charged that they were hastened by lack of proper food.

Everywhere people asked: Is *our* County Home like that?

Not since they changed the name "Poorhouse" to "County Home" has there been such a sharp demand for an examination of current conditions in these half-forgotten and often neglected institutions, of which there are more than 2,000 across the country.

We have heard many warnings that all is not well with the care given to helpless old folks in these county homes. The Woman's Home Companion two years ago stirred up action in many communities by women's clubs and other organizations; and the newspapers have frequently turned the spotlight on instances of maladministration.

Indiana's Allen County institution is not typical of the whole United States. Most county homes are better off than this isolated and unfortunate example.

But almost all of them, you may be sure, need a look-see.

They must provide more than just adequate food and creature comforts. Their programs need modernizing—and humanizing. This is a job in which we the people must participate. The inmates are entitled to sympathetic contact with the outside world. We have no right to continue to "put them away," out of sight and mind, in grim, cheerless "homes" which are no more than halfway stations to the grave. They are entitled to the kind of continuous help and companionship which can be given by churches, service clubs and youth organizations. They need the personal interest of people—not just the cold hand of county government.

Meanwhile it is worth our while to take a good look at the Fort Wayne case history, to make sure its lessons are remembered. If it should develop in our examination of this situation that the responsible authorities haven't turned over a new leaf and mended their ways, so much the worse for them.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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"HERE'S where Grandma Bess used to stand for hours every Sunday, all dressed up, just watching the road and waiting."

Mrs. Lillian Disler, matron of the Allen County Home and wife of its superintendent, indicated a window in the women's sitting room, facing Fort Wayne, Indiana, six miles away. She'd told me that though Grandma's daughter in Fort Wayne had rarely driven out, for eight years the old lady had watched hopefully for her each Sunday.

But Grandma's long vigil was over, for now Grandma Bess was dead.

She was one of 29 of the Allen County Home's 294 inmates who died within a period of 34 days this last April and early May.

The "run of deaths" made horrifying headlines throughout the nation when the home's veteran physician, Dr. Noah Zehr, charged that, as a result of diet cuts instituted by the home's new superintendent, Enlow E. Disler, most of the old people had died of vitamin deficiencies.

Officials of the Indiana State Board of Health rushed from Indianapolis to investigate. After inspecting the home, Dr. James W. Jackson, director of the Division of Communicable Disease Control, issued a report which confirmed Dr. Zehr's charges. The report mentioned the victims' chronic ailments, advanced age, and colds as possible contributing causes of some deaths but agreed no epidemic disease had been involved. It stated that food served to the inmates was inadequate in both quality and quantity. It recommended drastic changes and the hiring of a dietitian.

Dr. Jackson later commented: "The unfortunate occurrence cannot be blamed on any one official. The whole County Home system is at fault. Until people recognize the fact and provide proper facilities and trained personnel, instances similar to that at Fort Wayne will continue to occur."

The Allen County Home is one of Indiana's largest, operated by one of its wealthiest counties. Fort Wayne, the county seat, is a well-to-do manufacturing city, and Allen County's rich, rolling land supports some of the nation's most prosperous farm communities. Ironically, shortly before the wholesale deaths, the Indiana *(Continued on page 62)*

Theodore Goeglein was one of the commissioners who requested Dr. Zehr's resignation after Dr. Zehr told newspapers of conditions at the home

Another of the commissioners, William Roussey, aged 70, dismissed questions about the deaths with, "They were old and had to die sometime"

Enlow E. Disler was appointed superintendent of the Allen County Home when the setup of the board of county commissioners was changed

by the 1948 elections. Dr. Zehr charged Disler made cuts in the diet, which contributed to the deaths. Mrs. Disler serves as matron of the home

Dr. Noah Zehr, home physician who charged that 29 inmates died from vitamin deficiencies, resigned at the request of county commissioners

The women's sitting room at the home is bleak and cheerless, much like a halfway station to the grave

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She said brokenly, "I was sure he'd keep you there. Bill, I was so sure—" Lund's arm went around her. "O'Halloran sent me back," he said, "with a message for you"

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SKY LINE RED

By ARTHUR MANN

O'Halloran was more than a man. He was a force and a presence—a Celtic Jove with a thunderbolt in his fists

I FIRST heard of O'Halloran from the government liquor vendor at Quinnat, where I paused to take on beer for such thirsty fire fighters as I might meet. The fire was then in its seventeenth day, its wind a steady blast from the northwest, its smoke drifting low and sullen in a fog that stung the eyes and caught at the throat.

"With two thousand men on her," I said to the nervous gray man behind the counter, "I suppose they'll soon have her licked."

He said fervently, "I hope to God." He had the air of one who has been looking too often over his shoulder. "Anyhow," he said, "they got a chance, now O'Halloran is in charge."

"Who's O'Halloran?" I asked him. "Forestry man?"

"Logger." The liquor vendor had returned to his storeroom for another case. His voice came out to me with a ghostly echo. "Boss logger."

He helped me lug my beer outside. Although it was still early afternoon, a sultry dusk had crept into the town. A very few cars were parked along the street. Most of them were so heavily loaded with household effects that they seemed to crouch on their tires; I noticed they were all pointed south. In something less than ten minutes, my convertible had acquired a feathering of fine white ash.

The old man watched me stow the cases. When I straightened from locking the trunk he said, "I'm one for minding my own business, but here's some advice. Turn round and head out."

"Thanks," I said. "I'll take care of myself."

"You go up there," he said, and jerked his head toward the darkening north, "they'll stick you on the fire lines. I tell you, they're grabbing everyone can swing a mattock. Even fat little guys like you."

"They never grab reporters," I told him.

He grunted, a rasping and dry-throated sound. "You don't know the kind of grabber Sky Line Red O'Halloran is," he said, and glanced north again over his shoulder, and shuffled back into his store.

An hour later—I had been driving with fog lights since leaving Quinnat—I pulled onto the shoulder to wipe my spectacles and ease my smarting eyes. West toward the veiled mountains, a logging locomotive whistled long and mournfully. Two deer crossed the road ahead, a doe with her fawn close at her flank. Presently I heard the drone of a car coming up fast from the south. A truck, a battered yellow half-ton, rocketed past, then slowed and stopped. The driver reversed and backed down to me. He leaned out, his face brown and tough and competent under a cinder-pocked rain-test hat.

"In trouble?"

"Resting my eyes."

A woman was with him. Her face made a pale oval, and her hair was the midnight-blue black that goes so often with Irish blood. She looked at me once, without interest, then turned her head and resumed her fixed gazing into the north.

"Got business up there?" the driver asked me. His voice was crisp with authority.

I brought out my wallet and flashed my press badge.

"Okay," he said. "But don't try to pass Nasatcha Landing."

"I have this too," I said, "from the chief forester's office."

He glanced at my letter, then said impatiently, as if stating a fact I should have known, "Above Nasatcha you're on Cougar Lake Timber Company limits. It's a closed area. You could have a pass from God Almighty and O'Halloran would still run you out."

He looked to be in his middle twenties. Normally he would have been handsome in a lanky, rocky way. But his flat cheeks were dark with stubble, and his gray eyes were bloodshot and sunk deep in their sockets by fatigue. It occurred to me that he could use a bottle of beer.

At my invitation, he stepped down from his cab. "The lady?" I asked; and she looked at me again, and shook her head. It was the wooden set of her face which, at first glance, had made her appear plain. Smiling, that face with its high cheekbones and pointed chin could be lovely. She was very young, certainly not over twenty.

Half a bottle of beer went down the driver's throat before he spoke. When he did, his voice was less hostile.

"Headquarters is at Nasatcha. You stay there, you'll get all the news that's coming through."

"How is it?" I asked him. "The last word we had down-coast, she was being held."

"You don't hold a fire this big," he said. "If you're lucky you steer her into country where she can't do too much harm." By his bobtail shirt and stumpy, slant-heeled boots, I put him down as a logger, probably an O'Halloran foreman or straw boss. "We thought she was going to turn last night, but the wind tossed her across Cougar Lake at sunup. Now she's highballing for Federation Gap."

"Is that bad?"

"If she gets through, Nasatcha will go. Quinnat too, maybe. There's nothing much to stop her below the Gap."

The driver slugged his empty into the roadside bracken. "Much obliged," he said. "That cut the dust." He tipped his chin at the girl. "Look, can I ask a favor? Take her to Nasatcha. I'm heading around by the Cougar Lake cutoff."

"Glad to," I said. They stared at each other, the girl and the tired, tough young man. It was plain even with no word spoken that they were fighting, one arrogant will driving hard against the other. The girl got out and crossed swiftly to my car. She carried an overnight case, a rawhide piece worth a week of my pay, with air-line stickers on the side.

"Good-by, Karen," the truck driver said. "I'll tell O'Halloran you're here. You'll be on the next plane south."

He swung up to his cab. As the half-ton churned away, I saw what I hadn't noticed before—red flags snapping at either corner of the tail gate, and black-stenciled boxes in the rear. Dynamite.

SMOKE swallowed the truck within a hundred feet. The girl sat beside me looking straight ahead. Her lips were pressed tight. On her cheekbones was the high flush of anger. She was crying.

There were questions I itched to ask the girl, but it seemed a poor time for conversation. Besides, the road was treacherous with potholes, and to make even moderate speed required my full attention. At three thirty, with tidewater gray on our left under a bronze-tinged drift of smoke, the highway widened abruptly into a street.

"Nasatcha?" I asked, and the girl gave me a nod and a quick smile.

"That's the hotel on the corner. If you'll drop me there—"

She thanked me and got out. She was tall, and she had good shoulders and very good legs. For a moment she stood at the foot of the hotel steps as if she were uncertain what to do next. The unceasing wind from the northwest tumbled her hair and whipped at her gray gabardine skirt. She was slender and expensive and lovely—and, in this discouraged town on the edge of the fire zone, fantastically out of place.

West of the hotel, the single street trailed off toward a foreshortened horizon of stumps and second growth. Midway along it under a paint-blistered false front, I spotted windows cluttered with samples of job printing, and a sign that read: NASATCHA GAZETTE. John Quincy Habkirk, Editor & Publisher. I'd been told to look Habkirk up. He had been sending us a story a day.

I found him, a faded, blue-eyed gnome of a man with a prophet's mane of snowy hair, setting type by hand in his back shop. He grinned wryly at his linotype, silent by the window.

"My printer had a premonition of hell-fire," he told me. "He lit out last night, and I've never learned to run that contraption." His skilled hands continued to move among the type cases. "Your office phoned, Mr. Blake. They want two columns for the morning edition and all the side lights you can send. And a summary for tonight's radio."

"That all?" I asked, and he chuckled, clicking type into a tray.

"I didn't tell them about the Navy," he said. "Thought I'd best save that angle for you."

"The Navy?"

"The mayor's idea. He's squalling for immediate evacuation of the district. Two destroyers are standing by in the channel."

"You don't agree with the mayor?"

HABKIRK glanced up at me, surprise on his shrewd, humor-lined face. "Why, no. I've disagreed with him for ten years. I disagree with him now. She'll be turned at Federation Gap."

I said, "By Sky Line Red O'Halloran," and Habkirk nodded.

"Look," I said. "I've been hearing about O'Halloran all the way north. Who is he? The original Paul Bunyan?"

"In a manner of speaking," Habkirk said, "although you won't hear that name in these woods. Paul Bunyan is an Easterner."

He laid down his pick, and smiled broadly. "O'Halloran," he said, "is a looter and a pirate. He came up from Oregon in '98 with a falling ax and a blanket roll, and he is now worth an estimated twenty-five million dollars in camps, railways, machines and rigging."

One does not expect to find a tycoon on the fire lines. The thing smacked of feudal chivalry, the warrior king leading his forces into battle. I asked Habkirk, "You know O'Halloran personally?"

"Yes. After a fashion. We met the year I came to Nasatcha. O'Halloran had bamboozled the government into exchanging the Cougar Lake limits for a few hundred square miles of alpine scrub. I was hot and young, and I made the deal the subject of a blast. O'Halloran called on me."

The Gazette editor smiled, patting a proof sheet into place on a form. "He pied the type for my next issue and wrecked my press—that old flat-bed in the corner—and broke three of my ribs."

"All by himself he did that?"

"Yes. I remember him as he stood over me in his caulked boots and tin pants and undershirt. He was wearing rigging gloves, and *(Continued on page 37)*

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The Marvelous MOUNTIES

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police has a history even more exciting than the movie plots which romanticize it. But the average American's concept of the Mounties is almost entirely wrong

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

AN AMERICAN carnival pitchman named Clifford Dixon Lancaster was casting about for a means of making a fast buck a year ago, when he hit on an ingenious idea. First, he rounded up and studied every Hollywood movie he could find about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Next he outfitted himself impeccably in broad-brimmed hat, scarlet tunic, dark blue breeches with wide yellow stripe down the side, and riding boots—the traditional uniform of the Mountie. Finally, attired in this resplendent outfit, he sold himself to various boards of education in the United States as "Constable King of the Royal Mounted." For three months he lectured Middle Western small fry on how he Got His Man during 14 years in Canada's Far North. (Actually, he never had been north of Mankato, Minnesota.)

This racket moved along spankingly, as Lancaster collected 15 cents a head from the thousands of wide-eyed school children who listened enthralled to his tales. However, on November 8, 1948, in Royal Oak, Michigan, a transplanted Canadian child who knew his Mounties happened to hear the lecture. The boy snickered and told his parents. His parents snickered and told the F.B.I. The F.B.I. went to hear "King" the next day. *They* snickered and forthwith clapped Lancaster into the clink on the charge of Illegal Wearing of the Uniform. He pleaded guilty before a U.S. district judge on November 9, 1948.

The interesting thing is that Lancaster actually was able to get away with the masquerade for three months. His portrayal of a Mountie was as inaccurate as if he had claimed to be a modern U.S. Army officer, then come out dressed like General Custer to tell stories of Indian fighting in the Dakotas. Canada's Mounties as depicted in American motion pictures are no more like the real thing than J. Edgar Hoover would be if he were played by Gene Autry.

After a steady diet of Nelson Eddy-type heroes most Americans believe that the Mounties (a) wear red coats all the time, (b) ride horses and (c) operate only in the Far North, relentlessly tracking down enemies of society who have fled into the wilds beyond the reach of ordinary cops. Actually, the Mounties' working uniform is a prosaic brown coat and long matching trousers or blue breeches with yellow stripes, long boots and spurs; and, more often than not, they operate in civilian clothes. The scarlet tunic is used only in court, in parades, and in areas where American tourists are numerous.

There are scarcely 150 horses left in the entire force; and these, too, are used almost exclusively for parades and for exhibitions in American horse shows. The Mounties' modern mounts are radio prowl cars, jeeps, trucks, snowmobiles, airplanes, motorboats and mine sweepers. Many ride nothing at all. They walk like any other cop.

Finally, only a small percentage of the Mounties ever get to see the Far North. The rest are stationed in Canada's teeming industrial cities, near the American border or in equally civilized farming, mining and fishing communities. Not only

The Mounties still don the traditional red tunics in any area where tourist trade from south of the Canadian border is likely to expect the old outfit

CANADIAN PACIFIC PHOTO

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...as they Really Are

By BILL DAVIDSON

that, but until Hollywood coined the phrase, the Mounties never heard of the motto, "Don't come back until you get your man." The official slogan of the force is *"Maintiens le droit,"* or "Uphold the right." And, during a 4,000-mile swing through Canada, I didn't run into a single Mountie who sang in a rollicking baritone as he mushed across the snow.

What Hollywood-misled Americans *don't* know is that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is a scientific law-enforcement agency of the caliber of our F.B.I., and that America's 4,000 mile undefended Canadian border actually is protected by the world's most versatile police organization. In Canada the Mounties perform the work not only of our F.B.I., but also our Coast Guard, our T-men, our Narcotics Bureau, our post-office inspectors, our intelligence agencies, our Civil Aeronautics Authority, our agricultural pest-control officers, and our Federal Communications Commission investigators.

In many areas they are the equivalent of our state police, our local police and our district attorneys.

Just a Few Smart Police Jobs

In recent months, for example, the Mounties got a conviction of Communist Sam Carr (an appeal which is still pending) by proving in their scientific laboratories that he had forged a passport; they used submarine-detecting equipment on one of their patrol boats to locate missing schools of herring in the Gulf of St. Lawrence for Canada's Department of Fisheries; they smashed North America's biggest dope-peddling ring after overhearing a conversation through an open transom in a Vancouver hotel; they used their radio network and specially trained Mounted Police dogs to track down 102 escaped prisoners; they rescued more than 200 people stranded in a flood of the Red River; they helped stop a grasshopper plague in Saskatchewan; they looked into a hearse in a funeral procession winding its way from Detroit to Windsor, Ontario, and discovered 100 cartons of cigarettes in the coffin instead of a body; they rescued a beluga whale in the Churchill Estuary, just as an American hunter was about to shoot him illegally; and they broke up 106 fights and affrays.

In the same period the Mounted Police teamed up with the F.B.I. to nab an international stolen-car ring right smack in the middle of the Ambassador Bridge linking the U.S. and Canada; they saved 46 Americans from death in the Yukon wilderness after their jalopies broke down on the Alcan Highway; they tailed every stranger who showed up in the uranium mining areas; they operated more than 1,000 baseball and other sports leagues for Canadian youth; they increased their criminal single-fingerprint file to 155,450 prints; they ran down and convicted 52 murderers and safecrackers; one of their patrol vessels, the French, rescued the American ship Ohio just as a storm was tossing her onto the Sable Island reefs, the so-called "Atlantic Graveyard of Ships"; one of their dogs, Sultan, rescued an elderly lady named Mary Caruthers just as she was about to perish in the desolate "bush" country where she got lost looking for a stray calf; and they successfully arbitrated a triangle fight between man, wife and girl friend in Selkirk, Manitoba.

Because of this tremendous and varied demand on their abilities, Mounties must be far more than just cops. Often, in fact, a Mountie functions as a combination of scientist, private eye and actor. In one case years ago, for instance, a Mounted Police sergeant named C. C. Brown got a tip that the Spanish consul in Montreal, Don Miguel Maluguer y Salvador, was working with a dope-smuggling ring. This was, of course, a ticklish matter and Brown later received a commendation for the ingenious way he handled it.

The sergeant went to the United States for several months. He posed as a millionaire Spanish-American named Robino who was not averse to violating a law here and there. Before long "Robino" met some Spaniards who discoursed authoritatively on such matters as heroin, cocaine and opium.

One day Brown said, "I'm going back to Spain for a visit. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Spaniards beamed. "Why don't you stop off in Montreal to see Don Miguel, the consul?" they said. "Perhaps you can run a small errand for him."

Two days later Brown had presented a letter of introduction to the consul and was dining with him at the swank Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal. Two days after that he was on his way to Barcelona, where he was to contact one Felix Martorell and arrange to import to Canada 50-grain containers of heroin hidden in kegs of olive oil. To Brown the most interesting part of the whole deal was a statement by the consul to the effect that a friend, Tey de Torrents, had fixed a group of "agreeable" Canadian customs men so that they would let the kegs into the country for the small personal fee of $3,500.

In Barcelona, Brown faced a suspicious Felix Martorell. "Impossible," said Martorell after reading Don Miguel's letter.

"All right," said Brown, "let's just send through 50 cases of alcohol to test the reliability of our 'agreeable' Canadian customs men."

At this the dour Martorell smiled. "You are a sagacious man," he said. Shortly after that he made an offer: "Let's you and I set up the biggest smuggling ring in the world. You have brains. I have contacts in Hamburg and North Africa. You can head the North American branch of the syndicate. You can clear $800,000 a year."

"Later," said Brown, mentally comparing that figure with his annual salary. "First we must make the test run with the barrels of alcohol."

The shipment was made and 49 of the 50 barrels got through Canadian customs, despite a warning from American customs that "some of the barrels are leaking a liquid curiously thin for olive oil."

When the barrels were delivered Consul Don Miguel was arrested, being knocked onto his posterior in the process when he made the mistake of swinging his cane at a rangy Mounted Police staff sergeant. As the result of the delicate handling of this case, the Spanish diplomat ended up in prison and there was no formal protest from the Spanish government. Later the entire Canadian customs system was overhauled.

A new word entered the dictionary of the underworld. Today, when dope smugglers suspect that an organization has been penetrated by government agents, they say they are being "browned."

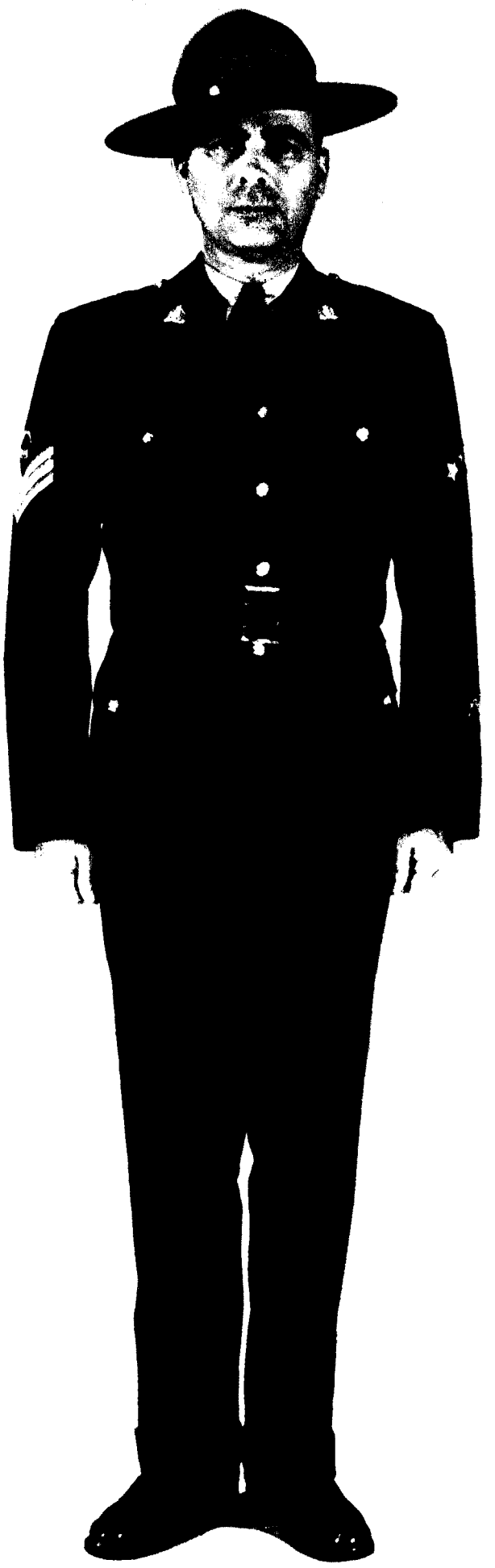
Mystery in Theft of Farmer's Wheat

Sometimes the simplest cases require the utmost Mountie sagacity. A few years ago a Sunnyslope, Alberta, farmer named C. H. McBratney complained that 20 bushels of wheat had been stolen from his barn. The Trochu detachment sent out a Mounted Police constable named H. F. Hammond to look into the matter.

When the young Mountie arrived he found not a single clue. Rain had even obliterated the thief's tire tracks. Hammond, however, cased the barn and decided it was so inviting that the thief probably would be strongly tempted to come back for another haul. He thought for a moment and pulled out a package of cigarette papers. He rolled up about 20 of the flimsy wrappers and inserted them into various sacks of McBratney's wheat. He then went back to Trochu.

Exactly one week later the phone rang furiously again in the office of the Trochu detachment. It was McBratney, berating Hammond because more wheat had been stolen from his barn.

"That's great," said *(Continued on page 65)*



For most assignments the Mounties wear this neat, but workmanlike uniform with sharply creased campaign hat

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The case of the NEGLIGENT NYMPH

Continuing the Perry Mason Murder Mystery

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The two men walked over. "All right, Carmen," one man said. "You're coming along with us"

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The Story: The mystery began the night Attorney PERRY MASON rescued beautiful DOROTHY FENNER from the waters near Alder Island off the California coast. The island was owned by GEORGE S. ALDER, wealthy real-estate operator, whose affairs Mason was investigating on behalf of a rival real-estate syndicate. Mason helped Dorothy make her getaway in his rented canoe, after she had entered Alder's home and stolen a bottle containing a letter which made damaging charges against Alder. The letter was signed by MINERVA DANBY, who had mysteriously disappeared from Alder's yacht some months before. It accused Alder of having cheated his half sister, CORINNE LANSING, of her share in their father's estate, and of having connived to keep Corinne in a mental institution, following her sudden disappearance while on a visit to South America. The letter praised CARMEN MONTERREY, Corinne's maid and companion, for her loyalty and devotion to her mistress. Mason insisted that Dorothy return the original of the letter to George Alder; and the attorney kept a typewritten copy for his own use. Later, the police arrested Dorothy on a charge of having stolen valuable jewelry from Alder's home. Mason agreed to be her lawyer, and had her released on low bail when Alder could not back up his claim that jewelry had been stolen. DORLEY ALDER, George's uncle, called at Mason's office and explained that he was a minority stockholder in the Alder company, disapproved of his nephew's business methods, and was in sympathy with the syndicate for which Mason was working. Mason showed Dorley his copy of Minerva Danby's letter; and Dorley revealed that he knew of the existence of the letter from PETE CADIZ, an eccentric beachcomber, who found it. Meanwhile, George Alder called on Dorothy in her rooms at the Monadnock Hotel Apartments, and asked her to visit Alder Island that same night. Mason and his confidential secretary, DELLA STREET, visited the office of PAUL DRAKE, a private detective, hired by Mason to work on the Alder case. Their conversation was interrupted by a phone call from one of Drake's agents, disclosing that George Alder had been murdered. Impatiently, Mason asked Drake for the details.

PART FOUR OF SIX PARTS

DRAKE answered quickly. "The murder apparently happened within the last few hours," he said. "Sally Bangor—one of the servants—found the body in the study. It was sprawled on the floor, and the death seems to have been caused by gunshot. The outer door was open. The dog was inside a converted closet where Alder kept him shut up when he was expecting visitors.

"The man I had assigned to keep the house covered just got there a few minutes ago. He found police cars around the place, was tipped off that Alder had been murdered, and beat it to a phone right away to give me the news. Now he's gone back to prowl around and contact someone who will talk—a newspaper reporter, a friendly cop, or someone. He has good contacts, and we should hear from him in a few minutes."

Mason's irritation broke through his usual suavity. "Why didn't you have your man on the job before this?" he asked.

"Have a heart, Perry," Drake said defensively. "There was no indication that there was anything urgent about covering the house. In fact, I debated whether to put anyone on there before morning. I—"

Mason interrupted him. "It's all right, Paul. Don't mind me. I'm just jumpy."

Drake said, "Excuse me a minute and I'll go out to the switchboard and start directing activities from there. I can gain a little time that way and I may be able to pick up some stuff from one of the newspaper offices here."

Drake left the room. Mason exchanged glances with Della Street, then started pacing the floor.

Della Street sat motionless, watching him, her shorthand notebook poised on her knee, a pencil held over it ready to take down any instructions Mason might give. But the lawyer continued to pace thoughtfully back and forth across the narrow confines of Drake's office, his chin on his chest.

After some ten or fifteen minutes, Drake came bustling back into the room and said, "I have a whole flock of lines out, Perry, but it'll take me a while to get details. Want to wait, or get 'em in the morning?"

Mason grinned, perched himself on the one uncluttered corner of Drake's desk and said, "Foolish question—we'll wait."

Drake pulled out a package of cigarettes from his desk drawer, made a gesture of invitation to Della Street, who shook her head, and to Mason, who said, "Thanks, Paul, I have one of my own."

Mason opened his cigarette case and he and Drake lighted up.

"This is the sort of stuff that drives you nuts in this business," Drake said. "I have two dozen men on the job. It gets around to the slack time and I start calling them in. Then something like this breaks. I'm falling all over myself trying to get started."

"If you feel that way about it," Mason said, "think about me."

Drake shook his head. "Your job hasn't started yet. I'm getting you the facts. After I get them, you can take whatever action is indicated—probably nothing, now that the guy's been murdered."

Mason glanced at Della Street, grinned and said, "Listen to the detective telling the lawyer how easy the life of an attorney is."

Drake said, "You think a detective has a cinch. Remember I have a reputation. I'm supposed to get you the facts all wrapped up in a neat package so you can go to work on them. Tell me, Perry, what will this thing do? Will it close out your interest in the case?"

"I don't think so," Mason said. "I'm gunning for bigger stakes."

Drake glanced at him, raised an inquiring eyebrow, but didn't put the question into words.

Della Street picked up the evening paper that was on the floor beside the chair she occupied and started reading.

Mason said, "I hate to hold out on you, Paul."

"It's okay," Drake said. "Sometimes I can be of a little more help if I know what you're working on, that's all. From where I sit, it looks as though Dorothy Fenner was out in the clear right now. The D. A. won't be able to prosecute without someone to swear that certain specific property is missing. From all I can hear, you gave Alder quite a going over in the courtroom this afternoon."

Mason said, "There's more to it than Dorothy Fenner's case, Paul."

"Yeah, I know," Drake said. "That's what I gathered."

Mason said, "This has to be in strict confidence, Paul."

"I've never let you down yet, have I?"

"Nope," Mason said, "but when you take a look at this, you'll see that it's loaded with dynamite."

Mason took from his pocket the copy of the letter which had been contained in the bottle and passed it over to Paul Drake. "Take a look at that, Paul."

Drake read the letter, at first with nervous impatience, his eyes on the sheet of paper, but his ears listening for the telephones. Then suddenly he snapped his attention to sharp focus on the letter, and muttered half under his breath, "For the love of Mike!"

"Some dynamite, eh, Paul?"

Drake didn't answer. He remained utterly engrossed in the letter.

Della Street looked up from the newspaper, started to say something, then folded the paper and waited until Drake had finished reading.

Mason adjusted himself to a more comfortable position, interlaced his fingers over his kneecap.

ONE of the telephones rang. Drake, with his eyes still on the letter, groped absently for the telephone.

Della Street picked up the phone and put it in Drake's groping hand.

"Thanks," Drake said. Then, into the telephone, "Yes, hello?"

He listened to words which came rattling from the receiver, said, "Well, that's a lot better! Give me some more facts."

He listened for a few seconds, then put down the letter he was reading, picked up a pencil, and started making notes. For some two or three minutes, the receiver made noises, and Drake kept on taking notes.

"That all?" he asked.

He listened to some more talk on the receiver, said, "Okay, I think you're doing good. Now, you'll have help down there in just a little while. I want to get all the facts I can and I want to find out what the police are doing. I'll be sitting right here. Keep feeding in the facts.

"Good Lord, Perry," Drake said, "that letter is really something. Where did you get it?"

Mason said, "Apparently it was found in a bottle that had drifted ashore and was picked up by a beachcomber who turned the thing over to Alder. Now, that'll show you something of what I have in mind. What did you learn just now, anything new?"

"Look's like a real break for your client," Drake said.

"Shoot."

"That is," Drake went on, "unless Dorothy Fenner went back to Alder's *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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A glass bridge leads from the reception hall into the famed Monitor Mapparium, a huge representation of the globe that is brightly lit from behind the glass frame

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

GENTLEMAN of the PRESS

By GEORGE FRAZIER

CONCLUSION OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE

Though it still accentuates the positive and studiously eliminates the negative, the staid Monitor has recently shown signs of sprightliness

IN RECENT years there have been manifestations of a new lightness in editorial style that is chasing some of the smug prose from the pages of the Christian Science Monitor, the international daily newspaper published in Boston and boasting a readership reliably estimated to be well in excess of 6,000,000. Editor Erwin Canham realizes that the paper still has some distance to go before it achieves perfect balance; but at least the sports page now uses nicknames, whereas its erstwhile practice was to list baseball players, for example, as "T. Cobb" and "G. H. Ruth."

It was only recently, too, that Canham persuaded the Monitor to admit that there is a sport known as boxing. Prior to that, ring spectacles had impressed the editors as too brutal for discussion in a dignified paper.

"We got to thinking," Canham explains, "that radio and television were bringing prize fights right into the living room and therefore wasn't it silly of us to ignore them."

Notwithstanding this enlightened attitude, the Monitor still refuses to recognize any pugilist weighing less than 175 pounds, a circumstance which people like Ray Robinson and Willie Pep would be justified in interpreting as discrimination against good little men. And, although the air waves now bring horse racing into living rooms even more frequently than prize fights, the Monitor has not yet got around to acknowledging that sport.

During the 40 years of the paper's publication, it has consistently and unrelentingly taken a dim view of such stimulants as coffee, tea and alcohol. Of these, alcohol is unquestionably the one that has come in for the harshest abuse. In the period immediately preceding the first World War, the Monitor's crusade against alcoholic stimulants achieved such an impassioned pitch that the late Wayne B. Wheeler, fire-eating counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, credited it as one of the chief factors in bringing about the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

But a year and a half ago the Monitor switched to occasional light editorials on the drinking problem. Their graceful style rescues them from sounding like brimstone preachments. Nevertheless, the Monitor conveniently forgets the evil things that arose out of Prohibition—gangsterism, political corruption and a lowering of moral standards.

The tolerant, almost compassionate tone of these new editorials seems to have infected the people who write letters to the Monitor. At any rate, the paper's incoming mail has lately displayed a willingness to view drinking with an amused forbearance that was noticeably lacking in communications received prior to the inception of the series.

The Monitor's recent sportiveness is particularly apparent in the editorial feature known both as "This Week's Appreciation" and "Today's Appreciation." It has been appearing pretty regularly for the past several years.

While the mood of these expressions of gratitude is usually highly moral—dictated, more often than not, by the tenets laid down by Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science faith—it is couched in such ingratiating prose that even those who may dissent can hardly resent it.

Among the individuals and institutions already appreciated by the Monitor have been Arturo Toscanini (". . . for insisting on a nonalcoholic sponsor for the N.B.C. Symphony . . ."); the Pullman Company (". . . for its efforts not 'to make secondhand smokers out of folks who don't want to smoke' . . ."); and the Red Cross (". . . for not giving free beer to the armed forces . . .").

When circumstances seem to warrant it the Monitor is capable of feeling grateful even to those who do not hesitate to dissent quite openly from some of its sternest precepts. It demonstrated this one day a few years ago when it extended its appreciation: "To His Most Excellent Majesty George the Sixth, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, for his reply to the farmer who shouted from a crowd, 'Hiya, King?'

" 'I'm fine,' the king said. 'How are you?' "

In this instance, the Monitor was undeterred by the fact that His Most Excellent Majesty smokes—and smokes plenty.

There was a similar display of open-mindedness in the appreciation expressed: "To the Warner Brothers of Hollywood, who brought out the world's first talking moving picture twenty years ago today, but who—more than that—have become known as producers with a sense of social responsibility."

Warners, after all, is the studio which, while responsible for a number of pictures that "roused the conscience of a sleeping world," to quote the Monitor, has also produced such eruptive samples of non-Christian Science violence as the film The Roaring Twenties, and depicted unnumbered cold-blooded killings by "hard-boiled" stars like Humphrey Bogart. Furthermore, the same studio turned out The Story of Louis Pasteur, an antiseptic epic so replete with medical detail that the Monitor could not bring itself to review it.

The individual most responsible for the Christian Science Monitor's decreasing stodginess is its forty-five-year-old editor Erwin Dain "Spike" Canham. Although something of a puritan when measured by the sort of journalistic behavior pattern immortalized by playwrights Hecht and MacArthur in The Front Page, Canham is not known as "Spike" for nothing. He is a good deal shrewder and more efficient than most newspapermen who may look the part a little more fully. He is also far too competent an editor not to be concerned about the Monitor's shortcomings.

Where Canham has no cause for concern is in the matter of the Monitor's foreign coverage. Here, the paper lives up to its boast of carrying "a steady flow of dispatches designed to pierce the fog of confusion and the dictates of prejudice."

A journalism student named Nancy Hancock Otis has irrefutably demonstrated the paper's strength in this category of news coverage by comparing the ways in which the Monitor and the New York Times covered one of the biggest international stories of recent years.

Using the issues of the Times and the Monitor from June 28th to December 31, 1948, as her basis of comparison, Miss Otis made a detailed check on how both papers handled the story of the Berlin air lift. As might be expected because of its larger size, the Times gave the air lift more space—11,792 lines to 4,918 in the Monitor. It carried 283 separate air-lift stories to the Monitor's 163. There were 18 editorials in the Times, 13 in the Monitor. The Times also ran eight cartoons, 42 photographs and five maps to the Monitor's nine cartoons, 19 photographs and two maps. But a good deal more significant than the figures was the tone of the coverage.

Generally speaking, the Times news stories were objective and detailed, its editorials informative. In the Monitor the news, besides being somewhat less detailed than that in the Times, was more interpretative and colorful. Its editorials, instead of striking an instructive note, took a markedly laudatory and even *(Continued on page 66)*

Editor Erwin Dain Canham is affectionately referred to as "Spike" by his colleagues. A shrewd and extremely able newspaperman, he's most responsible for the new Monitor look

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NELSON MORRIS

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Big Adventure-Small World

By RALPH CONDON

The great orange train was like nothing José had ever seen. But then, José was not a man of the world, and had no notion of the wonders in it—or the dangers

I HAVE never been in trouble with the police except for one time in San Lucas. It happened three days after my mother and I went to Sycamore Valley to cook for the workers in the pea fields, which we've done each year since the war ended.

That morning the Guerrero family arrived from the Imperial Valley where the early tomatoes are raised. They came in two automobiles and a truck, because there are a lot of Guerreros. But I didn't get to meet Pablo until after lunch, at the faucet where I was filling my bucket.

Pablo was a big fellow. He wore boots with straps buckled over his arches, and the word "Fresno" was spelled out across the back of his shirt.

"For some one as little as you, you certainly carry a large pail," he said to me.

Remembering what my grandfather told me about bragging, I said, "It's not really so big. It only looks that way because it's painted red."

"Just the same," he told me, "it holds almost as much as both of mine. You must be pretty strong for a kid."

That pleased me, and I said, "My name's José. I'm ten years old, and I've carried the same pail for three years, but I didn't fill it so full at first."

I used only one hand when I moved the pail to give him room.

"Pablo's mine," he told me. "I'm twelve. And a month," he added proudly. Then he said that his brothers and sisters had been asking about me that morning.

"We've picked prunes in San Jose, and apples in Washington," he explained, "and grapes in Fresno,

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

The monster was upon us almost at once. It swelled until it shut out the light and the sound made you deaf

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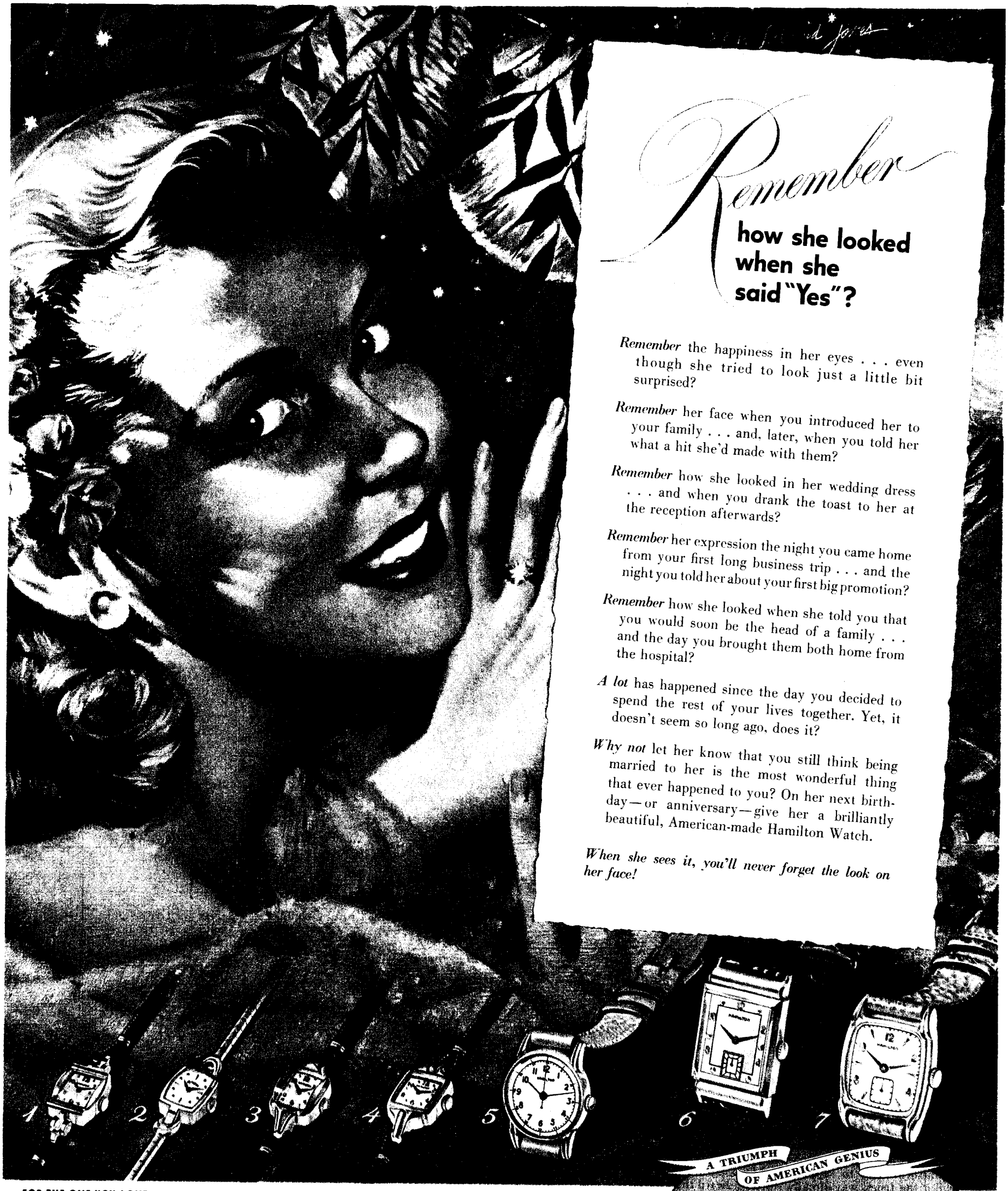

Remember

how she looked when she said "Yes"?

Remember the happiness in her eyes . . . even though she tried to look just a little bit surprised?

Remember her face when you introduced her to your family . . . and, later, when you told her what a hit she'd made with them?

Remember how she looked in her wedding dress . . . and when you drank the toast to her at the reception afterwards?

Remember her expression the night you came home from your first long business trip . . . and the night you told her about your first big promotion?

Remember how she looked when she told you that you would soon be the head of a family . . . and the day you brought them both home from the hospital?

A lot has happened since the day you decided to spend the rest of your lives together. Yet, it doesn't seem so long ago, does it?

Why not let her know that you still think being married to her is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to you? On her next birthday—or anniversary—give her a brilliantly beautiful, American-made Hamilton Watch.

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and oranges in Riverside, but we never saw you before."

"I've never been in any of those places," I said. "I've always lived at the Arroyo Seco Ranch on the other side of the mountains. But in the last few years I've been coming here in the summer with my mother to cook for the pea pickers."

"Then you haven't traveled?" he asked in surprise. "Doesn't your father contract to pick crops?"

I didn't know what to say. No one had ever asked me about my father before.

I can remember the big, laughing man who wasn't afraid of anything. I can remember clearly how he used to put me up ahead of him on the saddle, and ride like the wind. I also remember the red wagon he brought me, and the big hat and chaps that don't fit any more.

I COULD have told Pablo about those things. But I didn't because Pablo wouldn't have understood. He would have thought my father was gone for good, and both my mother and grandfather say that's not true. They say he never really left us, that he's really with us all the time, and even though I can't see him, it makes him happy when I am good. But how could I explain all this to Pablo? So all I said was:

"My father went to war. Before that he was always a *vaquero* at the Arroyo Seco Ranch."

"Then you've only been here and at that ranch," Pablo said. "It's funny to meet someone who's never traveled."

"I have been to San Lucas in the Salinas Valley a few times," I told him. "And once at Christmastime my Uncle Ramón came to take us to King City in his car. It's an old one but it sure can go."

"That's not far," Pablo said. "But the Salinas Valley is a good place to watch the trains. Did you ever see that great big train that looks like all the oranges in the world tumbling down a mountain?"

"On the way to King City I saw a lot of trains," I said. "One was so big it took two engines to move it."

"If it had two engines it was a freight," Pablo said with contempt. "If you didn't see the orange one, you didn't see anything. That one's made for speed. It roars like the wind, and it never stops! I'll show you."

"How can you show me?" I asked. "It's far to San Lucas. Even if we could get there, the train might not come."

"It's only nine miles," Pablo said. "And the train always goes by at four in the afternoon. We can get to see it today."

I felt my heart pound, but I said, "Nine miles is too far to walk."

"Ha!" Pablo said. "Who said anything about walking? We'll get on a pea truck and be there in no time."

"Maybe tomorrow. Today—"

"It's today or never," Pablo said. "Because starting tomorrow I've got to work on those peas."

"Well—thanks a lot," I said. "But I've got to get this water home."

"Meet me at the loading platform in three minutes," Pablo said as he picked up his buckets. "There's a truck there leaving for San Lucas right away."

I told him again that I wouldn't be able to go, and hurried to our cabin where my mother was cutting pork for the beans.

"You're a good boy, José," she said, smiling. "You can go and play now. You've carried plenty of water today."

Even then I didn't mean to go. I went to the platform only to repeat this to Pablo. But the truck was already starting and he sprang into the back of it.

I thought I would try it only for appearances, but the next minute Pablo pulled me up by the hands and I was riding in the truck toward San Lucas.

I would have cried, if Pablo hadn't laughed and shamed me.

The big truck went at an awful speed. The wind it whipped up sent the long-tailed magpies flying out of the trees.

For a while I was very scared and held on tight to the racks, but Pablo laughed again and said:

"Come on, do what I'm doing. It's fun."

He lay stretched out flat and let himself roll all the way over with the sway of the next curve.

After that I tried it, and it really was fun. First we'd be on our backs facing the sky and watching the trees rush by, then a curve would send us spinning, all arms and legs, to the other rack.

We finally got to a straight road and then the truck went even faster. The tires howled on the pavement.

"We'll be at the packing sheds in a minute," Pablo said. "We'll have to hop right off as soon as we stop or the man'll see us."

I wished then that I was safe in the Sycamore Valley carrying a thousand buckets of water. But there was nothing I could do.

A minute later we were at the buildings, and we bumped across the tracks to the big brown cars.

COLLIER'S "Max moved that time and Shirley had her eyes closed. Let's try again" TOM CRAVENS

"Watch me now," Pablo said. "And do what I do."

He backed to the end of the truck, holding the side rack and waiting for the truck to slow up so he could jump.

I started to follow his example on the other side, but before I could get into position, the truck came to a stop on a great big platform. And there, right inside a window of a shed, was a man with a green shade over his eyes. He looked at us so hard that both Pablo and I were afraid to move.

I began to cry just a little, and even Pablo looked pale with fear.

Then the man said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to mark this one a mixed load. You look green enough to be peas, but you ain't in sacks so I can't count you that way. Maybe I'll just class you as small potatoes—unless you want to get off and let me weigh this truck in the regular way."

Pablo dropped to the ground then, and so did I. We both ran as fast as we could for the end of the shed. I thought I heard the man in the window laughing, but we didn't stop until we were around the building and across the shining steel of the main track. . . .

Beyond the rails was the big highway where the automobiles went whizzing by, and across the highway were the fine stores and the gasoline stations of San Lucas.

"Now," said Pablo, "you know how to steal a ride on a truck."

"But it's not really stealing," I said. "We didn't take anything."

"Never mind," he said. "I showed you how. Now I'll show you how to get bottles of soda from a red box with nickels."

"I haven't any nickels," I said.

"But I have a ten-cent piece," Pablo told me. "We can get two nickels for it. Come on, José, and watch."

We went across the highway to a very big gasoline station where the man was all dressed in white.

Pablo said to him:

"Please, we only have a dime, and we'd like some soda pop."

The man took Pablo's money and gave him back the coins.

We both said, "Thank you," at the same time.

"Well, all right," the man said. "From what I've always read, us money-changers are supposed to make a profit on every transaction so we can afford to keep up our temples. According to that, this deal don't amount to much, but I'm at least breaking even so you're welcome."

Pablo showed me the slot for the nickel, and almost at once a bottle dropped out, all wet and cold.

When we had them both we took off the caps, and Pablo said, "It's nearly time for the train. If we go to the field right outside the town, we can watch it from close up without anyone seeing us. And we can drink our soda while we wait."

But when we started away, the man said:

"Hey, where are you businessmen going with my bottles? You didn't lay any cash on the barrelhead for a deposit."

I was a little afraid, but Pablo showed he'd been around.

"We only have enough for one bottle each," he said, "and we want to drink it slow so the taste will last. But we'll bring them back when they are empty."

"All right," the man said. "Many a guy has been driven into bankruptcy by making unsecured loans, but I'll take a chance. Only if you run off with 'em, I'll track you to the ends of the earth—and after I've caught you and put you in jail, I'll throw away the key!"

"Pablo," I said, "suppose we lost the bottles?"

"No chance of that," he told me. "And we've got to hurry if we want to see the train from the right place."

We went back across the highway, and walked along the railroad tracks toward Salinas. The heat of the afternoon sun sent up a strong smell from the black ties, and when I tried walking on the steel itself, the heat came through the soles of my shoes. When I told Pablo this he laughed.

"It's easy to see that you don't know much about trains," he said. "This great big one goes so fast that the rails always get hot in front of it."

We went by a switch that had a padlock on it, and came to a place made for water to pass under the tracks in a cement culvert. The weeds grew high here and Pablo said it was the place to watch from.

My heart beat fast as we lay down close to the broken rock which covered the ties, but I felt sad, too, as we sipped from our bottles. I felt sad because I had nothing to show Pablo.

First he had taught me how to ride on a pea truck. Then how to get bottles of soda from the red machine. And now he was going to show me the train, and I had nothing to give him back.

I thought that if we were only at the Arroyo Seco it would be different. There were all those horses and cattle. And in the big pools of the stream itself there were suckers more than a foot long that you could see swimming close to the sandy bottom.

But these things were far away, and I knew Pablo wouldn't think much of me in the end, because here in San Lucas I had nothing to show.

I was thinking of these things when we heard a great blast of a whistle, and Pablo cried:

"Here comes the orange train! Watch it grow, José!"

Far away was what seemed only a round ball. Then it quickly got larger and larger until its color was clear.

A plume of white steam shot into the air above it and was struck back by the wind. Then the sound of the whistle came again, and at the same time we heard the first rumble of the train itself.

After that it seemed the monster was upon us almost at once. It swelled until it shut out the light and the sound made you deaf.

I would have run away, but I was scared stiff. I was sure that it had left the tracks and was going to sweep me out of the weeds.

In the end when it was really there, I couldn't even look up at it. I buried my face in the dirt, and felt sure I was going to die right there.

I thought of my mother who didn't even know I had gone away, and of my grandfather whom I would never see again. I thought of my own father who had carried me on his saddle when I was little, and how unhappy he would be because I had died in San Lucas where it was wrong for me to be.

THE earth shook and I cried out. But my voice was lost in the thunder. Dirt and weeds swept over me. And then the train was gone, leaving only the wind and the clack of its wheels.

I lay a little, still hanging onto the weeds.

"Gee," Pablo said. "Wasn't that something!"

"I was afraid," I told him. "And I cried out."

"Nonsense," Pablo said. "You were pretty brave. I was shaking myself. But I promised to show you the greatest train in the world, and I did."

Then I had an idea. It was not like any of the things I'd seen that day, but it was something for me to give Pablo, anyway.

"Pablo," I said. "You showed me lots of things today. I can't ever pay you back. But if you come with me, I know something you can see."

"There's something you can show me here?" Pablo asked in surprise.

"Yes," I told him, and went on ahead fast, because I was afraid that if we didn't hurry, he would lose interest.

We left the railroad and crossed the

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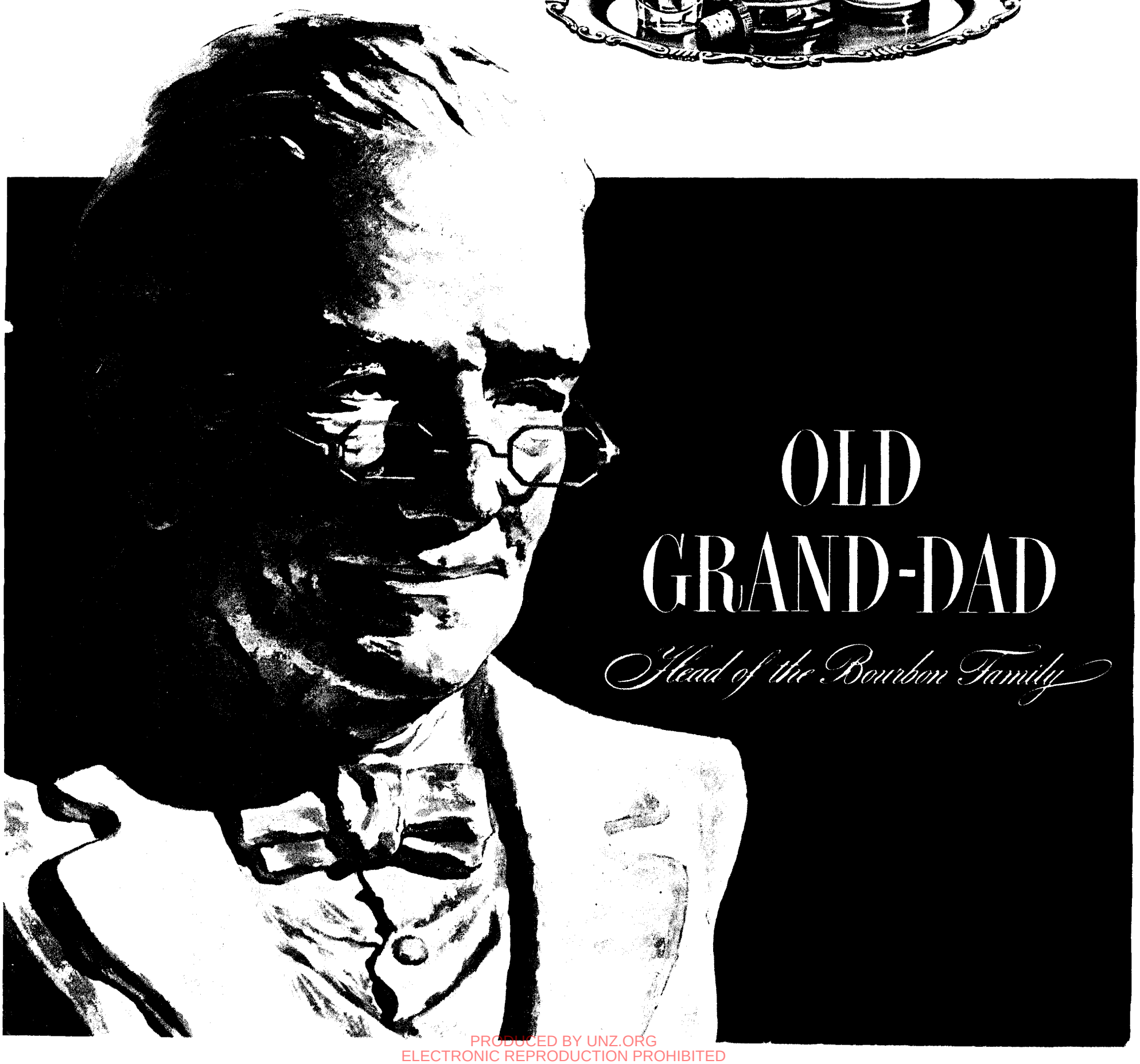

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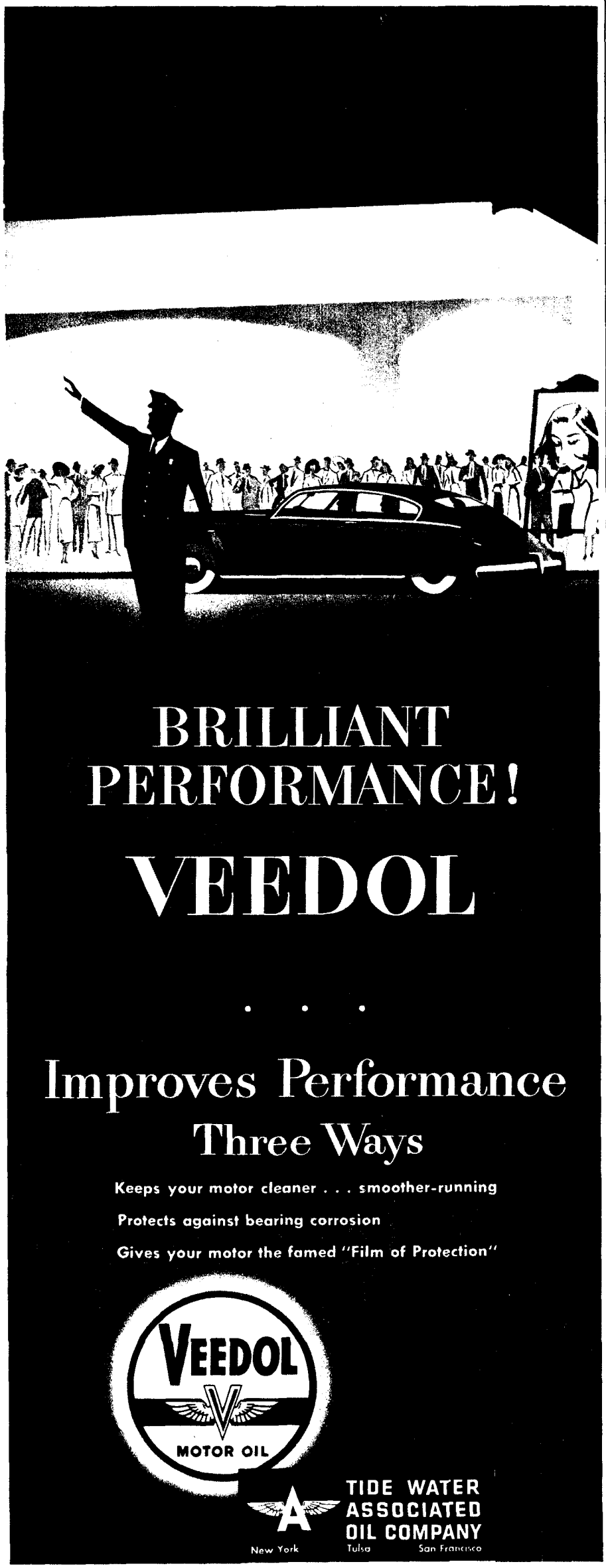

highway again before turning toward San Lucas.

What I had to show Pablo was in among a lot of trees at the edge of town.

It was all made of metal and stood on a great big piece of white stone and there was an iron fence all around it. The grass grew high right up against the stone, and the wind had piled up a lot of papers around it.

"I've been here four times before," I told Pablo. "Once when there were a lot of people and they first took the white canvas off it. And then three times after. We always wore our best clothes. My mother had on her black dress, and my grandfather wore his blue suit that's only a little shiny."

"It says it is for heroes," Pablo said. "And there are a lot of names."

"The last name on the right side," I said, "is José Ramirez. That's my name, and it's my grandfather's too. But it is not there for us. It's for my father, his name was José Ramirez, too."

I saw Pablo's eyes grow wide.

"My father left the ranch to go to war when I was a little kid," I said. "But his name's going to be up here forever."

"That's swell," Pablo said softly. "No one could have anything better to show. Those men are heroes like George Washington. We learned about him at school in Bakersfield."

I felt very proud, but after a while I said:

"Thank you, Pablo. But now I've got to go home to help my mother cook."

We had only gone a few steps, though, when I remembered the man at the gasoline station.

"Pablo," I said. "Those bottles! We have to bring them back."

Pablo's eyes looked troubled.

"But, José, we can't bring them back. In all the excitement I forgot to tell you. I bumped them and they fell down into the culvert and smashed."

I could hardly believe it; we sure were in trouble.

"Pablo!" I cried. "What can we do? The man said—"

"It was an accident," he told me. "If they catch us, we can explain."

"Who'd believe us?" I said miserably. "That man warned us."

Just then Pablo grabbed me and said, "Quick, José, we've got to hide."

I looked where he was looking, and then I saw the automobile too. It had black fenders and white sides. And it had red police car lights up on front.

Turning together we ran toward the monument. We crawled under the fence and lay down in the grass behind the stone.

Even though I was so scared I was ashamed about being a thief, and choosing this place to hide.

THEN I heard the tires of the car grind to a stop in the gravel outside the fence. There was the sound of an opening door and a stern voice said, "Hey, you kids, come out of there."

I never felt sicker.

I thought of the bottles and the warning about the jail. Even if my grandfather found out where I was and came with the money to pay, he might not want me freed if he knew I'd hidden behind that stone. He would disown me forever when he found that I had been a coward and disgraced my father's name.

A very big man came up to the fence; he had a gun hanging from his belt.

"Come on," he said. "Let's see what mischief you've been up to."

We got to our feet and Pablo said:

"We haven't done anything. We only came to see the train."

"Kids that ain't wrong don't run from cops," the policeman said.

He was right, of course, so I didn't try to lie.

"We didn't mean to do anything wrong," I told him. "We haven't any money to pay, but if you let us go, I'll tell my grandfather and he'll take it to the man."

"All right," the policeman said. "What did you grab that's got to be paid for?"

"The soda bottles," I said, and I only cried a little. "We would have taken them back like we promised, but they fell and broke in the culvert when the train went by."

The man pushed his cap back on his head and scratched his hair.

"So it's pop bottles, is it?" he said. "How many and where?"

"There were only two," I told him. "We got them from the red machine when we put nickels in."

"Nuts," the policeman said. "No kids are going to try to hide over a couple of pop bottles. What else you been up to, and where you from?"

"We're from the Sycamore Valley where my mother cooks for the pea pickers," I said. "But my grandfather—"

"Never mind your grandfather," he told me. "And if you are from the Sycamore pea camp, what are you doing way down here?"

I WAS so scared, I couldn't think of anything to say, but Pablo stepped up. "He isn't lying," he said. "First we came to see the train, and then we came to this monument because my friend José wanted to show me his father's name."

The policeman kept his eye on Pablo, but he waved at me.

"You mean him?"

"Yes," Pablo said with great dignity. "His name is José Ramirez, the same as his father's, and you can see it up there."

The big man surprised me then. He took his cap from his head, and came close. He looked at the monument for a minute, and then he looked at me.

"So you are José Ramirez's kid," he said, and his voice was very kind.

"Yes," I told him. "He's my father. And my grandfather, whose name is José Ramirez, too, lives at the Arroyo Seco on the other side of the mountains."

The policeman rumpled my hair with his hand. "Sure," he said, and he sounded very gruff, but not angry. "But if your ma is cooking up in Sycamore Valley, how did you get way down here?"

"We came on a pea truck to see the train," I said.

"Well, I'll be damned!" the policeman said.

"My grandfather will pay for the bottles," I told him. "If I can just go to my mother—"

The man rumpled my hair again and jerked it so it hurt just a little.

"I guess I can square the rap on those bottles," he said. "Right now let's see about getting you back before your ma gets worried."

I was still very scared when he took us over to the police car, but he didn't drive us to the jail. He only went back into San Lucas and drove along until he saw a man getting into a pickup truck. He stopped close by and said:

"Hi, Harry. Going home?"

"I'm on my way," the man said.

"Then you can do me a favor," the policeman said. "I got a couple of young friends I'd like to have you drop off at a pea camp along the way."

"Sure thing. Load 'em in."

Pablo and I got out of the police car and the big man picked us up and set us in the back of the truck.

"I'm much obliged to you, Harry," he said. "The little one is José Ramirez's kid. You remember José. He was the medical corpsman who brought all those local boys back off the beach at Okinawa."

And that is how we reached the pea pickers' camp even before it got dark. And after all, we weren't in real bad trouble. The older you get, the more you find out that there are a lot of swell people in a town like San Lucas. THE END

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Sky Line Red

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

his fists seemed big as choker hooks. 'Ye may write what ye like of O'Halloran and his doings,' he told me, 'but do ye just keep Missus O'Halloran's name from yer paper, boyo.' "

Habkirk reached for a roller and ran it vigorously to and fro over the proof sheet. "O'Halloran was referring to his third wife. I'd mentioned her quite innocently in local news as owner of a Stutz Bearcat, the only one in these parts. She was a high stepper, Mrs. O'Halloran the third. A lovely girl. She had the bluest eyes and the blackest hair you ever did see. Coaxed Sky Line Red out of the woods to Chicago and kept him there for twenty years."

"Till the fire brought him back, eh?"

Habkirk said thoughtfully, "It may have been the fire that fetched him back here. I don't know—I don't know at all. He was not one to explain his motives. He didn't come to save Nasatcha, and his Cougar Lake operation was pretty well burned out before he arrived. It's a matter for speculation, Mr. Blake."

"Is his wife still living?"

"She died several months ago."

"Well," I said, "thanks a lot. I'll just go take a look around."

When I was halfway to the door, I turned and called to Habkirk, "Has O'Halloran got a granddaughter?"

"A daughter. Child of his old age. But if I were you I wouldn't mention his womenfolk."

"Is the girl's name Karen?"

"Karen Lund. She came up on a holiday last year and married an O'Halloran camp push. Spunky girl—she takes after her mother."

I knew then who had stepped down from the dynamite-loaded truck. Time to puzzle over that business later, though. Right now I had my summary to organize for our evening news broadcast.

THE man behind the desk in the one-room forestry station at the limit of the town sat slumped with his head cradled on his left arm. His right, stretched on the desk top, was enormous, made so by soiled bandages that spiraled from wrist almost to shoulder. I studied him, reluctant to wake him up.

His telephone did that for me, sounding off with a harsh clatter. The ranger's head lifted, and in an automatic gesture he scooped up the receiver. Watching him, I realized what gave his face its broiled, newborn-baby look. Eyebrows and eyelashes were burned off.

He listened for a moment, then said in a dull voice, "All right, pull 'em in. Start new lines from Nasatcha Creek. Copper Cove logging is sending more cats. I'll route 'em across to you."

The ranger hung up. He peered at me as if he found it hard to bring my face into focus.

"Yeah?"

I introduced myself, and handed him my letter. He frowned at it briefly.

"What do you want to know?"

"What your chances are."

His smile was a mirthless twitch of the lips. "A lot worse than they were," he said. "That call I just got. She's jumped our last breaks above Federation Gap."

"Does that mean she's coming through?"

"It does. About eight o'clock tonight, earlier if the wind and humidity hold, she'll crown into the green timber on the Ridge. She'll hit the Gap at sixty miles an hour. We're putting in new breaks on the flat above town, but—"

His good shoulder lifted in a shrug.

I said, "O'Halloran is up there, isn't he?"

The name was a needle loaded with adrenalin. His back stiffened, and his left fist slammed hard on the desk.

"Damn it, what about O'Halloran?"

"I was told he's in charge."

"He is not. O'Halloran is squatting at the butt of Federation Ridge with a dozen bulldozers and a crew grabbed out of the general pool. He hasn't made a move in two days, not one bloody move except to send his Camp Seven push out for a load of powder. I tell you, the mick will be explaining in court when this show's over, and you can put that in your paper!"

His hand jerked to the phone. "O'Halloran slash is responsible for this mess. It's been coming for years. That outfit has never yet made a proper fall cleanup—too damned greedy, too busy getting the logs out, ripping the country apart."

You can't argue with an angry man, especially when he is so bushed that his eyes are like cinder holes in his face.

"I'll drop by in the morning," I said, and turned from his desk. The ranger said harshly, "By morning there'll be no town here, Mister."

IT WAS five o'clock. Dusk was on the street. There were the shadow-shapes of the destroyers lying off the government dock, and all cars were parked with their noses south. Fear was tangible in the air, as if the desiccating wind rolled it south with the smoke and the softly sifting ash. But the town was going about its business; it was fear with the lid on, not panic; and it occurred to me that even if what the ranger had told me was strictly true, O'Halloran was serving a purpose. The boss logger was more than a man. He was a legend, and the town that had grown in the wake of his ruthless advance against the timber leaned hard on that legend.

I returned to the Gazette office, where I phoned a couple of paragraphs to the night editor for radio. John Quincy Habkirk was working in the back shop, lamplight soft on his white hair.

"Still think O'Halloran can swing her?" I asked him.

"Mr. Blake," he said, his hands resting on the edges of the form, his rimless glasses glimmering at me, "there is a time for reason and a time for faith. I gather from your summary that the fire is over the Federation Valley breaks. Logic tells me I've printed my last paper in Nasatcha. But I believe O'Halloran will save us, with a modicum of help from the Lord."

I left him whistling in the graveyard and went out to my car. A woman stood by it, slender and dim in the dusk; and even before she spoke, I knew she was Karen Lund.

She said, "I've got to reach Federation Gap. Will you take me?"

"Why?" I asked her. "You'll be much safer here."

Her voice was taut but controlled. "Please, drive me north. Or let me hire your car and go myself."

Later, I realized that O'Halloran, even more than the fire, had become my story. At the time, though, it simply seemed to me that a reporter ought at least to get within viewing distance of the holocaust he was covering.

"We'll probably be turned back," I said, "but hop in."

Beyond Nasatcha the highway was empty, its macadam scored and broken by the treads of many tractors. I switched on my fog lights and made what speed I could. The hot wind rushed down upon us in a constant flow. Smoke oozed like a heavy silver fluid among the stumps. North and inland the sky was belted with crimson that deepened to plum purple, as if the lights of a city blazed in the wilderness. Even this far from the hot spot, the night was unquiet. Far on our left, engines wove a pattern of sound;

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those would be the Diesels of the bulldozer fleet ripping out a new network of firebreaks on the flat above Nasatcha.

The girl was silent, leaning forward a little. Her tension got into me so that I bore down harder on the accelerator.

"Tell me about your father," I said.

She didn't answer, and I said, "You wanted to hire my car, Mrs. Lund. Suppose you pay for your ride that way."

"I hate my father," she said.

"Always feel that way about him?" I asked.

"No."

Watching the road, dodging the deeper potholes, I caught the flash of her white face turning. "I loved him once. I thought Sky Line Red O'Halloran was the biggest man on earth."

"A lot of people still seem to," I said. "What changed your opinion?"

SHE went on as if she hadn't heard me, words coming now in a husky rush: "I was proud of him. I knew all the stories about him. About how tough he was. How if the food in a camp didn't suit him he'd jump on the cookhouse table and clear it with his boots. How they nicknamed him Sky Line Red because he'd ride the logs in on a sky-line haul fifty feet over the slash. I was a tomboy kid. I loved those stories."

"What changed you?"

"He did."

I played a long shot. "Sky Line Red broke you up with your husband?" I said.

She did not look at me, and her voice was edged. "I haven't got a husband. The Cougar Lake road turns off just past those snags."

"You're quite right," I said. "It's none of my business. But tell me this: Why did he come back here?"

"I don't know. He shouldn't have—he's half blind from a stroke."

"But you must have some idea."

Her shoulders stirred restlessly. "He's always felt this was his country. That it belonged to him. Just the idea there was something loose in it he couldn't control, something that defied him, would bring him back."

"Did you defy him?"

She didn't answer.

We skirted another crater, and I swung off the highway into a narrow gravel road. A car was spotted across it. I tramped on the brake. In the headlight beam I saw a uniform, and an arm flagging us down.

"End of the line," I said to the girl, "unless we can talk our way past."

The cop was a young constable in the Jack Canuck uniform of the British Columbia Provincial Police. He was polite but unyielding.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "Nothing goes through."

I climbed out of the car and walked around to him. Northwest, the way the road ran, the lurid glow had intensified till the whole sky was the color of blood.

"Look, officer," I said, "O'Halloran's in there, isn't he?"

"He is."

"Well, this girl is his daughter."

"I know," the cop said. "I have special instructions covering her."

"From her old man?"

"From one of his camp pushes, Bill Lund." The constable looked north—that familiar, over-the-shoulder glance. He said, "Better get back to the highway. There may be big stuff coming down in a hurry. Trucks and cats."

I peered at my wrist. It must be seven o'clock by now. While I was still trying to read the dial, the cop yelled. I whirled as my car lurched forward. Karen Lund had slid over behind the wheel. There was time only to snatch for the door handle and tumble in. The engine roared and we shot off the gravel at a tangent, buckling a fender against a stump. Then we were past the police sedan—on the road again and jolting northwest.

Karen was a superb driver, and she knew her way. Even so, we were off the gravel twice on curves, sideslipping into the slash with tires howling. "They jug people for this!" I shouted in her ear, but she didn't heed me. The road became a lane, then a logging grade from which the railway steel had been taken up. Karen barely slackened speed. I could hear the transmission case pounding at every bounce.

The smoke curled thick in ectoplasmic shapes that swayed and threatened and dissolved among the tall black stumps. We had made perhaps a mile when I caught a red glint of water, and Karen slammed us into a cleared space where a logging machine had once squatted beside the grade.

I scrambled out and followed her at a stumbling canter. A pond lay ahead—pond or arm of a lake, I couldn't be sure. We skirted it, hearing a whining from the water pumps that swelled louder till it killed all other sound. I saw men moving up there, black shapes larger than life against the reflected glow, and tripped over a hose line hard with water. That line and others, I knew, must run out to where O'Halloran made his stand.

HOMILY

She who wakes each morning
Feeling competent and bright
Is she who left no dishes
In the kitchen sink last night.

—BETTY ISLER

No one paid me the slightest attention. I saw Karen Lund silhouetted in the wild light, black hair astream in the fire-wind so that she looked like a young and lovely witch. She was running, staggering out along the hose lines. A man loomed out of nowhere and grabbed her by the shoulder. She shook him off, and he spun her and clipped her, the smack of his fist lost beneath the whine of the pumps. He caught her as she dropped, and carried her back, limp in his arms, and dumped her in the lee of a pump.

I asked, "Is Bill Lund out there?"

"Ya." Teeth flashed white in a devil's face, sooty under a shock of blond hair. "He's punchin' cat wit' O'Halloran."

THERE was a break in the noise of the pumps, a check and a sputter. The tall man crashed into the margin of the pond. He stooped and yanked up a suction hose, and with one swift swipe of his gloved hand, cleared its screen.

He strode up from the pond. The welt of a burn cut a livid diagonal through the grime on his forehead. He stank of burned cloth and smoke and sweat. I waited while he shucked his gloves and began to roll a cigarette.

"You picked a hell of a time to come sight-seein'," he told me. "When she hits the Ridge she's going to come down like Old Hughy was on her tail."

"Can you turn her?"

"Can you shift that damn' wind three points?" He lighted his cigarette, and continued in his soft and casual drawl. "There's a chance. O'Halloran tossed our cats in at noon when he knew for sure which way she was fixin' to yump. They been cuttin' fire trails a hundred yards apart, half a mile deep wit' a crew on the south side blowing out snags. I got twenty t'ousand foot of hose out yonder. Wind shifts, we may crowd her west to the hills. We run her clear of the slash, that alpine stuff will hold her till the rains."

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He drew on his cigarette and said conversationally, "I never had to slug a lady before. Lund won't t'ank you for bringin' her in."

"I didn't bring her," I said with a fair amount of truth. "She brought me. She's concerned about her husband."

"Lund? Hell, they ain't married. Not any more."

"O'Halloran's doing, eh?"

The pump boss stared at me. His voice tightened. "I'm just an O'Halloran side push, Mister. I wouldn't know."

He spat on his cigarette and headed out along a serpent of throbbing hose.

A clansman's answer. It confirmed what I had for some time suspected—that O'Halloran's rear guard stuck here in the hot spot neither for pay nor pride in their own hardihood, but out of dour loyalty to a man or a legend, or to both.

KAREN LUND still huddled where the pump boss had dropped her. I thought of carrying her to my car and driving swiftly south, away from the fire. But I didn't. It was not courage that held me there. Curiosity, perhaps. That and a kind of morbid anticipation.

Anyway, there wouldn't have been time. The pump tender, whose screen had fouled, reared up from his heels. His voice was a yell that crackled over the song of the fire pumps: "Look there! Holy old baldheaded, *look at 'er!*"

Beyond the rolling sidehills that were like dunes of the desert or long swells of the ocean, the Devil had unlatched his firebox doors. All hell was loose, spurting and spouting into the sky. A new sound flooded the air, sustained and ominous, a sighing that was like nothing I had ever heard before. I peered at my wrist. Eight ten. The fire had crowned into the green timber of Federation Ridge. She was coming through.

We waited. The rumbling of Diesels, which had been a steady undertone to the other noises of the night, deepened suddenly now. A formless shape wallowed in from the slash. The smoke parted before its square bows, and I saw it was a caterpillar tractor, bulldozer blade hiked high, treads clanking and grinding.

From the edge of the pond a voice called, "Here come the cats. The Old Man's sending 'em out."

Armor of a beaten column, I thought, watching the tractors waddle past: O'Halloran is tossing in his hand.

Steel treads fouled a hose and ruptured it. The pump tender yelled and flapped his arms. But the driver, sagging in his seat, neither looked down nor answered. His face seemed punch-drunk, as if the thing he'd seen out yonder had numbed his brain.

Cat after cat ground out to the grade and down it, the acrid smoke closing behind them.

"Nine," someone said. "Two to come."

"Whose?" I asked, and the logger said, "Bill Lund and O'Halloran. Them wild men is still fighting it out."

Karen was sitting up, rubbing dazedly at her jaw. I reached a hand to her and helped her to her feet. We were standing like that, faced north, when the vast sigh deepened overhead. Embers were riding the wind, trailing their comet arcs above the smoke. Across the Gap, out from the butt of the long black dragon which was Federation Ridge, I saw the red eyes of spot fires glow and multiply in the slash. I felt the girl catch her breath and, high on the Ridge, saw flame rushing south in a crested wave. Tops of the two-hundred-foot evergreens seemed to explode before it. The wave toppled over the last rank of the green timber, and broke in the bottleneck of the slash-filled valley.

Here on the flank we were safe enough for now. But the Gap was filling with flame as a dry gulch fills in a cloudburst, and beside me Karen Lund whispered, "They're trapped. They won't get out."

One of the pump tenders said, "Something's comin' out. Listen."

I heard the growl of a Diesel, and for an instant saw a bulldozer lost and tiny in the torchlight flare of flaming snags. Smoke closed around it—smoke, or steam from the hose jets—but the tractor continued to grumble in.

The pump tender grunted. "Lund," he said. "He's in the clear."

The great cat had been yellow once, but most of its paint was now blistered off so that it wore an outlandish camouflage of stripes and patches. The driver half slid, half fell from his seat, and stumbled toward the pond. Karen Lund ran out to meet him. He said thickly, "What the hell! I told you to stay in town."

But I saw his grimed face crack in a grin, and his arm go round her.

She said brokenly, "I was sure he'd keep you there. Bill, I was so sure—"

"O'Halloran sent me back," Lund told her. "He had a message for you, kid. For both of us. Quit fooling around and raise him a batch of grandsons."

"Where is he?" she asked. "Why didn't he come with you?"

But Lund didn't answer.

Smoke was towering and boiling in the valley, ruddy from the glare of fire within. I waited for a rift, waited a long time, but none came. Presently, though, I realized that the wind was no longer a furnace breath against my left cheek.

The pump boss tramped in from his lines. He called to Lund, "She's swinging west. You know, I t'ink maybe the Old Man has got 'er made."

Another time I would have laughed. No man nor army of men could have changed the course of that fire. But right then, in that place and among O'Halloran's people, I found myself going along with the legend. O'Halloran was no man but a force and a presence, a Celtic Jove with the thunderbolt in his fists.

TOWARD morning, the saving wind at our backs, I went out with Lund to the valley. The tractors were moving up from Nasatcha Creek, and the pump boss was pushing his lines steadily west. But the Gap itself was barren as the face of the moon, a desolation of smoking stumps and dulling embers, its topsoil burned to the naked granite.

Lund said, "If I tell you something, will you keep it out of your paper?"

"About O'Halloran?"

"Yes. He was mostly blind and he could have got turned round in the smoke. But my hunch is he never meant to come out. Last I saw of him, just after she hit, he was putting his cat straight north into her."

"I'd been wondering," I said. Then, awkwardly and knowing it was not my affair, "How about you two?"

"We'll be okay now," Lund said. "I knew that when I saw her get off the seaplane at Quinnat yesterday."

"It was O'Halloran who split you, wasn't it?"

"I thought so. We both did. He wouldn't shift me out of the camps, and Karen wanted something a lot fancier than a house in the married quarters. We kept tangling over it for six months, then Karen pulled the pin. Told me if I didn't have the guts to stand up to O'Halloran I wasn't man enough for her."

Lund was staring out over the Gap. "O'Halloran said an odd thing while we were waiting for the fire to boil off the Ridge. He said, 'A logger belongs to the woods, boyo. Twenty years I spent tryin' to make one woman see that. May ye do it in less.' He wished us well. I think Karen sees that now, too."

He smiled, and said, "Look at it one way and O'Halloran never did leave the woods."

"O'Halloran never will," I said, knowing what he meant, seeing man and legend fused now into something enduring and complete. THE END

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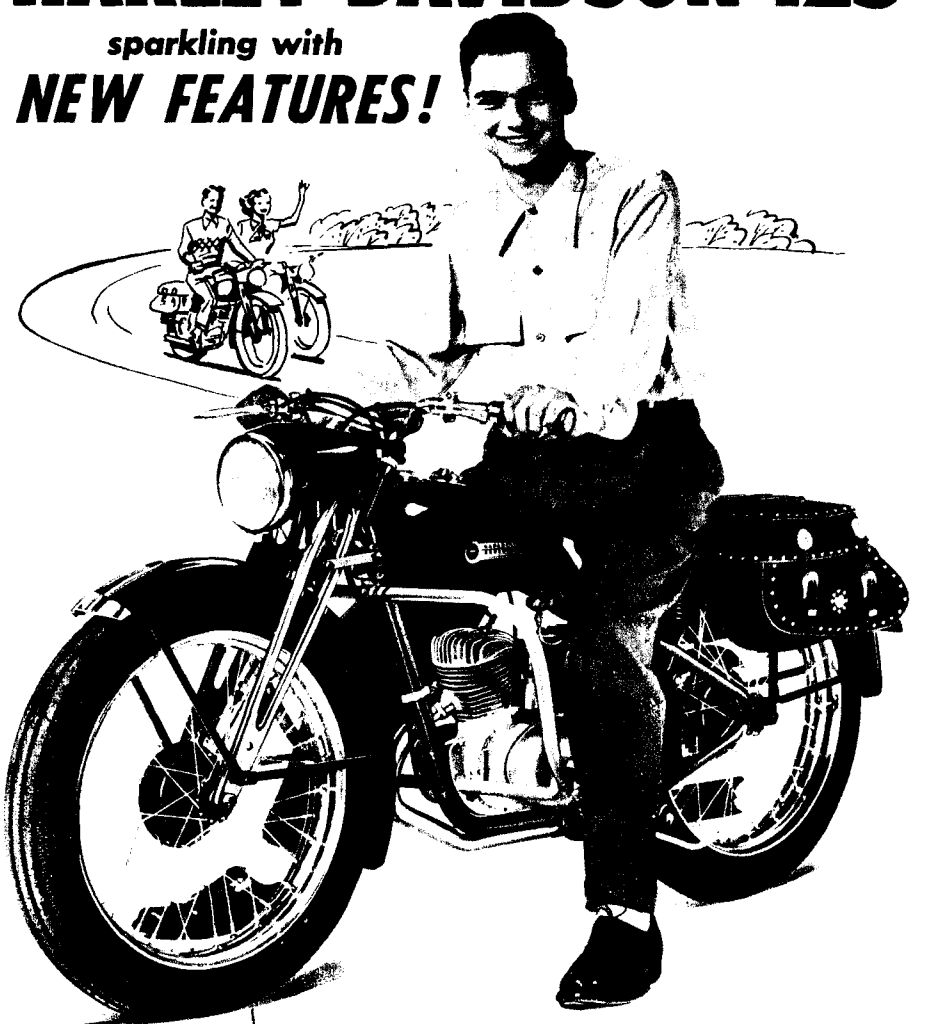

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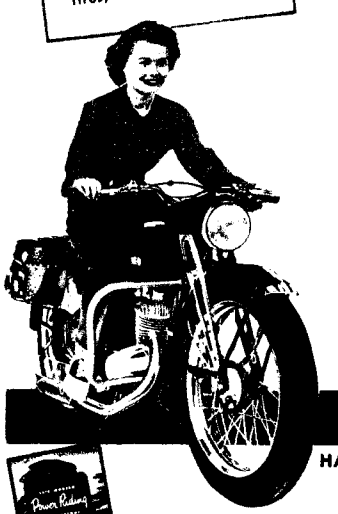

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The new fall and winter clothes are lighter and brighter. This quintet of future planners are dressed for the occasion in distinctive worsteds that are a perfect expression of the turnabout from the season's usual dull colors. Woolen designers have made the transition from drabness to brightness and their handiwork would provide a gay note for any conference. The worsteds shown above are tailored with a softer and looser construction, without the sacrifice of any trimness—it makes them as comfortable as the old-time smoking jacket and as handsome as a 1950 convertible. In addition, these new styles are flattering. The long-roll lapel and low-waist models make a heavy man look slim and a slim man athletic, a short man tall and a tall man more broad-shouldered. (Anybody left out?) Flattering, bright, comfortable and light on your shoulders, what more could a man ask from the wardrobe in his future?

Lighter and Brighter

By BERT BACHARACH

Topcoats and overcoats reflect the popular trend toward brightness and lightness with a wide range of lively colors and striking patterns. The plaid, the covert in a new blue, and the gay raglan check wrap up this alert threesome in the height of style

This suave sharkskin is a lighter version of the traditional dark blue. Tailored from the handsome fabric that is famous for smart looks and long-wearing qualities, this smooth suit is patterned to strike the perfect note for informal evenings

Fall sportswear has been liberated from dull colors. This nattily dressed member of the gallery is sure to catch some ayes for his light-tan plaid. The new sport coat, as comfortable as it is attractive, is the casual finishing touch for all outdoor events

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHAWE

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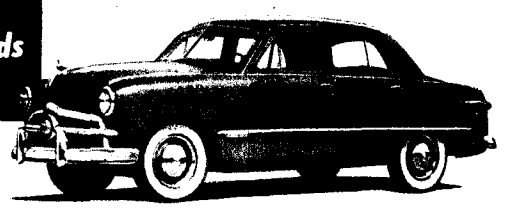

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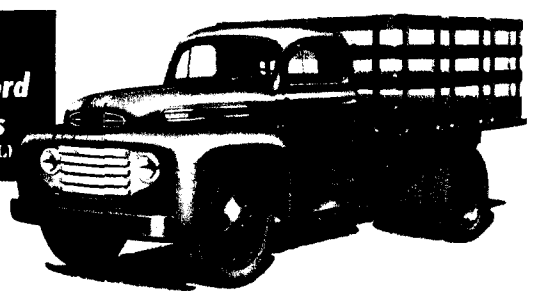

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a) Use only the official contest entry blank which you can obtain at any Ford Dealership displaying the poster shown below. Print clearly your name and address.

b) Contest is limited to the continental United States and Alaska.

c) Prizes as stated on entry blank will be awarded on the basis of sincerity, originality and aptness by a Jury of Awards consisting of prominent men interested in safety. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Entries must be submitted in the name of the registered owner or his designated representative.

Only one entry per car or truck may be considered. All entries become the property of Ford Motor Company. This contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations and to the official contest rules on entry blank.

d) Winners' names will be posted at all Ford Dealers not later than December 1, 1949.

e) Contest is open to all residents of continental United States, including Alaska, except employees of Ford Motor Company, Ford Dealers, their advertising agencies, and their families.

Get this attractive reflector insignia **FREE!**

1. **BRAKES**—You get a FREE check of brake pedal reserve and hand-brake operation.
2. **STEERING**—Steering linkage, springs and shock absorbers are checked and front tires are inspected for indications of improper alignment of front wheels.
3. **HEADLIGHTS**—Operation of upper and lower beams is checked.
4. **REAR AND STOP LIGHTS**—Operating condition is checked.
5. **TIRES**—All tires including spare are checked for recommended inflation and for cuts and breaks in casing.
6. **WINDSHIELD WIPERS**—Blades are inspected for wiping efficiency and mechanism checked for operation.
7. **MUFFLER**—Checked for exhaust leaks.
8. **GLASS**—Windows and windshields inspected for cloudy, obscured vision. Glass and windshield cleaned of all dirt and view-obstructing stickers.
9. **HORN**—Horn and horn button are checked.
10. **REAR VIEW MIRROR**—Mirror is checked for cloudy, unsafe vision.

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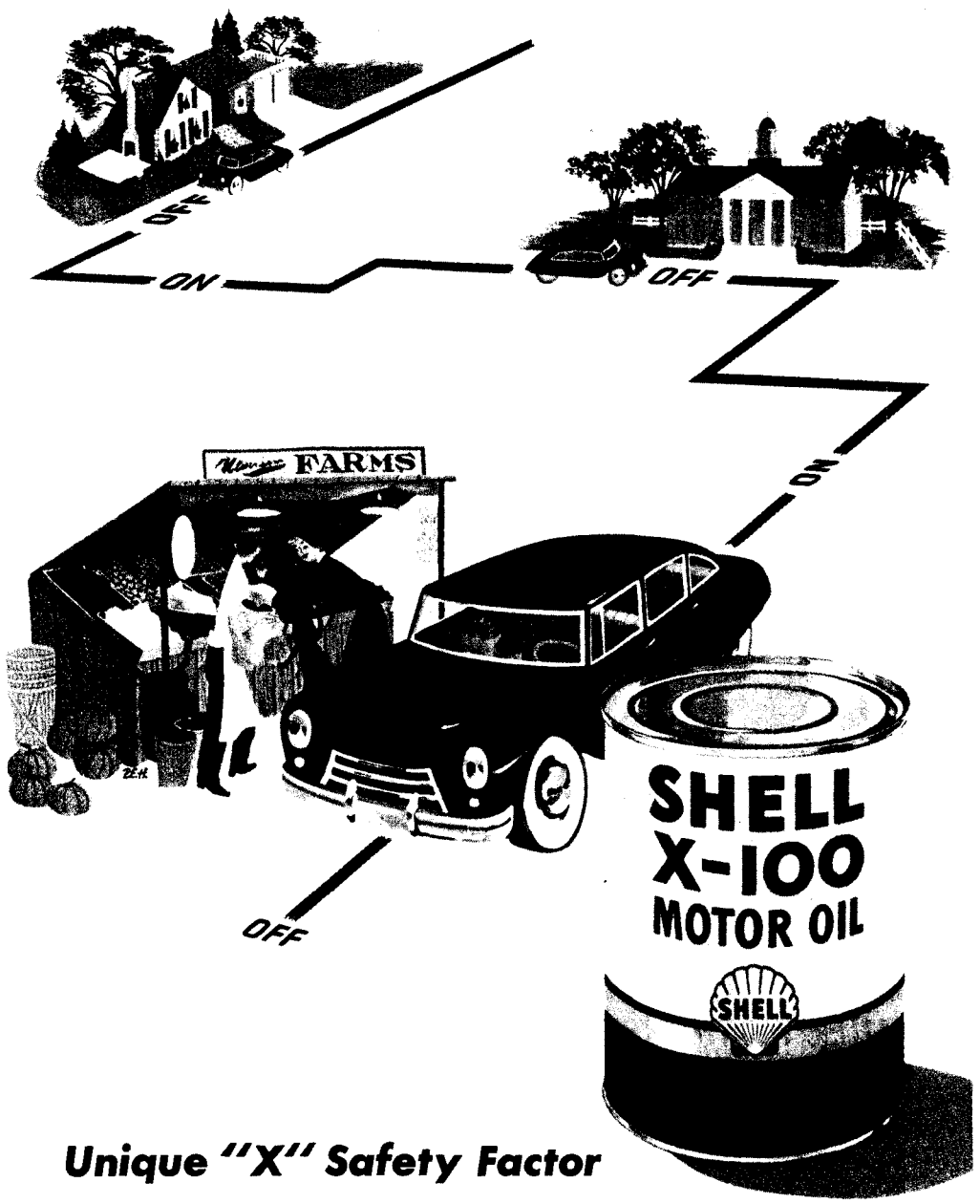
Most engine wear caused by

Acid Action from "On and Off" driving!



Unique "X" Safety Factor in Shell X-100 Motor Oil Counteracts Acid Action

You may have thought it's friction that causes the most engine wear. Now it is known that this is *not* so!

It's *Acid Action*—chemical etching of engine parts that takes place in the low operating temperatures of today's "On and Off" driving!

In your short trips about town, to school, to the market—your engine is intermittently "On and Off". . . runs for brief periods of time only. Hence it seldom warms-up to efficient operating temperatures. It runs "cold." In these short "On" periods, combustion may be incomplete and partially burned fuel gases and moisture attack the smoothly polished metal surfaces *chemically*. It's this biting *Acid Action* that accounts for up to 90% of your engine's wear.

Shell Research worked all-out on this problem . . . developed a unique "X" safety factor to combat *Acid Action*. Now, 2½ million miles of road testing—and millions of miles of use by motorists—prove conclusively that with this "X" safety factor *Acid Action* is effectively counteracted—engine life is prolonged.

This triumph of Shell Research—another Shell "first"—comes to you only in Shell X-100 Motor Oil. This oil, long famous for its ability to protect your engine under the stresses of sustained high speeds and extreme driving conditions, now has this added protection for every mile you drive.

Let your Shell Dealer drain, flush and refill your crankcase with Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.

It's Incomparable!

Bride of the Week

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

your liquor straight. I have never got over the habit."

"It seems a highly sensible custom," Mrs. Crane said, "and I believe I will have a small jolt of the same stuff, just to cement relations between East and West."

Pryce had the same—and more of the same—and his sun-reddened face grew brighter and his voice huskier. He said that Aggie's signing up with Eleventh Heaven had amused him no end and that he was looking forward to getting his name in the magazines and on the radio; it would be good for business, and business was already good, believe him.

WITH no indication of being overworked, Wong served them a steak supper in a dining room of dimensions suitable for state banquets. Aware of an unusual quietude in his middle, Harrison broke loose and ate plenty of hashed brown potatoes doused with catsup. Mrs. Crane congratulated her hostess on having no servant problems.

"Aggie has no problems of any kind," Pryce said. "There's the most relaxed kid in the world. Being with her is like lying in a hammock beside the river on a soft summer's afternoon."

"Well, Wong isn't really representative of the servant problems out here," Agatha said. "He started with our family at least fifty years ago and considers himself a full-fledged member. I couldn't get him to leave if I wanted to."

"Me either," Pryce said.

Later in the evening, while Pryce had a few glasses of brandy and soda, Harrison started operations. Agatha put on a strapless evening gown and posed for Joe McGowan. Then she changed to ordinary daywear and was photographed arm in arm with her fiancé.

Mrs. Crane got out her recorder, ran a preliminary test of both Agatha and Pryce, and erased the sound from the tape. Harrison provided the performers with a brief explanation of what they were doing: Eleventh Heaven products was running a Bride-of-the-Week program in connection with a Sunday coast-to-coast broadcast by that celebrated comedian Arty Kincaid; in addition there was full coverage with pictures and text in magazines and newspapers.

"Here are the scripts, children," Mrs. Crane said, and handed them out. "You just have to read them in an ordinary tone of voice."

"But with great feeling," Harrison said. "Great feeling."

Agatha started off. She gave details of her background and romance, put in an extended plug for Eleventh Heaven products, and concluded with the statement that she was an Eleventh Heaven girl—in the eleventh heaven of happiness. Although her voice was ordinarily warm and rich, she managed to deliver this testimonial in tones flatter than pancakes. Pryce followed with a much shorter, huskier eulogy to his good fortune in snagging an Eleventh Heaven girl.

"Mr. Pryce—Ken, I mean," Harrison said, "is splendid, but I will have to work on Aggie. I suggest that everyone except Mrs. Crane and myself leave the room."

The others shuffled out. Harrison fixed Agatha with a compelling eye, noting in passing that she was completely relaxed and apparently only suffering from a lack of real enthusiasm.

"You've got to have the fierce conviction that Eleventh Heaven has brought you to your present happy state," Harrison said. "Remember you are Eleventh Heaven's Bride of the Week. You must glow as you confide in eighteen million people."

"I don't believe I glow awfully well, Harrison," Agatha said.

"We'll get you to glowing," Harrison promised. "Don't worry."

But they didn't, for Agatha simply couldn't describe her legal liaison with Kenneth Pryce in an exalted manner; she did not boil over with emotion at the thought of her approaching marriage; and her gratitude to Eleventh Heaven products sounded rather less than ecstatic. At last Harrison called it off and decided to dictate a few urgent letters.

"Oh, couldn't you do that in the morning?" Agatha said. "We ought to sort of sit around and enjoy ourselves tonight."

Harrison gazed deep into her big blue eyes; they were like two deep, clear, placid wells in which he appeared to sink as though under the influence of anesthesia. Mrs. Crane had to awaken him with a touch upon his shoulder.

"If you want to hypnotize her," she said, "wait until morning."

"Yes, yes," Harrison said. "Of course. No letters tonight—I'll just relax."

Pryce proposed a low-limit poker game and they went to the dining room. Wong brought chips and cards and sat down at the table, which somehow occasioned no surprise. He proved himself a good player, but he was no match for Aunt Pauline. Nor was anybody else. She ended up at three in the morning with all the chips in the game and received approximately two hundred and fifty dollars in assorted currency.

Harrison retired to his room, feeling horrified at the hour, and yet amused and relaxed. Undoubtedly the dissipation would impair his efficiency for the following day, but fortunately he was a poor sleeper and would have no difficulty in rising early. He sank in the soft bed, went immediately to sleep and dreamed of golden-haired girls.

THE sun was flooding his room when he awoke. He was astounded to discover it was eleven o'clock. He hastily bathed and shaved and galloped downstairs. Nobody was up except his hostess, who was rocking dreamily on the front porch. She called Wong and ordered breakfast for them.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," Harrison said. "I haven't overslept like this in years. In fact, I haven't slept in years."

"You'll find it very peaceful here, Harrison," Agatha said.

"You're a very peaceful person, Agatha," Harrison said. "Very restful."

"The truth is I'm lazy," Agatha said. "I haven't made a move in my own behalf since I finished school."

The pilots, Miss Hilton, Mrs. Crane and Joe came trooping into the dining room at intervals and flinched when, as they had feared, the Chief was there before them. They needn't have bothered, for Harrison scarcely noticed them; he was absorbed by an irrelevant conversation with his hostess and repeated inspections of her big blue eyes. Presently Kenneth Pryce arrived and kissed Agatha. Harrison frowned in a pronounced manner, which the Eleventh Heaven task force interpreted as a signal for action. They all jumped to their feet, and Joe suggested he get his outdoor picture while the sun was right.

"Do your recording up in the mountains at my ranch, Harrison," Pryce said. "This is the week end, you know."

"Nonsense!" Harrison said, exhibiting a trace of his old vigor. "The advertising world knows no week ends."

"We'll miss you up there, Harrison," Agatha said in her soft voice.

"Conviction, fervor, holy fire . . ." Harrison said, with no conviction. "What is one day more or less, after all? We

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accept your kind invitation, Mr. Pryce."

Pryce looked at Agatha and raised his bushy eyebrows. "You accepted Aggie's kind invitation," he said.

Agatha ran upstairs and changed into an enchanting light summer dress and lacy hat. Everybody but Harrison decided to pile into Pryce's convertible and do the round of picture taking before leaving for the ranch. Harrison waved good-by to them from the front porch as he settled into a rocking chair beside Aunt Pauline. They rocked peacefully and discussed life.

Eventually they got on the subject of Agatha. Harrison said what a lovely, patient, placid, well-adjusted, beautiful, stunning, intriguing, restful, gorgeous and attractive girl she was. He pronounced all his adjectives with conviction, fervor and holy fire. "Oh, I admit she isn't particularly good at reading Eleventh Heaven commercials for the great unseen audience—"

"She has other faults," Aunt Pauline said. "Agatha lacks the traditional Lamb energy and decision. The Lambs are a pioneer family—they came West with the first wagon trains and were always leaders in this state. Probably you've heard of our celebrated brush with the Indians at Council Bluffs."

"No, I haven't," Harrison admitted.

"It was a hell of a scrap," Aunt Pauline said. "I understand the Plains Indians never got over it. The Lambs were all pretty tough and pushing, you see. Some of the women smoked clay pipes. I myself always had a six gun secreted in my bustle from the ages of fourteen to twenty-two."

"Well, it's only natural, considering the advanced state of civilization," Harrison said, "that Agatha—"

"Should throw in the sponge?" Aunt Pauline asked. "Marry a man fifty-four years old whom she doesn't love, simply because the family has been going downhill for years and she has to do something to save this house and me and Wong."

"Fifty-four years old!" Harrison said, and ceased rocking. "Why, I thought Ken was about forty."

"He says he feels about thirty-five," Aunt Pauline said. "That's probably with the help of that brandy he apparently takes for medicinal purposes," she added sarcastically.

Thereafter Harrison's face became very thoughtful. He lunched with Aunt Pauline on fried chicken, mashed potatoes and country gravy. Then at her suggestion, he went to his room for a nap. Awakening greatly refreshed two hours later, he went downstairs and found that Mrs. Crane and her troupe had returned. Joe McGowan took Harrison aside.

"Mr. Baker," he said, "this little Lamb dame is a dream of fair women in the ground glass, and if the nation at large could see her constantly in color there would be rioting in the streets. You think maybe you ought to make her the bride of the year or something?"

"Impossible because of schedules," Harrison said. He shook his head regretfully. "Such beauty, such charm—sold down the river—"

"What?" Joe asked.

"Nothing," Harrison said. And then they got ready to leave for Pryce's ranch.

THE ride into the mountains was breath-taking. Pryce's ranch house was new and spacious, set amid fir trees, and commanded a vista of rolling upland meadows and snow-capped peaks. There were such added conveniences as riding horses, a supply of Western clothing for guests, a heated swimming pool and a bar decorated with the stuffed heads of animals which had fallen to good old Ken's unerring rifle.

Everybody changed into checkered shirts, dungarees, boots and ten-gallon hats. Then Pryce suggested a horseback ride before dinner. Only Harrison and Mrs. Crane declined. They strolled around the swimming pool as the rest trotted off.

"This Kenneth Pryce is really living, Harrison," Mrs. Crane remarked. "I think he owns about half the town, judging by our trip today—there's the Pryce Building, the Pryce Lumber Company, the Pryce Mercantile Stores and—as you probably noticed—the airport is named after him. He seems to have everything except Aggie, who is on order."

"He's fifty-four years old," Harrison said, "and looks at least fifty."

"I thought he looked about forty," Mrs. Crane said.

"He's old enough to be Aggie's father," Harrison said, in growing agitation. "She doesn't love him; she's only trying to save the family home and Aunt Pauline and Wong."

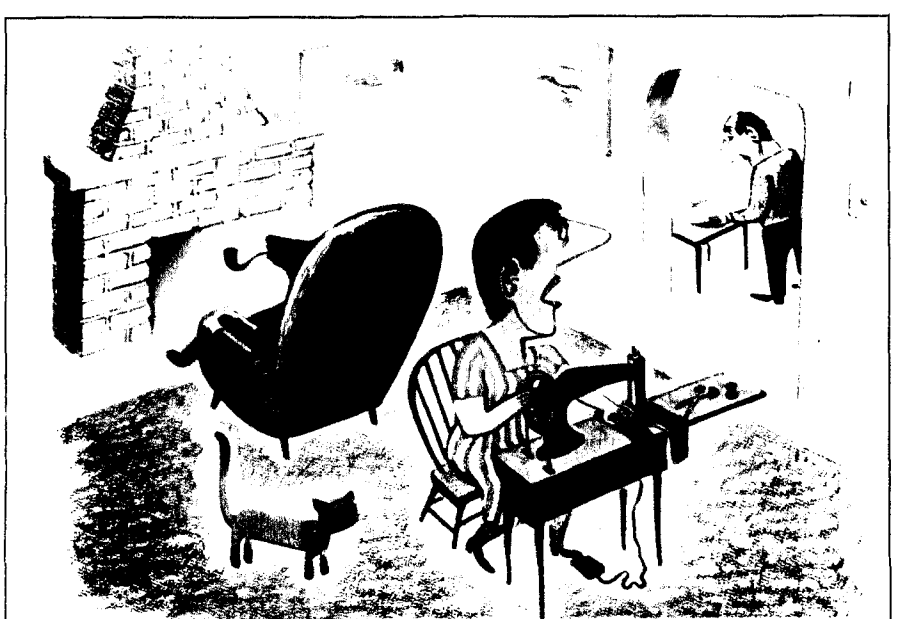
Mrs. Crane gazed at her president keenly. "What does that matter to Eleventh Heaven products?"

"It doesn't," Harrison said. "I am only thinking of a young girl's fate. In ten years her husband is going to be sixty-four—and brandy won't hold him up forever."

"I see you have reasoned this all out on a mathematical basis, Harrison," Mrs. Crane said, "so I'm not going to argue with you. But what can you do?"

"Nothing," Harrison said despondently. "Absolutely nothing."

After the ride, Pryce provided a wonderful barbecued dinner. Then he took them in the bar, played rural phonograph records and introduced them to the intricacies of the square dance. With the aid of several brandies, he strummed



COLLIER'S "Sam! The dog's in your chair again!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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This is a real value in men's clothing. Two top manufacturers have combined their skills to bring you a magnificent suit. The fabric is superbly woven by Garfield. Magnificent expert tailoring is added at Mayfield. The result is the perfect men's suit at the ideally economical price of only $49.75.
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If you can't locate a dealer, write to Garfield Worsted Co., 16 West 46th St., New York 19, N. Y., and we will direct you.
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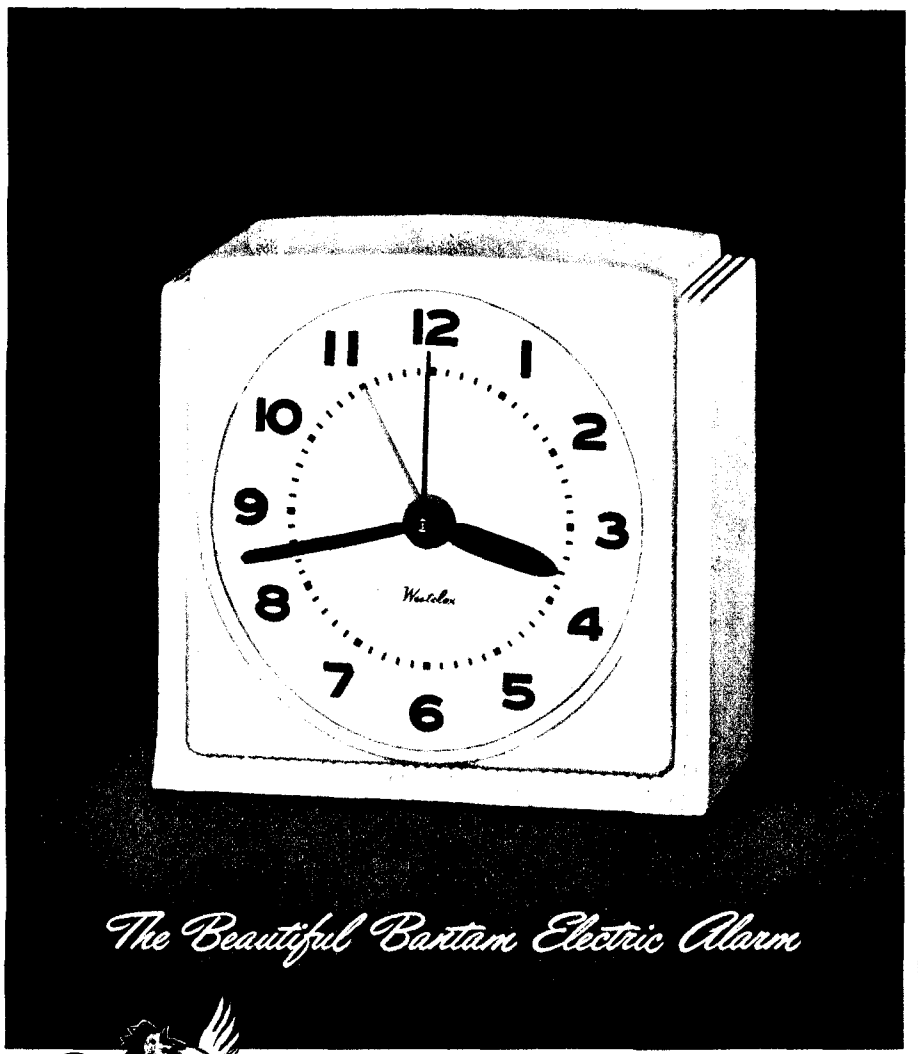
WESTCLOX ANNOUNCES A NEW SMALL ELECTRIC ALARM...AT A LOW PRICE!



Really something to crow about! Small (only 3½″ tall) Bantam is so handsome he would all but strut if he had legs! Alert—he will challenge you (and win) if you try to sleep through his clear toned bell alarm! Beautiful moulded plastic case, in lustrous ivory finish. Clean cut brown numerals and hands, unusually easy to read. Self-starting. Here's an exceptional electric alarm value at a low price . . . *Westclox* quality only $3.95

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WESTCLOX* *Electrics*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN*** *Products of* **GENERAL TIME** *Corporation*

GT GENERAL TIME

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Ill.; in Canada, Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

a banjo and sang cowboy songs. It was a pleasant evening and Harrison should have been happy, but instead he felt very depressed. He kept looking at Agatha, who seemed peacefully remote from the gaiety. He observed that Agatha frequently fixed her big blue eyes upon him. He was also conscious of the fact that good old Ken often regarded both of them with his slightly bloodshot brown eyes. Harrison was glad when he could say good night, go to his room, and speculate on the fall of the house of Lamb.

IN THE morning he was awakened by the sound of gunfire. He went downstairs and discovered a shooting match in progress at the rear of the ranch house. Dink Reed and the copilot were tossing bottles in the air, and Pryce and Aunt Pauline were breaking them with six-shooter bullets. Ken Pryce occasionally missed, but Aunt Pauline never.

"Always carry my shooting iron in my handbag," she said, exhibiting a pearl-handled, frontier-model weapon to Harrison. "It has grown to be a habit with me, Harrison. Do you care to fire off a few rounds?"

"No, thank you," Harrison responded. "I haven't cared for guns since the Battle of the Bulge, when everybody seemed to have one."

During breakfast, Pryce proposed that they all take horses and go on a picnic in the back country. Harrison replied that was impossible due to the pressure of work, but his help looked at him so pleadingly he was forced to add that the work involved only Miss Lamb and himself.

"That is," he concluded, "if good old Ken doesn't mind leaving Aggie here with me."

Pryce gazed at Harrison, then he gazed at Aunt Pauline, then he smiled at everybody in a somewhat ghastly fashion.

"No objection, Harrison, old boy," he said. "You go right ahead."

Before she left, Mrs. Crane set up the tape recorder in the bar and explained its operation. "I hope you'll be very happy, Harrison," she said.

"Happy?" Harrison said. "What do you mean by that, Mrs. Crane?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Crane said. "Absolutely nothing, Harrison."

Once he was alone with Agatha, Harrison set to work with impassioned speed. It availed him nothing. Though Agatha calmly co-operated, her testimonials to Kenneth Pryce and Eleventh Heaven products became progressively more pallid. Harrison erased the tape for the tenth time and was moved to attempt an experiment.

"In movies and other forms of dramatic art," he said, "it is often necessary to get the artist in the mood. The emotions must be roused. I'll simply turn the machine on, Aggie, and we will try to bring you up to the proper pitch. Then you can read your lines without delay."

"Yes, Harrison," Agatha said.

Snapping the switch, Harrison approached her and took her in his arms. She did not resist.

"I hope you understand," Harrison said. "This is only in the interests of a great advertising program. I—I may even have to kiss you in behalf of those interests."

"Yes, Harrison," Agatha said.

"Visualize me for a moment as good old Ken," Harrison said.

"That I cannot do," Agatha said. "Even for you, Harrison."

"Then think of me simply as a nameless suitor," Harrison said. "You are in my arms. Due to the good agencies of Eleventh Heaven products, we are in the eleventh heaven of delight and looking forward to our marriage and living happily ever afterward."

"Yes, yes, Harrison," Agatha said.

"I hold you tighter to me," Harrison said, and did. "I kiss you tenderly." He did. "Again, again, again."

"Yes, Harrison," Agatha said.

"I love you," Harrison said. "I love you with all my heart—and I am not fifty-four years old. I'd do anything to make you happy, and you would make me happy too—happier than I have ever been. My stomach would feel so good, and I'd be so relaxed—"

"Yes, Harrison," Agatha said.

"But it can never be, Aggie," Harrison said distractedly. "There is no hope for us, unless good old Ken doesn't live to be a hundred—which he gives every indication of doing. And I am a man of honor—I don't go around stealing other people's beautiful blondes. We must just forget the whole thing and laugh at fate. Ha-ha."

Instead of laughing, Agatha burst into tears. Harrison hastily thrust the manuscript into her trembling hands. She obediently read it in a full, rich, quavering voice. He shut off the recorder with a gesture of hollow triumph. Agatha dabbed at her eyes and nose with a handkerchief, took a deep breath and deliberately calmed herself. She listened while he played back the portion of the tape containing her eulogy of Pryce and Eleventh Heaven. It certainly sounded emotional.

"We've got it," Harrison said. "Conviction, fervor, holy fire."

"It sounds brokenhearted to me," Agatha said.

"That doesn't matter," Harrison said. "All you need in advertising is emotion—the kind isn't important. My stomach is killing me. I think I'll lie down for a while."

"Yes, Harrison," Agatha said. . . .

Harrison lay for hours on the bunk in his room, studying the antlers of a deer on the wall across the way. He calculated that he was in approximately an eleventh hell of despair. Then came a knock on the door.

It was Mrs. Crane. She was in a high state and kept taking off and putting on her ten-gallon hat.

"Listen, Harrison," she said. "Things are going from bad to worse on this ranch. The Bride of the Week just gave a concert—Aunt Pauline made a fast draw—"

"Never mind that, Mrs. Crane," Harrison said sharply. "I am not interested in any further entertainments that good old Ken has arranged here. I have just led a young girl into a trap from which there is but one escape. I must kill her emotions for me—I can't let it ruin her future life with that elderly rancher."

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Crane said. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"Yours is not to reason why, Mrs. Crane," Harrison said. "Take a message to Aggie. Say that build-up I gave her was simply in the interests of a better performance for our radio advertising. That and nothing more."

Mrs. Crane stared at him for a moment, recovering from her initial surprise. "Oh? You're sure of that?"

"Never surer of anything in my life," Harrison replied. "Go tell her before it's too late."

"It's too late," Mrs. Crane said, "but I'll tell her."

AS SOON as she had gone, another knock sounded on Harrison's door and Kenneth Pryce advanced upon him with outstretched hand. There were tears in his bloodshot eyes. Harrison sat up dazedly.

"Aggie did the honest thing," Pryce said, and insisted on shaking hands. "She played the recorder for me—for all of us. There wasn't a dry eye in the bar."

"Good old Ken," Harrison said confusedly.

"The best man won, Harrison," Pryce said. "There's my age and everything, even if I do look only thirty-five. I'm stepping out."

Good old Ken left the room. With a

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kind of mental double-take, Harrison realized what Ken had been saying. He leaped from the bunk and started for the door, but was halted by a knock.

"The car's waiting with the engine running, Mr. Baker," Dink Reed reported. "You'd better change to your regular clothes—"

"But I have to see Miss Lamb first," Harrison said.

"She won't see anybody, and especially not you," Dink Reed said. "The kid is boiling mad and down at the corral saddling a horse. She won't ride back with any of us."

"Oh," Harrison said.

He started to take off his checkered shirt and had to put it on again when another knock interrupted him. This time he was confronted by Miss Hilton, whose eyes were popping.

"Mr. Baker," she said, "all is confusion, but it's all right. Mr. Pryce has gone on alone in his car. He was hopping mad when he first heard the tape recorder, of course, but he cooled off quickly when Aunt Pauline threatened to shoot him if he bothered you or Miss Lamb. However, we were afraid he might hang around and pot you on the sly. But it looks as though he's gone for good."

"Who cares about Pryce?" Harrison said. "What about Miss Lamb?"

"Oh, she hates you bitterly," Miss Hilton said, "but we're convinced she won't shoot you. Furthermore, Aunt Pauline has said that she's too grateful for your help in getting rid of Pryce to bother to fill you full of lead."

There was a dreadful pause. Fixing his eyes again upon the antlers, Harrison waited for inspiration to come to him as it had so many times in the past. It came right up and licked his hand like a faithful dog.

"Miss Hilton," Harrison said, in strong tones befitting the president of Acme World Advertising, Inc., "not for nothing have I dealt in the most complicated of human emotions for years. Not for nothing have I handled crisis after crisis in the advertising profession. This is only one more river to cross. Bring Aunt Pauline to me."

In due course the old lady arrived, looking absolutely unshaken. Harrison was closeted with her briefly. Then, placing a ten-gallon hat firmly on his head, he led her downstairs. A tense and silent group watched them in the bar as Aunt Pauline hastily poured herself a finger of redeye. She followed Harrison out to the Lamb limousine. He took the wheel, and they bounced madly across to the corral.

AGATHA was leading a saddled horse through the corral gate. She looked at Harrison and Aunt Pauline coldly as they got out of the car, and put a boot in the left stirrup. Aunt Pauline walked over to her, seeming to travel in a slightly spraddle-legged manner and giving the impression that she might have a chew of tobacco cuddled in her jaw. "Aggie," Aunt Pauline said, "I brought the varmint here for a showdown." She removed the pearl-handled six-shooter from her handbag and centered the muzzle on Harrison. "If he don't do the right thing, it's either him or me—and since he ain't carrying a weapon, you can draw your own conclusions."

"Aunt Pauline!" Agatha said. "Are you mad?"

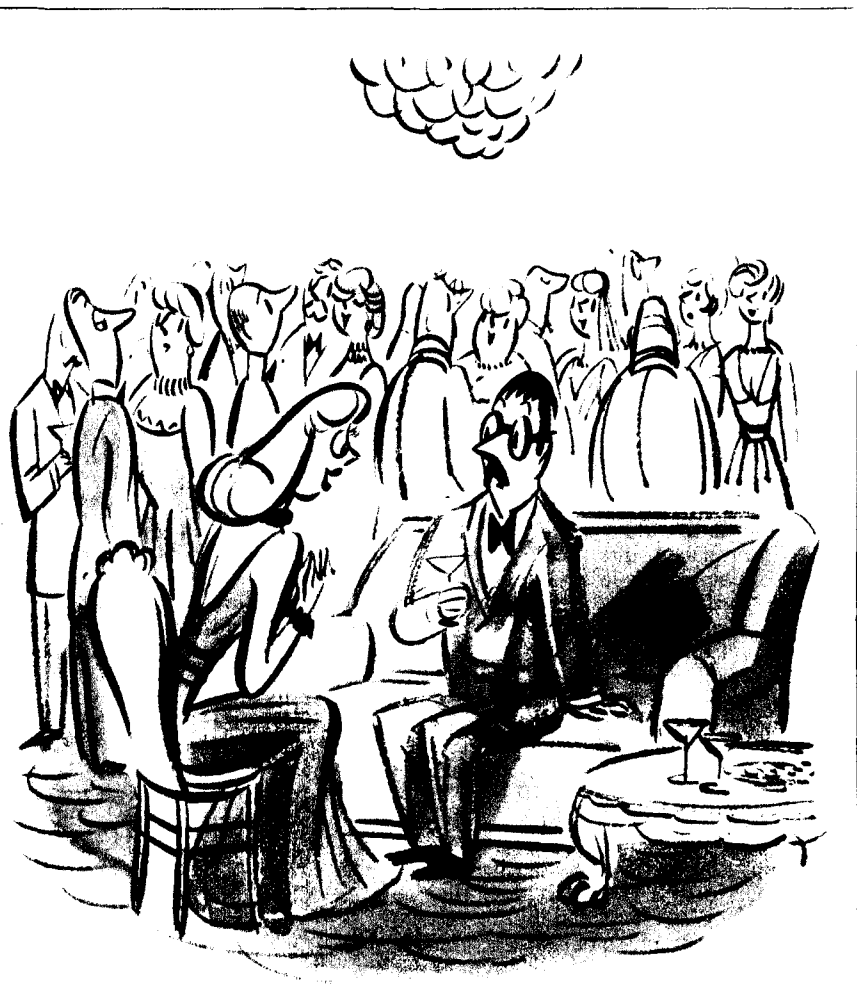
"I shore am," Aunt Pauline said. "Speak up quick, because my trigger finger is getting itchy."

"Save me!" Harrison said. "I'm too young to die, Aggie—I'm not fifty-four!"

Agatha deserted the horse for Harrison. She got in front of him.

"Don't shoot," she pleaded. "I'll marry him!"

Harrison leaned down and kissed the rattled Bride of the Week on top of her lovely blond head. "Now that we're through here," he said, "I think we'd better go back and make a new recording for Eleventh Heaven. You ought to be in the right mood for conviction, fervor and holy fire. I know I am." THE END



"I certainly did enjoy your latest book. A friend of mine read the condensation and told me about it"

COLLIER'S — JACK MARKOW

NOW! **PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to**

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before it Starts!

NOW dental science offers scientific *proof* that always using ColgateDental Cream right after eating actually helps stop tooth decay!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

For now—the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth—offers a safe, *proved* way to reduce tooth decay!

No Change In Flavor, Foam, Or Cleansing Action!

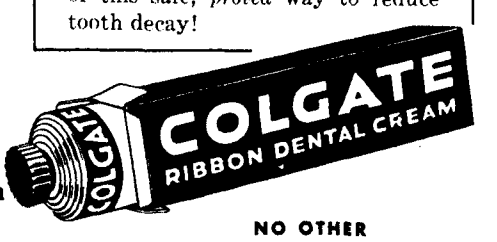
Colgate Dental Cream has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients—including an exclusive *patented* ingredient—for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's famous flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula used in the tests. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help prevent new cavities, help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Mothers! Children Love Colgate's Flavor! It's Easy to Start Them On The Colgate Way To Reduce Tooth Decay!

9 out of 10 children have one or more decayed teeth by the time they enter school. So don't wait another day to start your children on Colgate Dental Cream. Teach them the importance of always brushing their teeth right after meals or snacks. They'll love Colgate's flavor—so it's easy to get them to use Colgate's correctly, give them all the benefits of this safe, *proved* way to reduce tooth decay!

Always use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
and **HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**
* Right after eating



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The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

house to finish the job she started Saturday night."

"Don't be silly," Mason said. "I took her home, and she's staying at home."

"How do you know?"

"I told her what to do. I think she has enough confidence in me to do exactly what I told her. What have you found out, Paul?"

Drake said, "That was my man down at Alder's place. He contacted a deputy sheriff who gave him all the dope. It looks as though the same prowler that was down there Saturday night came back and went to work again. This time she didn't jump out of the window. The dog was shut up in the closet and when Alder surprised her, she gave him the works with a thirty-eight-caliber double-action revolver."

"What makes him think it's the same one?" Mason asked.

DRAKE explained: "Because of what police refer to as *modus operandi*. The person who was in the study ran out through open French doors at the back of the study. These French doors open on the bay side. Sally Bangor, the servant who made the discovery of the body, had enough presence of mind to close the gate across the bridge when she ran back to the mainland. That left the murderer marooned on the island.

"The maid's screams got action from a passing motorist, and radio cops were on the job within a matter of minutes. When they heard Sally Bangor's story they drew their guns and started making a routine search of the premises, leaving a committee of curious citizens who had gathered to stand at the mainland end of the bridge and see that no one doubled back behind them and got off the island that way."

"And?" Mason asked.

"And they found precisely nothing," Drake said, "no sign of the murderer. The only way that the murderer *could* have escaped was by water, just as the girl did the other night."

"What's the rest of it?" Mason asked.

"Well, George Alder was lying face down in a huge pool of blood. He'd been shot through the neck with a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, and the bullet had severed one of the big arteries, gone clean on through the neck and apparently didn't lodge anywhere in the room. That gives police the line of fire. The woman who shot him must have been standing right by the desk. Alder apparently fell in his tracks."

"How do the police figure she was standing by the desk?"

"Because only in that case could the bullet have gone through Alder's neck and then out through the open French doors. Alder pitched forward. The girl must have thrown the gun at him as he fell."

"How come?"

"The gun was found *under* the body, all crusted with blood, and one shell fired. So there they have things in a nutshell, Perry."

"Where was the dog all this time?"

"Locked up in a closet where he stays most of the time when Alder is entertaining visitors in his study. The dog is rather unsocial. He's been trained as a combat dog—not the type that does much barking, but the kind that goes into action. He had the regular routine Army training, pursuing people, dragging them down, and all that stuff.

"As I understand it, if a person stands perfectly still with his hands up in the air, the dog is trained to crouch and not do anything, but the minute the person moves or assumes a threatening gesture, the dog will tear him apart."

"And what was the dog doing all the time the murder was taking place?"

"Apparently the dog was raising hell," Drake said. "When the police got there, the dog was lying quiet in the closet. The maid said that the dog had been trained to lie there—when he was shut up in the closet he knew that was where he was supposed to stay.

"The police thought the murderer might still be on the island, or hiding in the house somewhere, and they wanted the dog to track her down. They asked the maid if she could control the dog—and the maid said she didn't think so and wasn't eager to try. She said the dog had been fairly friendly with her, but no one except George Alder was allowed to feed it or go near it. It seems the dog would tolerate the maid while Alder was around, but it was always locked up when Alder was away. Anyhow, the maid wanted no part of the animal. She was scared of it."

"Goodness, the way I've been writing checks lately I suppose I really should open a checking account"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

"And the dog was quiet all this time?" Mason asked.

"You mean while the police were moving around," Drake said.

"Yes."

Mason looked puzzled. "How did you know the dog had been raising hell when the murder was committed?" he asked.

DRAKE said, "Well, it's a long story. The police finally decided to open the door a crack, hold a rope with a noose in it, get the dog out of there and see if perhaps the maid could make him track down the murderer. In the event the dog wasn't tractable, they'd have the rope around his neck.

"Well, they opened the closet door, the dog lunged against the opening, knocked over one of the policemen and tore out of the house, running with his nose to the ground."

"And trailed the murderer?" Mason asked, interested.

"Didn't do any such thing," Drake said. "He ran to the closed gate in the bridge, and started scratching, trying to get out through the gate."

Mason said, "That would be a pretty good indication the murderer had gone that way, Paul."

"Apparently he or she couldn't have. The servant ran out and closed the gate behind her, and was absolutely certain that no one crossed the bridge, nor could anyone have swum from the mainland across to the island. There's a sheer cement wall on both sides."

Mason frowned thoughtfully.

"Now then, getting back to the way they know the dog was raising hell when the murder was committed," Drake said. "When the police looked inside the closet, they found that the door was all scratched up and blood streaks on the door indicated the dog must have torn one of his claws loose trying to get out. He must have gone into a frenzy of rage when he realized his master was in danger."

"The dog hadn't clawed the door before?" Mason asked, interested.

"Never. The maid said that this closet had been fixed up as the dog's own. There was a mattress in there, a pan of water, and all that stuff. And of course there was ventilation which came in from a high window that was heavily barred. The dog had learned to stay in there quietly when he was put in there."

Mason said, "How long ago did all this take place, Paul?"

Drake said, "As nearly as police can tell from a superficial examination, the murder must have taken place around nine o'clock this evening. It was the servant's night out and she didn't return until around ten o'clock."

"So the murderer must have been in there searching for an hour?"

"Apparently so."

Mason looked at his watch. "Hell, Paul, it's twelve o'clock now."

"I told you," Drake said, "that I probably made a slip-up by not having a man down there covering the house sooner. As it was, I sent this fellow down, told him to go on duty at midnight and keep the place under observation until eight in the morning, when I'd have a relief for him. Gosh, Perry, you wanted dope on Alder, but you didn't want anybody tailed, and I even debated with myself whether to put anybody on watch at the house or not, but finally decided I'd do it just to get the license number of cars that might drive up, and—"

"It's all right," Mason said. "I think I'll go get Dorothy Fenner out of bed and tell her about it."

Della Street, who had been waiting for a break in the conversation, said, "Before you go, Chief, you might take a look at this."

"What?"

Della Street raised the paper and said, "Here's a want ad: 'If Carmen Monterrey, who was in South America nine months ago, will communicate with the undersigned, she will receive information to her financial advantage. Box 123J.'"

"Sure," Drake said, "that's the ad I put in the paper."

"And how did you get it in the *afternoon* paper?" Della Street asked.

Drake suddenly jerked upright to startled attention. "What?" he yelled. "Let me have that paper."

Mason said, "Looks as though someone might be one jump ahead of us, Paul. Better try and find out if you can what that Box 123J is. Della, get yourself a taxi and go on home and try and get some sleep. I'm going down, get Dorothy Fenner out of bed, and beat the police to the punch."

"Think they'll call on her?" Drake asked.

"Oh, sure," Mason said, "unless they have already. However, I'll have a nice little heart-to-heart talk."

With a farewell nod to Della, Mason left the office.

THE Monadnock Hotel Apartments had an ornate front which made an imposing impression of glittering white stucco and red tile. The sides of the building were plain uncovered brick, with narrow windows indicating that dimly lit apartments were spaced at rather cramped intervals.

Mason parked his car, ran up the front steps, entered the long, narrow lobby, saw the light over the desk, and approached the night clerk.

"You have a Dorothy Fenner living here?" he said. "I'm Perry Mason."

The clerk ostentatiously looked at the clock.

"Her lawyer," Mason said. "Ring her, please, and tell her I'm here."

The clerk plugged in the line, depressed a key several times, then said, "I'm afraid she doesn't care to answer, or— Oh, just a minute."

Into the mouthpiece he said, "Mr. Perry Mason, your attorney, wishes to see you."

He hesitated a moment, frowned, once more looked at the clock, then said to Mason, rather dubiously, "You may go up, Mr. Mason. It's Apartment 459."

Mason took the elevator to the fourth floor, followed the numbers of the apartments down the corridor, tapped on the door of 459.

Dorothy Fenner, dressed in a house coat, opened the door and said, "Why, Mr. Mason."

She stood to one side, swinging the door open for him to come in, then closed it behind him.

She said, "The apartment's a mess. It's a single and—well, there's the bed down and—I was sound asleep."

"Okay," Mason told her. "Let's do

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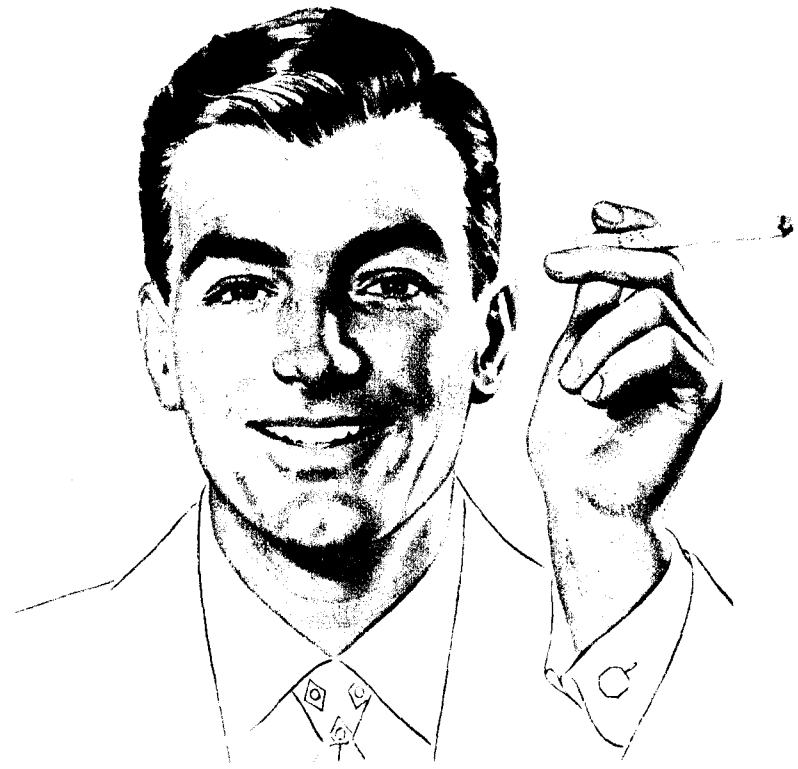

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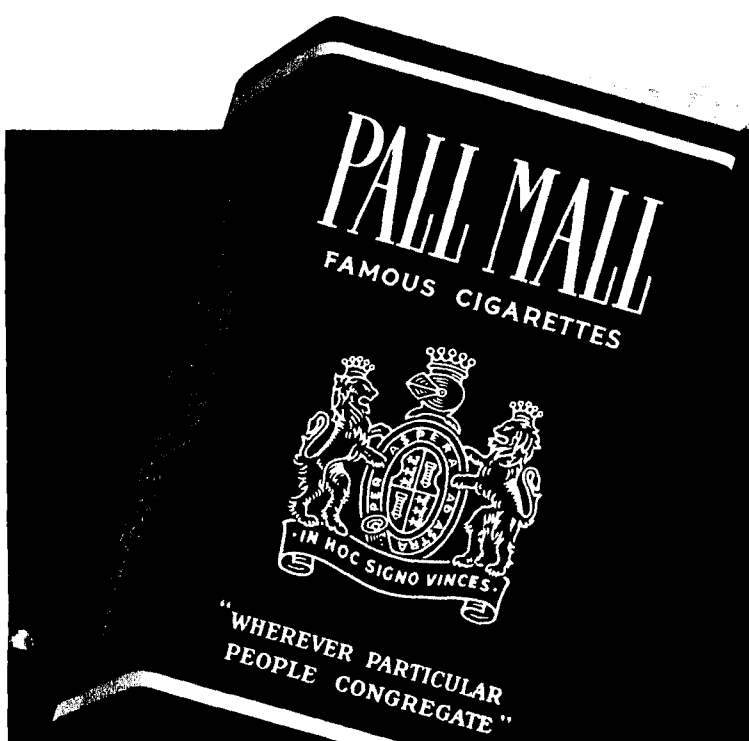

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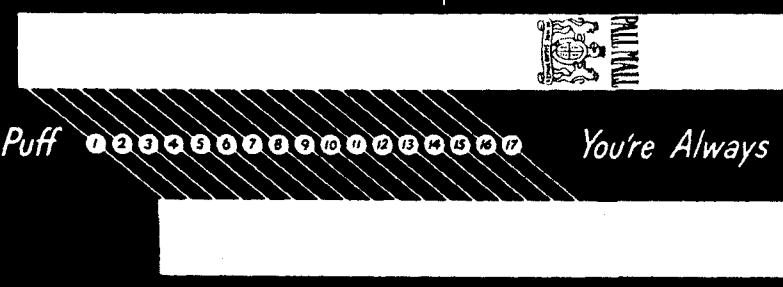

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some fast talking. George S. Alder is dead."

"Dead!"

Mason nodded.

"Murdered."

"Good heavens! Who killed him?"

"They don't know," Mason said. "A preliminary report states that Sally Bangor, a servant, found his body lying on the floor when she returned. She'd been given the evening out, and went to a movie."

"Sally Bangor!"

"You know her?" Mason asked.

"I know who she is, yes. I've been at the house as a guest—several times."

Mason said, "Well, the police may come here to question you."

"Why?"

"Because of what happened Saturday night."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Nothing," Mason said, "except that there's some indication the person who committed the murder made a landing on the island with a canoe and escaped the same way. The police may decide they'll put two and two together. Have you been out anywhere tonight?"

"No, I've been in my room ever since I was released."

"Any proof of that?"

She said irritably, "A single woman is hardly in a position to furnish an alibi for the time she's in bed."

"I mean during the evening. Anyone know that you didn't go out?"

"Why, of course, the man at the desk would have seen me if I'd gone out."

Mason sat down on the edge of the bed. Dorothy Fenner came over and sat down beside him.

"Alder didn't try to telephone you or get in communication with you, did he?" Mason asked. "After court, I mean."

She crossed her knees. The house coat fell away from her right leg. She gathered the garment, started to draw it into place, then regarded her flesh contemplatively and said, "You know, Mr. Mason, for an office girl, I really have a nice sunburn, haven't I?"

She stretched the leg out, and moved the house coat up so that he could see the bronzed blond skin.

"We were talking about George S. Alder," Mason reminded her.

"Oh, yes, what about him?"

"Whether he telephoned or tried to get in touch with you."

She touched her bare leg at about the place where the top of her stocking would have been.

"Wake up," Mason said, "and pay attention to me. Let's get this stuff over with. Answer the question, can't you?"

She deliberated for two or three seconds, then said quietly, "He was here."

"Here!" Mason exclaimed.

"Yes."

"The deuce he was! When?"

"I presume after he'd finished a conference with the deputy district attorney, and before he went back home."

"Can you fix the time?"

"Oh, I'd say somewhere around six or half past."

MASON said, "Now look, this hearing was in an adjoining county. After I secured your discharge I drove you back here. That took forty minutes. Now, how long after you arrived, did Alder get here?"

"Oh, I'd say it was an hour. Perhaps a little over."

"And during that time he'd been closeted with the district attorney down there?"

"Some of the time, yes. At least that's what he said."

"Why didn't he go directly back to his island home?"

"He wanted to see me. He said he wanted to make some sort of a settlement."

"Why didn't you notify me?"

Her eyes were wide with innocence. "Why, I was going to—first thing in the morning."

"What was his idea of a settlement?"

"He wanted to pay me some money, I know that."

"How much?"

"He was indefinite."

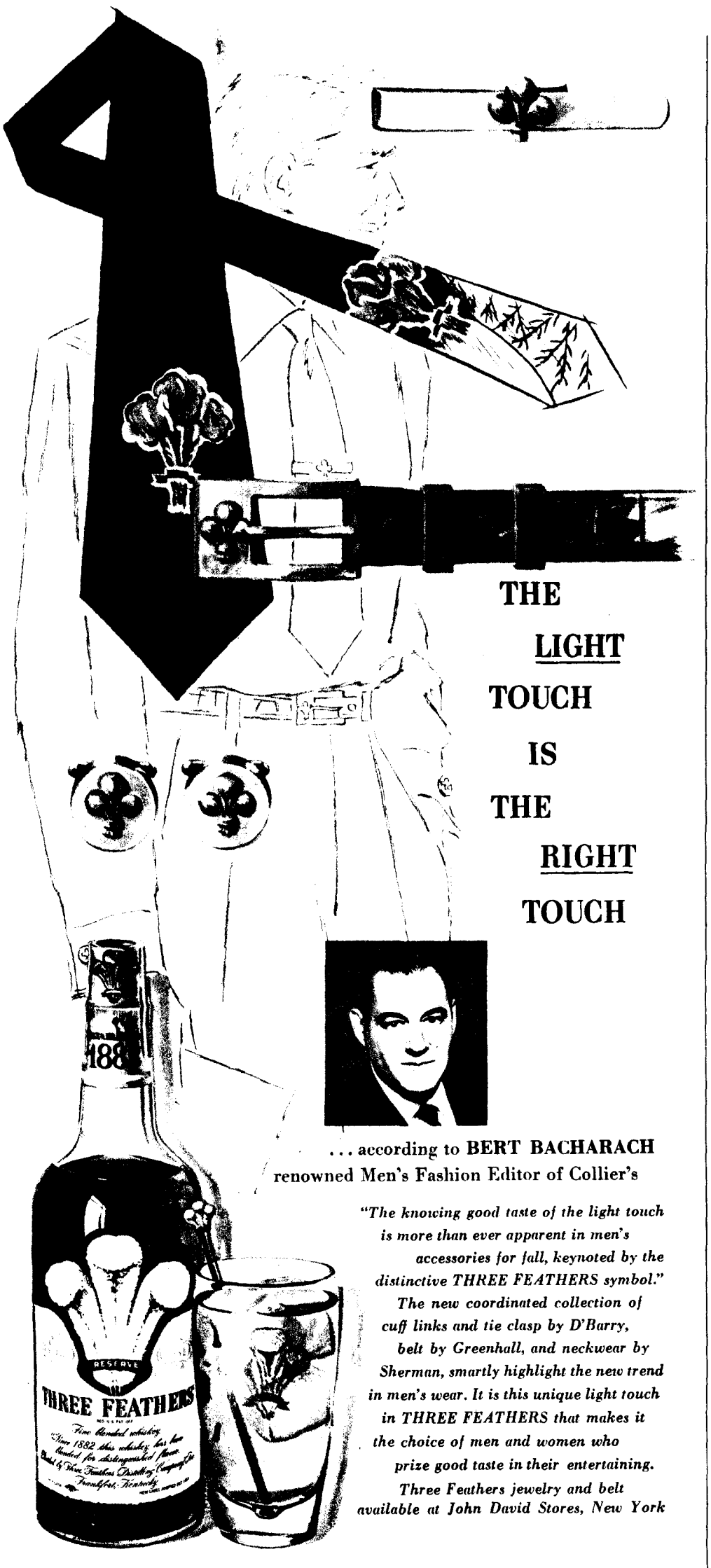
She had extended her right forefinger now and was tracing intricate patterns on the flesh of her leg.

"Go ahead, what happened?"

"He suggested that he'd acted hastily. He admitted that he had gone out to my yacht, searched it, found the bottle and taken possession of that letter again. He said he could prove to me the letter was a forgery and said he wanted to make some sort of adjustment for the trouble I'd been to."

"And you didn't call me?"

"Why, I thought that could keep until morning."



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VIEWPOINT

"I've dropped enough hints this year! If I've mentioned furs once I've mentioned them a hundred times . . ."

"Sarah's birthday is next week. I can't think of a single thing to get her!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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"And what did he want you to do?"

"Just make a settlement."

"Did he offer you any amount?"

"Nothing specific, but he said that if I'd come down to his house he could first prove that the letter was a forgery."

"When?"

"When I got there."

"No, no. I mean when did he want you to come?"

"Tonight, or— What time is it? Oh, it's morning. Well, then, it was last night."

"What else did he say?"

"He said he'd be expecting me, that he'd leave the gate unlocked across the bridge and the gate in the wall unlocked. I could open both gates and walk right around to the side of the house where I was to go directly into his study. He said he'd have the dog shut up."

"You didn't go?" Mason asked.

"Of course I didn't go. Naturally I didn't want to see him unless you were along."

"And exactly what did he want?"

"He wanted my promise that we'd never say anything about that letter to the newspapers. He said he could convince both of us that it was all a fraud, a pack of false statements."

MASON got up off the edge of the bed and began pacing the floor. "You haven't told anyone about this?"

"No."

"Don't."

"Why not?"

Mason said, "Don't be silly. They'd try to hang the murder on you then. They know that Alder was expecting someone and the assumption is that that person was responsible for his murder."

"But I had no intention in the world of going down there. He kept insisting that he'd keep the gates and door open for me, and that the dog would be chained up."

"How do you get along with the dog?" Mason asked.

"I've virtually never seen him except that Saturday night when he came running after me. Whenever I've been there as a guest the dog has been shut up in that sort of closet. It's really a little dog apartment. Prince is quite happy there."

"What kind of a deal did Alder want to make with you?"

"I don't know. I told him he'd have to negotiate it with my lawyer."

"So he may have been expecting *you* down there tonight?"

"Of course. He wanted me to come, but I told him that I wouldn't."

"Did he take that answer as final?"

"He seemed to think he could hypnotize me, or browbeat me, or coax me into coming. Almost the last thing he said was that he'd be waiting there for me and that the gates would be left unlocked. I was to come right on into his study."

Mason said, "Don't tell anybody that. If the police come here, and it begins to look now as though they might, simply tell them that I was the one who told you George Alder was murdered. Don't make any statements whatever."

She nodded.

"Think you can do that?"

"But, yes, of course."

Mason said, "I don't want you to lie about anything, but I don't want you to tell anyone Alder was here tonight. And definitely, positively, absolutely and finally, I don't want you, even by admission, intimation or otherwise, to let anyone know that Alder had asked you to come down there tonight."

"But won't I have to tell that sooner or later? Isn't it evidence?"

"You can tell it as evidence and at the proper time—if you have to," Mason said. "In the meantime we're going to watch and see what develops. You know Carmen Monterrey?"

"Of course."

"You didn't put an ad for her in the paper, did you?"

"Heavens, I haven't heard from her for weeks. She was down in South America. I guess she stayed there for quite a while, hoping that there'd be some trace of Corinne. She was very much attached to Corinne, and I knew she felt bitter against Minerva Danby because of the way Minerva Danby walked out. After reading that letter, I don't know that I blame Minerva. I'd always felt rather bitter toward her from what I'd understood from Carmen's letters, and then I can see now how it was from Minerva's standpoint. I think Carmen came back once when it seemed that Corinne might be here in this country, but it turned out to be a false lead and she went right back to South America. I don't know where she is now."

Mason nodded and said, "Don't try to pull any fancy stuff with the police. Get dressed, tell them I've been here, told you Alder was murdered and that you were not to give any interviews to the press or make any statements to the police, other than to state that you hadn't left this apartment since you returned to it around five thirty or six o'clock."

"But when they ask me how *you* knew about the murder what shall I tell them?"

Mason grinned, and said, "Tell them you employ a lawyer to answer questions for you, that you don't want to start answering his questions for him. Okay?"

"Okay," she said, smiling.

Mason picked up his hat and started for the door.

She came over to stand with her hand on the doorknob. "You're nice."

"Thanks."

"You've been awfully good to me. Are you that considerate of all your clients?"

Mason said, "I didn't exactly pick you. You were sort of thrust upon me."

Abruptly she raised her lips. "Good night," she said.

As Mason bent to kiss her, her arm moved up around his neck, then her fingers were at the back of his head pulling the hair, pressing his head down to hers.

Then suddenly she released her hold, stepped back and looked at him with eyes that were dark with emotion.

"You are nice," she half whispered.

"Thank you," said Mason, and slipped out into the corridor.

It was two or three seconds before he heard the door close behind him and he had taken three more steps before he heard the bolt shoot angrily into place.

WHEN Perry Mason entered his office at nine-thirty Tuesday morning Della Street said, "Dorley Alder is out there."

"What's new?"

"Drake has a report here—mostly an elaboration of what he told you last night."

"That's fine. I'll see Dorley Alder and read Drake's report later."

She started for the doorway to bring Dorley Alder into the office, then paused. "Did you see your client last night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Everything under control?"

"Everything except the client."

"How come?"

"She was very grateful for all I was doing for her."

"She should be grateful."

"She had been in bed," Mason said. "She put on a house coat."

"And then?" Della Street asked.

"Then," Mason said, "she commented on how brown her leg was, pointing out to me what a nice sun tan she'd managed to get despite the fact she was a working girl. It sounded like a stall."

"Well, what of it?" Della Street asked. "Didn't she have a right to be proud of her sun tan?"

"And when I left," Mason went on, "she came over to hold the door open for me and her good-by was slightly more affectionate than I had anticipated."

Della Street laughed. "Perhaps the

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poor gal thinks she can use some influence to determine the amount of your fee."

"Drake hasn't found anything of Carmen Monterrey, has he?" Mason asked.

"Not yet," Della said. "He did find out something though that he's not supposed to know. He can't tell us how he learned it—through some contacts of his."

"What?"

"The box 123J. That was George S. Alder."

Mason paused to think that over, then nodded thoughtfully. "Of course. That was Alder's logical move. He realized what he was up against as soon as he saw this letter in the bottle. He knew that he had to find Carmen. And perhaps through her find some way of discrediting some of Minerva Danby's statements. Okay, Della, go bring Dorley Alder in and we'll see what he wants."

Dorley Alder entered the office as Della Street held the door open. He wasted no time in preliminaries. "Mason, this is a damn' bad business."

"It is for a fact."

Alder said, "My nephew was a bachelor and apparently I'm the next of kin upon whom the responsibilities fall in such a case."

Mason nodded.

DORLEY ALDER seated himself in the big client's chair and said, "What will happen with this case against Dorothy Fenner now, Mr. Mason?"

"I presume it'll be dismissed. There won't be any complaining witness, no one to testify what, if any, articles were missing."

Dorley said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Mason, that the authorities might try to implicate Dorothy Fenner in the murder?"

"It's a possibility," Mason said, his voice showing casual unconcern. "We're dealing with a county sheriff, of course—and anything may happen. However, if they try to throw suspicion on the Fenner girl they'll wind up by making themselves ludicrous."

Dorley Alder took a leather-backed notebook from his pocket, said, "I told you that you'd made an ally. I'll now prove it. The gun with which my nephew was shot was his own gun."

"The devil it was!" Mason said.

"That's right, one of the new Smith and Wesson's with a two-inch barrel, a thirty-eight special."

"You're certain?"

"Quite. Not only have I checked the invoice where he purchased the gun, but the weapon was evidently one he was carrying on his person at the time of his death. The sheriff, I believe, is trying at the moment to keep this information from the press."

"It could very well have been suicide then?"

"I'm not prepared to state. There are, I believe, such matters as powder tattooing to be taken into consideration. A technical expert has given it as his opinion that the gun must have been too far away for the wound to have been self-inflicted."

"But the gun had been fired?" Mason asked.

"Not only had one shell been discharged, but I understand a test made with paraffin for nitrate stains indicated that my nephew had held the gun when it was fired. He's left-handed and there was a very definite reaction to the paraffin test, so called, on his left hand." Dorley Alder paused, then added, "And the sheriff took Dorothy Fenner into custody five hours ago."

Mason thought that over. "I was afraid he might do something like that. Did you find the bottle and the letter?"

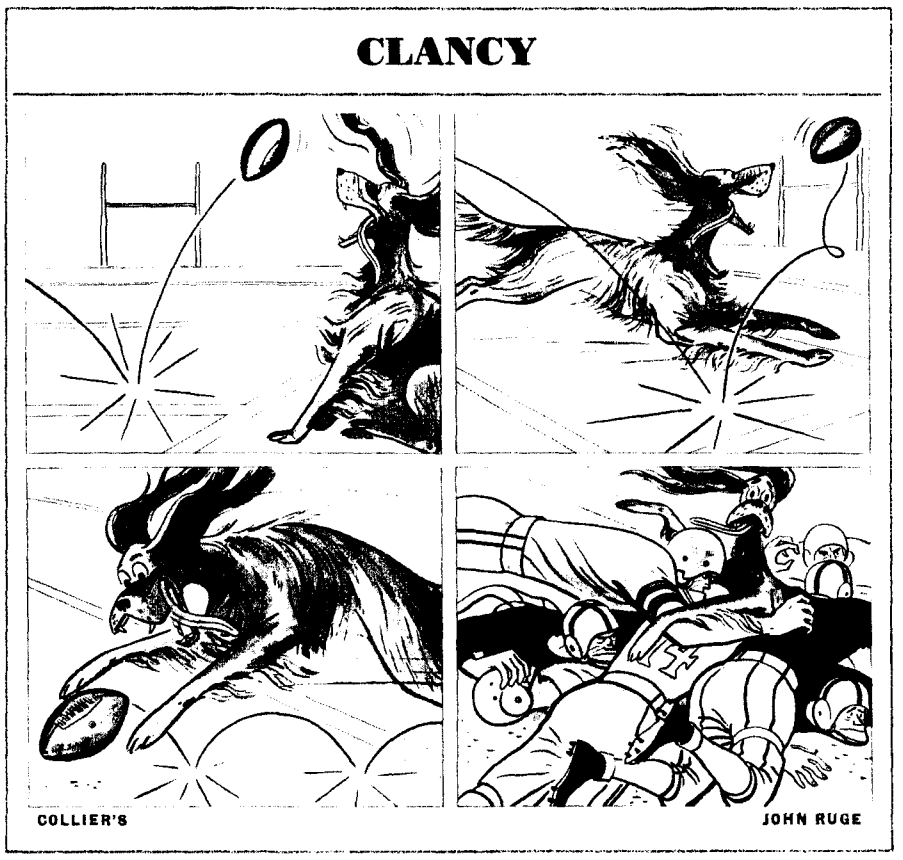
"I did not, but the authorities made a rather thorough search of the desk and of the study before admitting me. They may have found it and decided to say nothing for the moment."

"Look here, if George Alder had fired that gun and the bullet didn't go into his body, where could it have gone?"

"Apparently nowhere. The only possible place for a bullet to have left that room without leaving a telltale hole was to go through the French doors. The medical evidence is that George dropped in his tracks. He fell forward on his face. He was facing the desk when he was shot and his back was to the French doors."

"How was he dressed?"

"In slacks and a soft-weave sport coat which he evidently wore quite a bit around the house. He had been painting on his yacht a few days before and there were some paint stains on the coat sleeve near the cuff. If he had been expecting a visitor, and apparently he had, he had not deemed it necessary to dress up. His visitor was one whom he would have greeted informally."



"Just as one of the family?" Mason asked.

Dorley Alder smiled dryly. "I was about to use that same expression, Mr. Mason, until I realized that except for Corinne, who disappeared under such circumstances I have no hopes for her, I am the only member of the family."

"You have an alibi?" Mason asked, making his voice light with banter.

Dorley said gravely, "You are a shrewd lawyer, Mr. Mason. Your manner is facetious, but your question is barbed."

"Well?" Mason asked.

"I am a bachelor, and a retiring one, Mr. Mason. I am sixty-three and I had only hoped to continue to draw my annuities from the corporate trust.

"Both of the other beneficiaries were younger people. I certainly should have been permitted the assumption that the mortality tables would give me a chance to ease out of the picture with the two younger people surviving to inherit the trust funds.

"Now I find myself in a position of sole responsibility and sole beneficiary under the trust fund, and I don't like it. I have no one to whom to leave the money and the responsibilities will probably decrease my life expectancy.

"My alibi is largely circumstantial, such as proof from the man who greased my car yesterday afternoon that the speedometer shows a trip to my nephew's house was out of the question, and evidence that the speedometer had not been disconnected.

"And I am not fool enough, Mr. Mason, to think that the authorities are not skeptical and are failing to check my every movement with great care.

"As you can judge, I am very, very busy this morning, Mr. Mason. I have a thousand and one things to handle. There is a vast, far-flung empire presided over by our corporation. I confess that I am not fully familiar with the details and I suddenly find myself with a terrific responsibility. Added to that is the knowledge that there is certainly whispering behind my back. It is not an enviable position."

Mason nodded.

"But I wanted to drop in to assure you that I meant what I said to you yesterday. You have made a friend and you have an ally, not only individually, but as the surviving member of Alder Associates, Incorporated."

"Thank you."

"Among my nephew's things I found one bit of information which I think might be of value to you."

"What is that?" Mason asked.

"I found that after learning the contents of this letter, my nephew tried frantically to get in touch with Carmen Monterrey."

"Naturally he would," Mason said.

"He put ads in the various papers and I have reason to believe that Carmen Monterrey got in touch with him over the telephone. I find on his memo pad a note containing the initials 'C.M.,' and an address. The address seems to be that of a Mexican restaurant catering to the tourist trade. I know no more about it than that, but I have brought you the address. I thought that perhaps you might be interested."

Mason nodded.

"I feel," Dorley went on, "that your client's interests will necessitate an investigation of that letter. I think we will both be in a better and more satisfactory position when the mystery of my nephew's death is cleared up. If it was murder, let us find and convict the murderer. I will be willing to contribute time, effort and money to help you in whatever you do along those lines."

"Thanks. I may call on you."

"Please do so. If there is some fee—"

"Don't misunderstand me on that point," Mason interrupted. "Until this is cleared up I have only one client and that's Dorothy Fenner."

"Yes, yes. I can appreciate your position, Mason. And I think it's only fair to tell you that for some strange reason the authorities are rather triumphant over evidence they have found implicating someone, and I think that someone is Dorothy Fenner. However, you now know my position. Please call on me for any co-operation."

"Well," Mason said, "as you know, I'm representing Dorothy Fenner and I'm also representing this syndicate which has some property adjoining yours, and which—"

"So far as the syndicate is concerned," Dorley Alder interrupted, "you can definitely assure your clients that I can take over the reins. They can count upon full co-operation of the Alder Associates."

"You mean you'll join in a fair lease?" Mason asked.

"Exactly. There has been rather a ruthless policy of exploitation on the part of the corporation," Dorley Alder explained. "A policy which I personally have deplored. I want you to feel that so far as lies within my power, and apparently a great deal now does lie within my power, that policy is going to be reversed."

Mason said, "That'll be very welcome news. Could you perhaps find time to drop me a note about the oil lease which I could show to my clients in the syndicate? It would make them feel that I had accomplished something tangible."

Dorley Alder smiled. "You are both tactful and shrewd, Mr. Mason. I'll send you such a letter within the next few hours by special messenger. In the meantime, here's a memo with the address which I assume is either an address at which Carmen Monterrey can be reached, or where some definite information about her can be discovered. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm really terribly busy this morning, but I did want you to understand the situation as soon as you came in."

ALDER shook hands and once more made a dignified exit through the door to the corridor without once looking back.

Mason glanced at Della Street, then looked down at the address on the memo pad.

"Well, Della," he said, "it looks as though you and I were going to have dinner at a Mexican restaurant tonight."

"An early dinner?" she asked.

"An early dinner," Mason said, "and in the meantime we'll get hold of Paul Drake, give him this address, get him to dig up a description of Carmen Monterrey and put some of his men on the job watching the place."

"I think," Della Street told him, "you'd better have your secretary take notes at the time of your next interview with Dorothy Fenner. How long will they hold her?"

Mason shrugged his shoulders and said, "That depends on whether she follows my instructions and doesn't talk."

"Suppose she doesn't?"

"Then they may hold her for quite a while."

"Suppose she does talk?"

"Then they'll turn her inside out and let her loose, and promptly start trying to twist her statements so they can be used against her."

"And what are we going to do?"

"We," Mason said, smiling, "are about to prepare an application for writ of habeas corpus, Della, and in the event Dorothy Fenner doesn't communicate with us by two o'clock this afternoon, we'll drive down to call on Judge Lankershim, of Department One, who seems to be a reasonable chap, and get him to issue a writ of habeas corpus. And that will force the sheriff's office either to fish or cut bait."

"Perhaps they'll decide to fish."

"Then," Mason said, grinning, *"we'll*

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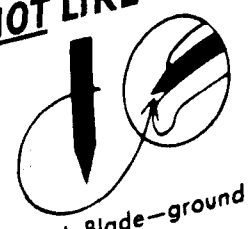

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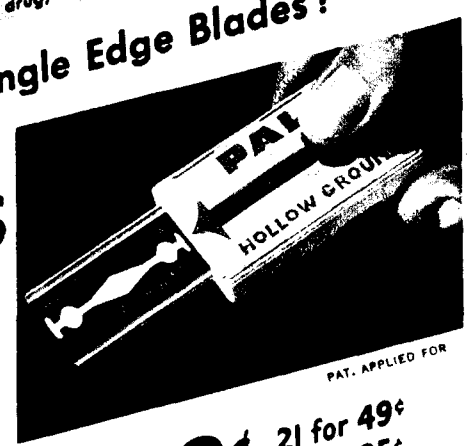

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cut the bait and try our best to arrange it temptingly on a very sharp hook.". . .

Paul Drake said, "Well, Perry, here's the dope. We've tried our damnedest to trace that woman who was at Los Merritos and find out where she came from. Such a person was there, all right. The description seems to answer that of Corinne Lansing. This person was suffering from amnesia, hallucinations, complete hysteria, and what they refer to as manic-depressive psychosis.

"She was there on the date Minerva Danby wrote that letter. She never did tell them who she was, so they could depend on what she said. She was kept in the south wing where they had that disastrous fire about four months ago. Some half-dozen inmates were burned alive. She was one of them."

"The body?" Mason asked.

DRAKE hesitated before answering. Then: "Burned beyond recognition," he said. "Identified, however, by means of a metallic tag."

"Any chance it wasn't the same person?"

"Lots of chance that it wasn't Corinne Lansing," Drake said, "but no chance that it wasn't the person who had been confined there and whom Minerva apparently identified on the day of her death."

"No other clues?" Mason asked.

"No. We just can't find out a single thing that will give us a definite answer. She was picked up on the streets of Los Angeles about two o'clock in the morning. The first diagnosis was that she was drunk. She was confined as an alcoholic, then taken to the psychopathic ward, then sent to Los Merritos."

"That's a private institution?"

"That's right. Here's what happened: Police naturally were trying to locate relatives. They had this person listed with Missing Persons and all of that stuff. A woman who was looking for a sister who had disappeared thought this person answered the description, was taken to see her; said that it was not her sister but listened to her ravings, became sympathetic and said she would send money for private treatments. The superintendent naturally thought the contribution would be in the form of a check. It wasn't. It was in the form of cash, a package of currency which was delivered by messenger, and a note stating that the woman preferred to remain anonymous."

"In other words," Mason said, "there's absolutely no chance of making an identification now, either that the body is or is not that of Corinne Lansing."

"That's right."

"Burial?" Mason asked.

Drake shrugged his shoulders. "She was listed as 'Unidentified Dead.' You know what happens in those cases. The bodies are turned over to doctors for purposes of dissection and what have you. They're supposed to be held for thirty days."

"A burned body?" Mason asked.

"I understand they're somewhat in demand, in classes on police administration, arson, criminology and homicide investigation."

"And how about this message in the bottle?"

"If police found it there in Alder's desk they certainly have clammed up. They haven't let out a peep. What do you hear from your client?"

"I don't, Paul. I filed habeas corpus a couple of hours ago."

"The sheriff thinks he has something on her, Perry. Incidentally, police, acting on the sheriff's orders, grabbed the night clerk at the Monadnock Hotel Apartments, and are keeping him sewed up as a material witness. Now why would they want him unless he could give them something on Dorothy?"

Mason said, "Damn it, Paul, Dorothy Fenner was in her apartment when the crime was committed. She was released from jail and went directly to her room in the hotel. I drove her up to the place. Now, I'll tell you in confidence why the sheriff wants that night clerk. He may be able to prove that George S. Alder came to see Dorothy Fenner at her room at the Monadnock Hotel Apartments, but that's all they can prove. Dorothy Fenner assures me that she was in her room all the time."

"Well," Drake said, "there's something funny about the way they've got this night clerk sewed up, Perry."

Mason said, "It's just as I told you, Paul. They've got him sewed up because they want to prove that Alder came to call on Dorothy Fenner. I know all about that. He gave the clerk five dollars to let him go up without being announced. So what? That doesn't prove anything. Did you locate Pete Cadiz?"

"Yes. He's a specialized sort of beachcomber who lives on a sailboat. You want us to get a statement?"

"Gosh, no. Lay off the guy, Paul. I can't even show any interest in him without tripping my hand. I'm not supposed to know anything about that letter. Do you suppose it was taken by the murderer, Paul?"

"I don't know a thing about it, Perry. All I do know is that the police here are working with the sheriff's office and they're all feeling very smug."

Mason frowned. "Hang it, Paul, they *must* be barking up a wrong tree. Have you located Carmen Monterrey?"

"She's at that restaurant address, acting as hostess and fortuneteller. She'll be there tonight, but no one seems to know where she is today. I have men covering the place. Want anything special on her?"

Mason shook his head. "Della and I are going to eat there tonight—and have our fortunes told."

"Hope you're lucky." Drake grinned. "Ask her what the authorities really have on your client, Perry. I'm satisfied they think they have an ace in the hole."

"Let 'em have it and we'll trump it," Mason announced optimistically.

A FAT Mexican, smiling fixedly in a travesty of carefree good nature, a serape thrown over his shoulders, a big straw sombrero on his head, played a guitar.

He was seated in front of the entrance which went down a short flight of stairs to the basement restaurant and the smile had long since ceased to be anything more than the facial distortion of wearied muscles.

Mason, Della Street on his arm, trying to give the impression of sauntering along, hesitated momentarily in front of the restaurant, then went down the stairs into a dimly lighted dining room where there was a heavy accent on local color.

Tables, covered with red and white checkered tablecloths, were grouped around a dance floor which could not have been over fifteen feet square.

At one end was a microphone, and four men with serapes and sombreros furnished music for four or five couples who were dancing. Out of some three dozen tables in the place, about half were filled.

Waitresses in Mexican costume carried food and drinks. A fortuneteller moved about from table to table, smiling impersonally and with a fixed grimace purely as mechanical as that of the lonely guitar player on the outside.

Paul Drake's man—whose name was Harry Frink—moved up to Mason's side and said in a low voice, "She came in about fifteen minutes ago."

"She's the fortuneteller?"

"That's right. This is her aunt coming now. The aunt owns the joint."

The big woman Drake's man had pointed out came sweeping toward them, a smile of welcome on her face, her eyes shrewdly searching.

"Friend of mine," Drake's operative

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said. "I'm over here at this table. He'll join me."

"Oh, that ees fine," the woman purred. "Your frien', no?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that ees so nice. He an' the *señorita* weel be weeth you. I am glad you haf come."

Mason walked over to the table indicated by Drake's operative and sat down.

"Have you had your fortune told?" Mason asked.

"No," Frink said. "She only came in fifteen minutes ago, and Paul's orders were to case the joint, keep her spotted, find out everything we could about her background and wait for you."

"We'll wait a minute and see what's doing." Mason and Della seated themselves and watched the couples on the dance floor. A waitress handed them menus.

Mason said, "Bring some beer first and then we'll order."

THE waitress brought beer and paused for their orders. Mason persuaded Della to try the Spanish rice and *tortillas*.

Della Street said, "She's coming now, Chief."

Carmen Monterrey, with a smile, moved over to the table. "Do you wish your fortunes told?" she asked, arching her eyebrows, glancing at the men but concentrating on Della Street.

"Oh," Della Street exclaimed enthusiastically, "that would be—" She broke off abruptly and glanced apprehensively at Perry Mason.

Mason, acting the part, said expansively, "Sure, sure. If you want it, go right ahead."

Della Street said contritely, "Oh, I didn't mean—is it all right?"

"Sure it's all right," Mason said. He handed Carmen Monterrey three folded dollar bills. "Here," he said. "Give her a good reading."

Carmen Monterrey slipped the money down the front of her blouse, moved into the vacant seat opposite Della Street, said, "Let me have your hand."

For several moments she studied Della Street's hand, then she said, "You work. You have a very important position. No?"

"That depends on what you mean by important," Della Street said, laughing nervously.

"You love your work," Carmen Monterrey said, "but perhaps that is because you love someone who is connected with the work." She raised her eyebrows.

Della Street, suddenly embarrassed, said, "Well, after all—"

Carmen Monterrey glanced at Perry Mason. "Oh," she said, and then added quickly, "You have such a great loyalty to your work. Perhaps that is because the man you work for is a big man, a noble man. He inspires confidence."

Mason gravely peeled off another dollar bill and handed it to Carmen Monterrey. "You're doing fine," he said.

There were dimples on her face as she laughingly added that dollar bill to the others.

She said, "You work very hard, long hours, but you feel that you are a part of this work that you love. And this love will bear fruit—no?"

Della Street started to say something, then checked herself.

"Nice fruit," Carmen Monterrey said. "Beautiful fruit. First there comes the blossom, then the fruit. There are times when you wish to rest but you do not wish to leave your work. You have been alone in the world for a long time. Your mother died when you were young and your father—perhaps there was a separation before your mother died and your mother died from a broken heart—no?

"And this thing has made an impression on you. You have been aware that when a woman gives her heart she gives everything. Perhaps—"

Della Street suddenly jerked her hand away.

"That's plenty," she said, laughing uncertainly.

Carmen Monterrey glanced at Perry Mason, started to reach for his hand, but turned instead to Harry Frink, Drake's operative. "Do you wish your fortune told—no?"

"No," Frink said, shortly and emphatically.

Mason said, "I think you're a pretty good fortuneteller, Miss—?"

"Carmen," she said. "Call me Carmen."

"You're good."

"I have always been psychic. I can see things. And sometimes in the lines of the hand—"

"Do you really believe that?" Mason asked.

She shrugged and laughed. "How do I know what I believe? When one believes something it is a part of one. I only know that when I take the hand of a

"I know you've been making our dollars go a long way, dear—but couldn't you try to keep some at home too?"

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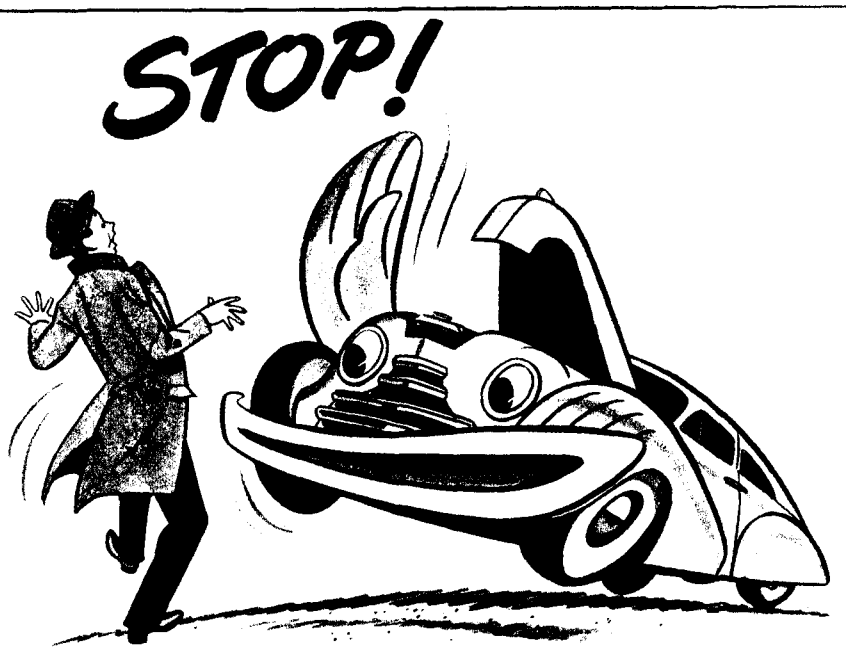

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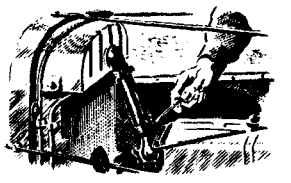
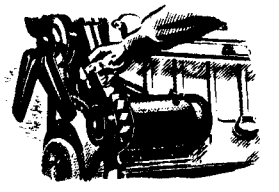


Check for leaks—Radiator hose, hose clamps, pump, and cylinder head bolts should be tight. Your serviceman has the tools and the know-how.



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person I feel something come to me. It flows from that hand into mine, then into my blood and into my brain, and ideas come. I look at the lines on the hand and I hold the hand, but the things form in my brain. That is what you call psychic—no?"

"I suppose so," Mason said dubiously. "Were you born here?"

She shook her head. "I was born in Mexico."

"You are wise," Mason said. "You have traveled—no?"

She laughed and said, "Already you have acquired the Mexican custom of ending a sentence with a question."

"Where were you educated?" Mason asked.

"I have traveled," she said, somewhat wistfully.

"Europe?"

"No."

"South America?"

She nodded.

Mason said, "I have always wanted to go to South America. Tell me, is it beautiful?"

Carmen rolled her eyes. "Oh, *señor,* it is beeeeeautiful."

"It is long since you have been there?"

"I have but just returned."

"Indeed."

"This thing which enables me to tell fortunes, works for others, but in my own case I cannot see things so clear. My one great friend, she disappeared and no one knows where she has gone. Some say she must be dead. But they cannot say when she died or how she died. For myself I can only admit I do not know.

"Sometimes I feel she is alive and very close, but sometimes I feel she is dead and very close. It is a puzzle. She had trouble with her mind before she died, and when a friend whom she trusted betrayed her confidence it was a great shock.

"But we talk about me too much. It is better to talk about you. You have many talents, you have things for which others may well envy you, but you are in great danger—no?"

"No," Mason said, laughing.

"Oh, but I think you are. I think even now there are—but you perhaps do not wish to have your fortune told—no?"

Mason laughed. "Your salesmanship is charming. Certainly I wish my fortune told."

She took his hand, held it for a moment.

Suddenly Frink coughed warningly, caught Mason's eye and gestured.

Mason looked up to see two men, broad-shouldered, wary in their bearing yet aggressively important, enter the restaurant.

The Mexican woman who ran the place came to them with a smile; then, as she saw the unmistakable stamp of official importance on their faces, the smile froze on her lips.

One of the men said something in a low voice.

The woman pointed toward their table.

The two men walked over, one of them pulled back his coat, showed his star. "All right, Carmen," he said, "that's enough. Get your things on. You're coming with us. Someone wants to ask you questions."

He looked impersonally at Mason, said, "Sorry to interrupt your party, Mister," and put his hand on Carmen's shoulder. "Let's get going, Carmen," he said.

"But I do not understand—"

"Never mind, come on."

THE woman who ran the place was solicitous. "Please, Carmen, queek," she said, and then broke into a rattle of Spanish, which somehow persuaded Carmen to go with the policemen without further protest.

"Well," Mason said as the men escorted Carmen to a car, "it was good while it lasted. I'll call Paul Drake and see if he knows about this angle."

He went to the phone booth, dialed Drake's number and when he had the detective on the line said, "They just picked Carmen up, Paul. Know anything about it?"

"I don't know, Perry, but I think the authorities have that letter in the bottle and they're intending to start an investigation. However, I have some other news. Did Carmen tell your fortune?"

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"She's good, Paul—a natural psychic."

"Was it a good fortune?"

"What there was of it. She was interrupted."

"If it was good," Drake said, "she's a rotten psychic. The word has just been passed that the sheriff has an open-and-shut case against Dorothy Fenner and that he's prepared to prove *you* were the accomplice who waited for her in the canoe when she tried to steal evidence from George Alder's house Saturday night."

(To be continued next week)

Have No Feah, "Big Joe" Is Heah

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

cigarettes and seldom leaves the swivel chair he uses in front of the mike, even when recordings are spinning. While he conducts his unrehearsed, scriptless program, he's always surrounded by three or four of his unpaid, volunteer Helping Hands, in addition to a dozen or so other admirers who occasionally drop by to watch the broadcast.

One typical group jammed into the tiny studio with him included two show girls, a hotel night clerk, two invalids in wheel chairs, three out-of-town vacationists, a blind pianist, a theater usher, an unemployed short-order cook and a formally dressed couple en route home from a dance.

Rosenfield explains his popularity this way: "People are lonesomest in this city. And the way to make them happy is to give them a chance to help others."

In his first four months on WOR, Big Joe's philanthropic efforts resulted in the collection and donation of 500 crutches, 800 canes, 15 wheel chairs, 13 baby carriages, 60 radios for blind shut-ins and 125 hearing aids. Veterans' organizations received 3,500,000 foreign stamps for albums, 2,000 books, 8,500 phonograph records, 15,000 decks of playing cards and 1,200 golf balls. All this was in addition to the thousands of dollars in contributions he solicited for organized charities, the blood donors he led to the American Red Cross and the hundreds of hapless individuals he helped by providing anything from a job to a jab of penicillin.

To the delight of the station's commercial-conscious executives, Big Joe's Happiness Exchange attracts what is, perhaps, the most diversified audience in radio. In addition to bellhops, porters, charwomen, lunch countermen, show-business folk and other after-midnight workers, the program's fans include such big-name listeners as playwright Clifford Odets and cartoonists Ham Fisher, Al Capp and Milton Caniff.

Some suspect that it's not only relaxation and entertainment that many professional people find in the Happiness Exchange. The grist for a good many plots and situations as well as pos-

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sible song titles filter through the WOR mike as Big Joe's heart-touching interviews and appeals are broadcast. One clergyman who is a constant listener confesses that the program has provided many an inspirational subject for his sermons.

"When a pore ol' country boy lak me pitches a program of pure corn that those big-name folks enjoy," Big Joe drawls, playing his New Orleans-boy-in-the-big-city role, "y'all know Ah'm not foolin' when Ah calls m'self 'the happiest man in the world.' "

Negro Church Got Its Bell

Even those critics who wince at Big Joe's magnolia-scented guff frankly admit that he has few peers in the matter of public service via radio. He has never failed in an appeal, even when he was asked to obtain a church bell for a small Negro congregation in New Orleans. That has been his most unusual request to date and he filled it by having a railroad donate the bell from an obsolete locomotive.

Probably the most popular features of Happiness Exchange are the novel contests which Big Joe dreams up and scatters through the program. He pays off winners with minor prizes like a pair of movie tickets or a year's supply of powder puffs, gifts which he himself scouts up in exchange for plugs on the show. His quizzes range in degree of challenge from tricky to downright difficult, but Joe has discovered there's no question of fact to which his listeners can't provide the answer over the phone within a matter of minutes.

He fires mathematical teasers, geographical riddles, word scrambles and historical questions at his eager fans. Musical tricks, in which the listener must guess the title of a record played at half speed, at double speed or even backward, are popular, too. Joe also likes to read first sentences of books and ask their titles. He frequently follows this up by announcing book titles and querying which movies were made from the volumes.

A Big Joe contest starts like this. "Ah have two tickets to the Palace The-ater for the person who calls in the correct answer to this li'l ol' question. Y'all know that John Alden pro-posed to Priscilla. But what was Priscilla's last name?"

Almost immediately lights signifying phone calls begin blinking on the panel before Joe's desk.

"Hello, this is Big Joe," he croons. "No! Akerue! (Eureka spelled backward.) Ah'm sorry, but Smith is wrong. Hello, Big Joe. Akerue! Standish ain't it, either. Sorry."

Then, shortly, the correct answer funnels in. Big Joe's bushy eyebrows shoot up. He snaps his fingers, rolls his expressive brown eyes and bursts into a minstrel man's laugh.

"Yak! Yak! Eureka!" he shouts. "You've got it! You've got it! Mullins *was* Priscilla's last name. What's yo' name, my deah? Florence Kingsley? Ain't that the nahcest name you evah heard? And where do you live, Florence? Take this down, somebodeh. Your tickets will be in the mail t'morrow. deah. G'night."

Sometimes even Big Joe is shocked by the speed with which his fans shoot back the correct answer to questions he feels sure will carry through the whole night.

One morning Big Joe secretly made a tape recording of the tune Don't Fence Me In and played it backward on the air, offering $25 worth of assorted prizes to the listener who could name the song. As the tape unwound and the unmelodious caterwauling was broadcast, Joe sat back smugly and watched with satisfaction as none of the phone lights flashed. Ten minutes later the long-distance light blinked and a fellow named Tom Haskett in Cincinnati was on the wire.

"The tune is Don't Fence Me In," he said nonchalantly.

Rosenfield was practically speechless for once in his brief radio career. "What? . . . How? . . . Man! . . . Eureka! But how in the world did you know it?"

"Very simple," Haskett answered. "I recorded the song on tape as it left my radio loud-speaker, then I played it backward."

For such ingenuity and enterprise at four in the morning, Haskett received a handful of books, jewelry and phonograph records.

Big Joe has fifty Helping Hands scattered all over metropolitan New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, where most of his listeners are located. However, during his broadcast hours, when most other stations are off the air, WOR's powerful 50,000-watt transmitter can reach most states along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida and some states westward to the Mississippi.

Therefore, Happiness Exchange gets mail and phone calls from, as Joe puts it, "practically half of the Yew-nited States."

These Helping Hands investigate all petitions for aid, pick up and deliver donations, and serve as loyal listeners every morning from two to five regardless of their regular occupational hours. Personable Joe himself does much of his own off-air work. Two or three afternoons a week he drives his tiny green station wagon around Manhattan, loaded down with a wheel chair, a stack of books, sports equipment for underprivileged kids, and several pairs of crutches.

Among Big Joe's helpers, the most faithful are the handful of regulars who join him in the studio every day to help with the fan mail, music, appeals and other details. They aren't paid a nickel.

Rosenfield's right bower is bustling, bespectacled Albert Wolf, a Vienna-born advertising man. "Al-bair," as he has been known around the studio ever since the morning Big Joe started the fad of using New Orleans French pronunciations for names, always sits in the control room with the engineer, smoking a cigarette in a jaunty holder. Although the gray-haired ad man keeps regular hours in his New York office during the day, he usually is in the studio about a half hour before Happiness Exchange goes on the air, sorting fan mail and selecting the music.

Soft Answers Soothe Wrath

Al-bair also functions as Big Joe's complaint department. He takes phone calls from those who inadvertently have not received the prizes they've won, or from cranks who occasionally call up to point out that Joe's brand of happiness is not for them. Wolf's diplomacy, couched in his quaint German accent, reaches State Department level on the occasions when he must handle an irate caller who phones to complain that he has just been awakened to answer a wrong number dialed by somebody intending to contact the Happiness Exchange.

Big Joe's volunteer secretary is a plump, dark-haired housewife who prefers to keep her name secret and, consequently, is called "Miss Anonymous." Like most Helping Hands, she came up one night shortly after the program started last May to deliver a pair of crutches or some other gift and stayed on as a regular. Miss Anonymous, a part-time social worker during the day, sits to the right of Joe's desk, takes down the names of contest winners, files requests for help and handles all correspondence.

Another person in Big Joe's inner circle is Bob Limandri, a New York Department of Sanitation foreman who has

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adjusted his working hours so that he leaves his job at midnight and heads for the Happiness Exchange where he reads the most interesting portions of the show's fan mail on the air every morning. Because the American Federation of Radio Artists requires any regular radio performer to carry a union card, Bob invested $58 of his own money to join that union. Now he proudly flashes Card No. 44148 when the A.F. of L. checker comes around.

There are two cases of which Big Joe is especially proud. One concerns Mrs. Ethel Eames, a sixty-five-year-old charity-home operator in Spring Valley, New York; and the other involves Phyllis Bernberg, a blind, partly paralyzed twenty-five-year-old Bronx girl who is the sole support of her invalid parents.

Quick Cash for Paupers' Home

Mrs. Eames, who was evicted from the home she ran for ten aged, blind or crippled paupers, needed money for rent, moving expenses and for her charity patients. Big Joe raised $1,000 in 25 minutes for the benevolent old woman. One caller offered to subscribe the entire $1,000, but Big Joe refused.

"What have yo' done to deserve all that happiness?" Rosenfield asked. "You just give fif-teh dollahs, suh, and leave a li'l bit of happiness for others, too. The mo' people we let contribute, the mo' people will be happy."

Big Joe put cheerful Phyllis Bernberg on the air one morning so she could announce from her wheel chair that she was supporting her ailing folks by taking magazine subscriptions as well as selling stationery, greeting cards and paper products. A flood of business has since come in by mail and phone to the plucky girl.

Phyllis' gratitude knows no bounds. "Big Joe is God-sent," says the devout little breadwinner. "He has been blessed with a divine spirit."

Rosenfield is quick to deny any such qualities. "There's jus' no excuse for misery and unhappiness in this country," he says seriously, "when we have radio to perform a public service. People want to help others. The program is jus' the means through which they can do that."

In late summer Big Joe adopted the National Council to Combat Blindness as the main cause to champion on Happiness Exchange. Just as Walter Winchell spearheads the Runyon Cancer Fund, Rosenfield hopes to help the "Fight for Sight" with $100,000 in contributions obtained through his radio show by the end of 1949, and with another $250,000 in 1950. Without abandoning any of his other eleemosynary pursuits, Joe began working his tonsils overtime for this comparatively recent campaign which was started in 1946 to further medical research on diseases which cause blindness.

Since then the Fight for Sight has been the magnet which has attracted the most contributions to Rosenfield's "joe pot."

"That fellah Jack was gettin' too darn' much publicity," Big Joe explains.

But how did Rosenfield get off on this good-will-toward-men kick? He sums it up in two words: "Alcoholics Anonymous."

"Befo' Ah joined A.A. in N'Orleans back in 1945," Joe confesses, "Joe Rosenfield, Jr., was the biggest cynic and one of the biggest drinkers in the country. Ah was the guy who stood next to you in a bar and could prove there was no such thing as a hereafter. Mah poor wife was 'bout ready to divorce me and both mah children practically disowned me."

"That's right," says Joe's vivacious, red-haired wife Dollie. "But his wonderful experience with A.A. made a blessed change."

Rosenfield became an active worker in A.A., serving as "sponsor" for 48 "babies" (recruits to the organization). He spent many hours helping others and the social work appealed to him quite a bit. Although he had never been a religious man, Joe found peace of mind in two of A.A.'s cardinal points: (1) the belief in some power greater than earthly power; (2) live one day at a time, letting the troubles and problems of yesterday and tomorrow go by.

Life again became fun for Dollie and the teen-aged children, Joe III, who is called "Kip" because he was born on Yom Kippur, and Dorothy.

"Life with Joe, Jr., always has been exciting," Dollie says, "but since he joined A.A. it has been perfect."

What Dollie meant by "exciting" is best illustrated by retelling the story of their one-day courtship and marriage.

Joe, Jr., was the fourth of five sons born to a Clarksville, Tennessee, dry-goods retailer and his wife. His mother Mattie, now seventy-eight and living in Memphis, fondly recalls that young Joe

"Why—you old silly! Why didn't you come inside to wait for me?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

"wasn't just mischievous—he was plain bad." The youngster quit school after the eighth grade and was constantly in trouble for minor boyhood pranks.

When he grew up he worked with his father in Memphis and began to correspond off and on with young Dorothy (Dollie) Mitchell of Chattanooga, whose cousin worked for Joe's father. Joe made his first visit to see pen pal Dollie on April 5, 1923. They eloped to Atlanta the next day. Four days later Joe's father had to come down to bail them out of the hotel where they were stranded without funds.

A Pair of Bridge Experts

The young couple moved from city to city, mostly in the South, as Joe held a succession of newspaper advertising jobs. Bridge became their main recreation. Joe is an expert player, but Dollie improved to the point where she is now a life master. She recently played on the mixed team which finished third in the world bridge tourney at Chicago.

By the time Joe reached New Orleans he held an important advertising position, but he still was not satisfied with his lot in life. He had not yet discovered himself.

His son Kip, a record collector, wanted to become a disk jockey and persuaded Joe, Jr., they could work it as a father-and-son team called "The Two Joes." They approached several stations and finally got an audition from James Gordon, manager of Station WNOE, a 250-watt affiliate of the Mutual network.

The pair went on the air October 27, 1947, on the midnight-to-six spot. For a month or so Big Joe and Little Joe restricted their program to patter and platters. The only happiness exchanged on the program was the swapping of wisecracks between father and son. One night, though, after reading the news, Big Joe became righteously indignant over the fact that columnist Drew Pearson's Friendship Train for France was not scheduled to stop in New Orleans.

"How do yo'all lak that?" Big Joe drawled into the WNOE mike. "Skippin' N'Orleans, the greatest city in the Yew-nited States. We live in the mos' French city in the U.S.A. and we can't put any food on the Friendship Train. Tell you what we'd oughta do. Let's load up a Friendship *Ship* and send it over to the people of Orleans in France —from *New* Orleans to *Old* Orleans."

Despite ridicule from friends, and even his wife, Joe doggedly plugged the cause of the Friendship Ship on the air.

At first only a trickle of aid came, and then suddenly it turned into a flood as practically everybody in New Orleans, it seemed, responded. In two months the ship was ready to sail, loaded down with a half-million pounds of food, 50 head of live cattle, and medicine and clothing, all donated by New Orleanians.

Big Joe and Dollie sailed for France in March ahead of the Friendship Ship and supervised the unloading and distribution of the gifts.

En route home the Rosenfields were lounging on the sun deck of their vessel one morning when Big Joe mused to Dollie:

"If the people of N'Orleans will do all that for complete strangers in a foreign country, why won't they help one another right in their own city? Our program could serve as the clearin'-house for this exchange of happiness. And we could rename it the 'Happiness Exchange.' "

Rosenfield passed the idea on to Gordon at the station and it was quickly adopted. The Happiness Exchange, with two Joes, went on the air from six to eight every morning, and quickly set remarkable records for public service.

Happiness Exchange was founded on a "regardless of race, creed and color basis." Big Joe continually preached that tolerance is the greatest virtue and, consequently, he was especially popular with New Orleans Negroes. In many of the segregated bars of the city his photo still hangs between two of that race's most popular idols down there—Joe Louis and Louis Armstrong.

The Catholic Sisters of Hotel Dieu, the city's largest Catholic hospital, received many gifts from Big Joe, who is Jewish. These nuns had a special Mass said for him last Christmas and presented him with a blessed Immaculate Conception medal which he now wears on a silver chain inside his shirt front along with a scrolled *Shema* of his own faith. And nine Catholic families, helped by him in New Orleans, are saying perpetual novenas in Big Joe's behalf.

When Big Joe told his New Orleans audience he was leaving for New York, more than 2,000 letters poured in begging him not to go. Even today tears well up in the eyes of sentimental Big Joe when he goes through his scrapbook and shows off some of that last Louisiana fan mail. Station WNOE, however, secured a replacement and the Rosenfields took off for New York in April.

Jittery Before N.Y. Debut

Kip quit radio to go into the record business with band leader Louis Prima in Gotham. Big Joe awaited his solo New York debut "with buttahflies in mah tummy."

Big Joe went on WOR for the first time on May 1st and got off to a rousing start. He soon lost his original nervousness. That is, he did until a month or so had passed and he learned an air check recording was being made for John Crosby, the caustic but widely respected radio critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

"We were told that Crosby would cut Joe, Jr., up something fierce," says Dollie, "and we thought the column probably would put us on the train for New Orleans."

Their fears were groundless. Crosby toyed with Big Joe's accent and program format a bit, but wound up his column with a rare compliment:

"He (Rosenfield) is, on the whole, a welcome and certainly the most wholesome addition to New York's night life in many a year. If we're not all as happy as kings, it's because a lot of us go to bed before 2:00 A.M. when Joe goes on the air."

Everyone isn't happy about Happiness Exchange, however. Take a rival disk jockey for example, who says: "My idea of the way to bring happiness to people is to entertain them—not remind them of their troubles. There are many reputable and worthy charitable organizations in New York which can investigate and help the needy and sick, and do it much better with their trained social workers than a once-over-lightly by an amateur do-gooder who's trying to cash in on the miseries of others."

Harriet Van Horne, radio critic of the New York World-Telegram, admits this sort of criticism may be valid, but adds, "So long as somebody benefits, who is to say Big Joe's method is wrong?"

Recently Big Joe branched out into television, headlining a weekly musical show for the American Broadcasting Company. He's also starting another video show for brand-new WOR-TV. In addition he's doing a half-hour daytime radio version of the Happiness Exchange. Before Thanksgiving a Big Joe Contest Book will be published. A toy manufacturer is dickering for the rights to make a Big Joe Doll, and a large confectionery firm has plans to bring out a Big Joe Candy Bar. Despite what he says, it looks like Big Joe is gonna be rich. THE END

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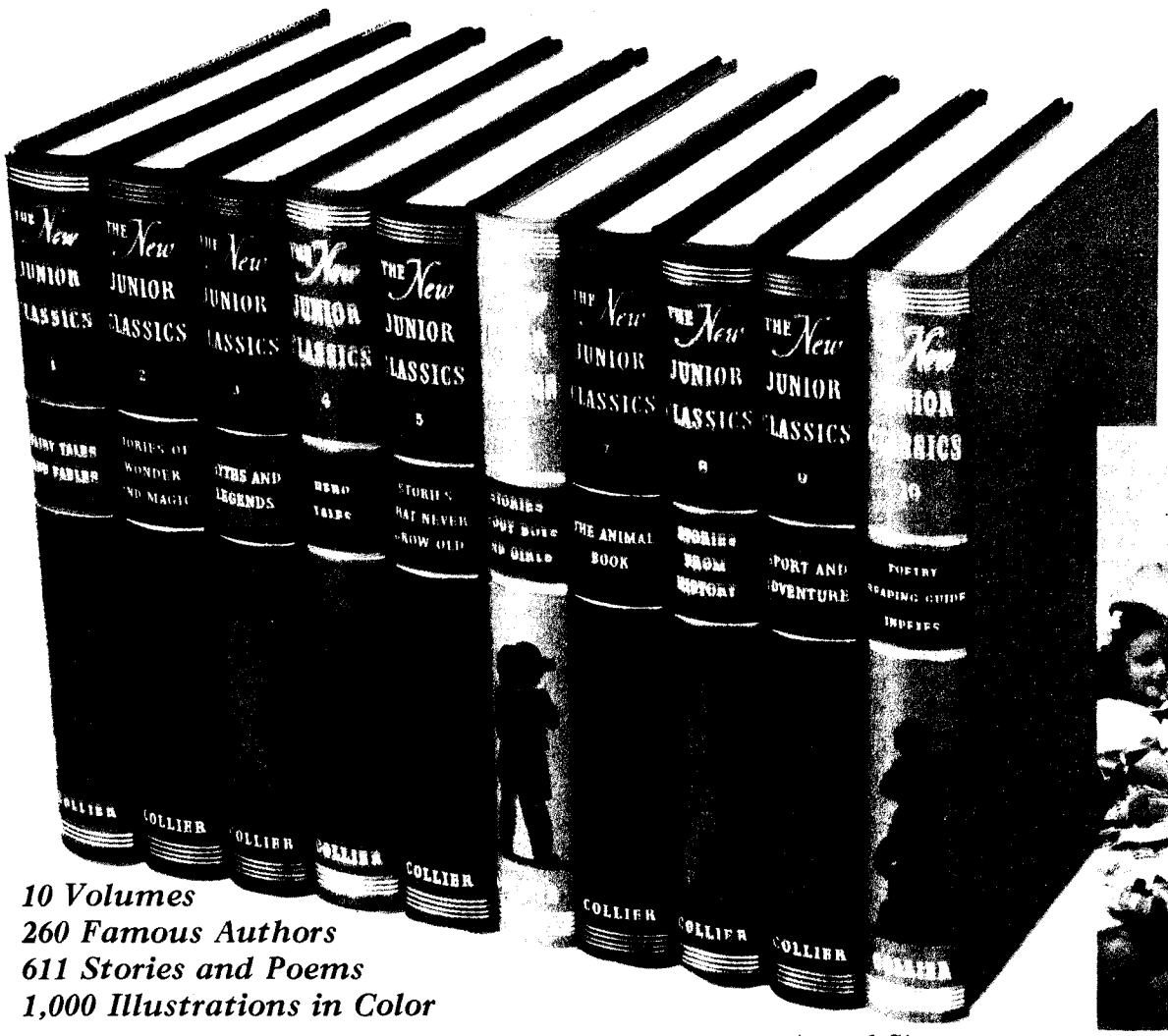

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We Need Carriers and the B-36

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

was going to spend its appropriation, would have settled its choice on a first Supercarrier, and then simply would have gone ahead and built it.

But the unification law, with a recent strengthening modification, has given the Army and the Air Force (formerly the Army Air Forces) a majority vote in the joint councils of the high military brass. So the Air Force-Army axis can in effect dictate Navy strategy.

But the fight isn't over yet. For the present the Navy has shifted an estimated $90,000,000 of appropriated money from the Supercarrier project to the modification of smaller, Essex-class carriers. The Air Force brass approve this and will tell you, "We don't object to carriers." What they mean is, they don't object to *obsolete* carriers.

Old Flattops Are Inadequate

Even with modifications, the old carriers cannot handle the AJ (best current Navy carrier bomber) efficiently; and will not be able to handle at all the A2J, the improved, bigger, longer-range bomber. Navy fighter planes are growing heavier, taller and more powerful with the jet age; will grow much bigger still, and will soon be too big for the remodeled or "retread" carriers. Also, the retreads can't carry more than a three-day supply of fuel for a full complement of the thirsty jets, which drink about twice as much as old-type gasoline planes. The hangar deck where planes are stored is too low on the modified flattops and lifting it makes the ships less stable, more top-heavy.

The Air Force, which has learned something about carriers under the new unified military setup, knows these things about the retread carriers.

They know, too, that the Navy can't be an effective fighting force when tied to such patched-up equipment.

One high-placed aviator told me bluntly at the time the B-36 hearings began, "We don't want the Navy muscling in on our strategic bombing mission."

The Navy brass, on the other hand, contend that they have no designs whatsoever on the Army strategic bombing role; that they simply need bigger carriers to fly today's larger planes. They also feel that they, too, are entitled to carry the atom bomb in their planes; that there is no reason why the Air Force should have a monopoly on this weapon; and that big planes, and therefore big carriers, are needed to carry it.

It's no secret that unless the Navy can pull itself together soon and somehow arrange to have a Supercarrier or two, it will be finished as a fighting force—for the next few years anyhow. The Navy brass staked their all on the Supercarrier when they first planned it. They gave up a battleship, the Kentucky, and a battle cruiser, the Hawaii, to get funds for the big carrier. They wagered the whole future of the Navy on the belief that air power was to be a major Navy weapon, that the Supercarrier was to be the platform for this power.

All of this may seem to be of only technical importance, but actually the question of our strategic plans and choice of weapons may make all the difference in the lives of all of us. Americans have never before in peacetime owned such a powerful war machine. One third of all tax money goes to pay for it. Yet the mere cost of the machine doesn't guarantee its success. A weak Navy or any other weak link in our defenses can be a weakness fatal for us all.

Do we really need carriers? Common sense tells us we do—the latest-model carrier, too. The Supercarrier—all 1,020 feet, 65,000 tons and $180,000,000 worth of her—has too many advantages in both offensive and defensive warfare to be set aside.

Our carriers were a superb weapon for us in the last war. From the South Pacific to Tokyo, in the Mediterranean and in the North Atlantic, I saw them as a war correspondent. Only in the narrow waters of the English Channel were they kept out of action. Everywhere else they won victories. Their planes destroyed more than 12,000 enemy aircraft. Yet only 10 per cent of the ships were sunk: 11 out of 110. On almost every large beachhead (except Normandy) they provided an umbrella of planes that made the lot of our landing forces much easier.

But only at the end of the war did they find the use that now seems most important to us. As a team working in combination with heavy bombers over Japan, they cleared the air for the B-29s so that virtually unarmed Silversides like the one I rode could fulfill their missions unharmed.

Whatever LeMay and the men around him may say about the invincibility of their lumbering big bombers, if the Russians in their first aggressive move should overrun all of Europe and deprive us of our European air bases, the Supercarriers would be especially valuable. The big flattops could divert, fight with and otherwise impede a defending air force so that the B-36s, flying all the way from North America, could have an easier time of it in their raids.

One of the key questions in the current dispute about armaments concerns the vulnerability of the B-36s to fighter attack. If they are not vulnerable, then of course there is no need for carriers or for anti-Russian air power of other types. The big Flying Cigars will simply go to their targets, drop bombs and return home.

But the B-36s *are* vulnerable. They are slow (300 mph at *ordinary* cruising speed); and they offer large targets with a huge, exposed gas-tank area in the wings. This spring at Muroc Dry Lake, Captain Chick Yaeger, flying an F-86 jet fighter, made numerous "kills" of a B-36 at 40,000 feet using a camera gun. The Air Force is secretive about the trials, but an Associated Press news dispatch reported that Captain Yaeger made 50 recorded camera hits in 50 "passes."

This is quite a different story from the favorite yarn of the Air Force: that at 40,000 feet, jet fighters can't maneuver sharply enough to make a "pass" at the B-36. A jet, say Air Force tacticians, goes into a spin if it tries to turn too sharply; so the relatively slow speed of the Superbomber becomes an advantage.

But this is a weird kind of thinking. One of the easiest "passes" a fighter plane can make involves very little turning. It is the Overtaking Pass, which our fighters and enemy fighters used considerably in the last war. It means coming straight at the bomber from behind. It is also the easiest kind of shot, because there is no deflection; you don't have to allow for the movement of the target when you aim at it.

Another "no deflection" shot which seemed to be the favorite of the Germans when I was flying with the B-17s in Europe was the head-on approach. Often the Germans would roll over to make this shot, coming straight at you upside down, then diving away after they had given you a squirt. This pass would be tough to make because of the tremendous speed of the jets, but it probably would be done, and probably with success—especially if the B-36s were stripped down as Silversides and had no forward guns.

Because the B-36 is so slow in comparison, the enemy fighters might even manage a full deflection shot at that—approaching at right angles with only a slight change in course up or down to avoid collision with the target. There would be plenty of time for a leisurely turn and another pass, too, because the B-36 wouldn't have gone very far.

Besides these attacks which could be made by the fastest jet fighters, there is another type of interception that could be expected from larger, slower enemy planes armed with rocket projectiles. If the B-36s should be heavily armed with 20-mm. guns fore and aft, then enemy rocket-firing interceptors could fly along out of range and bombard the big planes.

Another interception device that the Russians are working on, as we are, is the so-called "air-to-air" guided missile. This confusing quasi-technical name refers to an aerial torpedo, jet or rocket-propelled, which can be guided by radio from the mother plane or by a built-in radar head that "sees" and follows its target, then rams it. Both the Russians and we know that this weapon, carried by a heavy aerial destroyer, is a frighteningly good countermeasure against the "aerial battleships" so dear to the heart of our Air Force.

The Supercarrier, with fast jet fighters and the new A2J planes now being developed for big carrier operation, could help a great deal to cut down Russian fighter opposition of both bigger and smaller types. The A2J, with its combat radius of more than 1,800 miles, could whack fighter bases located inland either with the A-bomb or with 10,000 pounds of smaller eggs. Navy carrier fighters, which now reach a 1,000-mile operative radius, could strafe and bomb enemy fighters on the ground and engage them in air combat. The floating air base could be moved wherever it was most needed.

And when the strategic bombing phase of the war was finished and the time came for amphibious or airborne landings, the big carriers could be used for their World War II job—supplying a covering umbrella and continuing to shoot down enemy fighters and bombers.

A-Bombs and Schnorkel Subs

But the Air Force brass, in the secret councils of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, have been saying that the Supercarrier is a much more vulnerable weapon than the B-36. They assert that the big ship is easily put out of action by an A-bomb or by a torpedo or two from a submarine. The latest "schnorkel" type sub, difficult to detect because it never has to surface, is cited as a cheap weapon that makes the Supercarrier obsolete.

The Navy, however, already has a highly secret device which works on a radar principle. It detects the presence of a schnorkel, which can then be dealt with in the standard way (depth charges). As for the A-bomb threat, it would be much less a danger to the Supercarrier, which could move at a speed of about 39 miles an hour, than to a comparable stationary air base on land. One near-miss atomic explosion in the vicinity of an air base on land could leave the air about it poisoned for a period of three or four months. A Supercarrier, though, could steam away from the attack area and take up a new, uncontaminated station a few miles away.

One large criticism of the big flattop has been its cost, which the Navy estimates at about $180,000,000, about twice the cost of our biggest extant carriers, those in the Midway class. The Air Force estimate as put forward in several magazine articles by one of their

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proponents, W. B. Huie, is $1,000,000,000. But this price includes extraneous items like escort vessels (already in existence) and research on current Navy planes. Such a price-estimating process is like including the cost of a farmhouse in the charge for a bushel of potatoes.

The Supercarrier is really not so super in price, nor in size either. It would be approximately 100 feet longer than carriers in the Midway class and it would displace 65,000 tons, which would make it the biggest naval vessel afloat but far short of the world's biggest ship—the Queen Elizabeth at 85,000 tons.

The main advantage of the big flattop would be that it could take off, land, fuel and service, and store the biggest jet fighters (which are now in the 20,000-pound class and getting steadily larger) as well as planes that could carry either the A-bomb or old-fashioned bombs.

As projected, the ship would have a flush deck, with no island or bridge structure at one side as is now the case on most carriers. Thus it could take off and land planes having a wing-spread greater than the width of the deck. But the biggest advantage would be that it could carry enough fuel and have enough storage space and big enough elevators and catapults for these bigger planes. It would be built specifically to accommodate them.

Besides being of tremendous aggressive use, the Supercarrier would be very important in the defense of the U.S. from enemy bombers and possibly from enemy rocket bombs. Several such ships could be floating interceptor bases stationed in the Atlantic to head off bombing attacks long before planes were in range of shore-based fighters. The Supercarrier would also be big enough to handle air destroyers that would shoot guided missiles at the Russian bombers, too.

Whether or not the Supercarrier would be of use in strategic bombing, the Air Force's cherished mission, is and has been the cause of many angry words in Washington.

One of the Navy's airmen, Rear Admiral Dan V. Gallery, wrote a memorandum in the spring of 1948 that set a continuing fire under that question. The memorandum, not official by a long shot, stated Admiral Gallery's view that the major mission of the Navy should be "delivery of an atomic attack on the capital and industrial centers of the enemy"; and the Air Force, according to Gallery, should have the less glamorous job of "defense of the United States against air attack."

This memo was uncovered by Drew Pearson and so inflamed the Air Force that Air Secretary W. Stuart Symington demanded some retraction; and Navy Secretary John L. Sullivan had to rebuke Gallery publicly.

But Admiral Gallery's eagerness to undertake strategic bombing doesn't seem to be shared by the Navy brass. In fact, they disclaim any interest in the project. Several of the top-rankers insist that the Air Force is barking up the wrong tree when they say that strategic bombing can win the next war. Strategic bombing—the attack on industrial centers to wipe out an enemy's basic capacity to make war—is not the way to win, according to these men. They believe that the way to bring an enemy to surrender is not to flatten his cities but to destroy his military machine. They would leave the country relatively unharmed so that the cost of reconstruction after victory won't be too great.

The type of attack these experts favor is very precise bombing of troop concentrations, airfields, railroad yards, bridges and tunnels, and ammunition and fuel dumps. This type of thing is in contrast with the atom bombing of whole cities, Hiroshima style. Such highly selective bombing would be tied in closely with the regular land-Army attacks.

It would be quite different from the Air Force plan to use long-range strategic bombers, carrying A-bombs, to reach out and flatten enemy industrial centers, thus forcing him to surrender. Ground forces would be only occupation troops.

The wholesale-bombing type of campaign, say the Navy critics, wouldn't work with Russia—especially since Russia might overrun all of Europe before we could bring heavy blows against her. And if the Russians should be in possession of Paris, for instance, we would be hesitant about dropping A-bombs on that city and possibly killing several hundred thousand Frenchmen along with our enemies.

These theorists honestly believe that whether carrier planes or Army land-based aircraft do the job, tactical bombing could win. To support their case, Navy proponents of tactical bombing cite elaborate statistics from the Strategic Bombing Survey of World War II.

The figures seem to prove that the heavy, strategic bombing of Germany by the Army Air Forces and the Royal Air Force couldn't keep down German production during the war; that despite the heavy bombing of cities and factories, and the killing of a half million people, German war production kept rising right through the war to August 1, 1944.

Crushed by Full Bomb Tonnage

The Air Force rebuttal to this argument is that certainly German production did rise until August 1, 1944, but until that time only about one quarter of the total bomb tonnage of the war had been dropped; after that date, when the remaining three quarters of the bomb tonnage was dropped on the Reich, German war industry fell to nothing and the country was soon paralyzed and out of action.

The real moral of the strategic bombing survey is that it takes a long time to mount a maximum bombing effort. In this case it was two and a half years.

As a correspondent in the last war, I saw both the tactical and strategic kinds of bombings from close range. Flying from the carrier Ticonderoga with a Navy torpedo squadron which was engaged in glide bombing, I saw a demonstration of the kind of accuracy the Navy associates with tactical bombing. We went after a Jap battleship, the Ise-Hyuga, in Kure Harbor, and my pilot planted two of his four 500-pound bombs on the deck of the big baby, and two alongside.

But the high-level big bombers of the Air Force can do deadly accurate work, too, and on a much greater scale of destructiveness. In the first American raid over Rome in 1943, I flew in a Flying Fortress and watched 500 big Forts and Liberators paste the daylights out of the city's station and freight yards from five miles up—carefully avoiding the Vatican, which was only a few miles away.

Toward the end of the war, flying with Brigadier General Frank Armstrong's 315th Bombardment Wing, equipped with Silversides B-29s and the latest radar bombing equipment, I flew over a Japanese oil refinery at Maruzen and watched the crew salvo a load from 16,000 feet. The planes dropped through a heavy overcast, never seeing the target except through the screen of the radar bombing instrument. And yet the physical plant at Maruzen was 95 per cent destroyed by this one raid.

So, as far as this writer can see, the Navy air experts are wrong when they assert that tactical bombing is the only way to win the next war in the air. I believe we must have heavy, high-level strategic bombing too, with plenty of A-bombs carefully placed. And probably the B-36 is the best piece of equipment we have at present to carry out this mission.

But is that any reason why the B-36s shouldn't have all the extra protection and support we can give them? In its anxiety to preserve the strategic bombing mission, to force the Navy upstage in the matter of aggressive warfare, the Air Force is cutting off the best kind of protection its B-36s could have—the Supercarrier. THE END

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To the County Home to Die

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

State Board of Health and Department of Public Welfare had placed the home on their "Approved List."

The conclusion to be drawn is appalling. There are in the United States today more than 2,000 public-operated county homes. If such conditions as those that hastened the "starvation deaths" can exist in an "Approved List" county home, operated by one of the richest counties in one of the most progressive states, what is going on elsewhere?

Because the truth about the Indiana situation is of keen interest to the citizens of every county which has a similar institution, Collier's asked me to go to Fort Wayne and get the facts.

The Family-Physician Type

I first interviewed Dr. Zehr. He is a mild, gentle, little man, now in his middle sixties. He seemed to me the image of the Dionne Quints' late Dr. Dafoe. He's the old family-physician type, a man of high integrity, and not the kind to make a mountain out of a molehill.

"I'll gladly tell you all I know," he said soberly. "We had an election last fall that changed the political make-up of the board of county commissioners. They threw out the old superintendent at the County Home and appointed a man of their own.

"The food budget, prepared last year for this, figured to feed 'em for 38 cents a day, per head. I don't know what the old management spent, but I know the Fort Wayne hospitals set their minimum per patient at $1.20. Ask any woman what'll happen to her family if she tries to cut down her food bill to anywhere near that figure.

"I kicked right from the start. Told the super it wasn't fair to the inmates. Got nowhere.

"Pretty soon I began to observe signs of what we doctors call the progressive effects of malnutrition. They're easy to see, if you're watching for them. A peculiar itch, for instance—and a listlessness. I warned the super again. Told him he was heading for a calamity if the diet wasn't changed.

"I repeated the word calamity about five times, hoping it would sink in. But my warnings were ignored. The food got worse instead of better. It was not only inadequate in quantity, but also in quality. One day there was a soup that would have turned your stomach; it was composed of grease, and strips of pigskin were a part of the ingredients.

"You can't give old folks that kind of stuff and expect them to like it, or thrive on it. I know old folks pretty well—been working on 'em a good many years. They don't need especially expensive food, but you ought to give them adequate victuals, nicely cooked and attractively served. That's the way to keep them happy and healthy. They appreciate little attentions."

I told him I would like to visit the County Home. "Will I have any trouble getting in?" I asked.

Dr. Zehr smiled grimly. "No harm in trying," he answered. "I'll drive you out there this afternoon, if you like."

"I suppose things are greatly improved by now," I suggested. "The blistering newspaper criticism, after those 29 deaths, must have forced a correction of the situation in a hurry."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "I guess it's a little better," he said. "But it's still far from what it ought to be. You won't find the inmates looking well nourished, smiling and happy.

"The super is inexperienced. But the county commissioners have pretty much backed him up. They asked for my resignation, of course. But I stood pat until after the grand jury investigation."

We had luncheon and then Dr. Zehr drove me out to the County Home. It's a 15-minute drive from town. The place is a rambling two-story red brick building well back from the road, in a pleasant setting of lawns, trees and shrubbery. It looks as if it might properly accommodate 100 people—men in one wing and women in the other. It occurred to me that with nearly 300 inmates, it must be terribly overcrowded.

I stood on the porch and was introduced to Superintendent Disler. I didn't try to sail under false colors, but told him frankly that I wanted to do a magazine story about his institution. I indicated that such an article might help to improve conditions in 2,000 other county homes across the nation, and thus be of real service to the public.

Mr. Disler didn't favor the idea. Eying me uneasily and chewing nervously at a ragged cigar butt, he refused me admission. "Nope," he said with finality. "We don't want any more publicity here. We've had too much already."

He looked pointedly at Dr. Zehr. "The commissioners say we're to let no more photographers or reporters inside. Not without written orders from them."

Back in Fort Wayne, I appealed to the county commissioners. "It's a public institution," I said, "and the public has a right to know about it."

Theodore Goeglein, a retired farmer, sniffed and turned me down cold. "Far's I'm concerned," he said, "I'm tired of Dr. Zehr running to the newspapers and kicking up all this mess."

Another county commissioner, William Roussey, an elderly carpenter and ex-farmer, was equally opposed to my project. He tried to explain things as he saw them. "That home is all right," he said. "These people died natural deaths. They were old and had to die sometime."

"How old are you, Mr. Roussey?" I asked politely.

"I'm seventy," he answered. I refrained from comment.

Finally, however, I contrived to insist on the rights of the press, and reluctantly the county commissioners granted me a permit to visit the home the following day. I was told I didn't need to take Dr. Zehr along. Mrs. Disler, the matron, would show me through the institution.

She proved more co-operative than her husband had been. She was a short, sharp-featured woman with shrewd eyes, neatly dressed and inclined to be friendly.

A Scene of Hopeless Misery

She took me first into the women's sitting room. It was big and barnlike—no rugs, no pictures, no drapes, nothing to break the blank cheerlessness of the rows of wooden rockers and straight-backed chairs. They were occupied by some 60 elderly ladies, so emaciated that they looked like concentration-camp inmates. There they sat, in various attitudes of apathy or dejection, wearing cheap printed cotton dresses. One woman's split shoes exposed all of her toes.

It seemed more like a waxworks exhibit than a roomful of people, for there was no movement, no buzz of conversation. One woman, with her head on her arm, was apparently sleeping. But all the rest were staring vacantly into space. Nobody paid the slightest attention to Mrs. Disler or me. Listlessness, Dr. Zehr had said, was an indication of malnutrition.

Mrs. Disler led me to a fragile-looking woman with a coronet of snowy braids. "This is Harriet. Doesn't she have pretty hair? How old are you, Harriet?"

"I . . . don't . . . know . . ." Harriet answered in a quavering voice.

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"Are you eighty, Harriet?" insisted Mrs. Disler.

"It . . . doesn't . . . matter . . ." The reply came eventually, in a tone of utter weariness.

Mrs. Disler shrugged. "You can't get anything out of them," she said.

We moved on, to an inmate who must have been a fine-looking woman once, but who now looked like a sack of bones flung carelessly into a chair. Her hair had been hacked off unbecomingly.

"She looks very emaciated," I whispered to Mrs. Disler.

"Mary," said the matron, quickly, "you get enough to eat here, don't you?"

Mary hesitated, twisting a very loose wedding ring as she looked at the matron. Then she said nervously, "I like it fine here."

Mrs. Disler smiled, satisfied, and led me out of the room.

Down the corridor we came to a closed door. Mrs. Disler opened it on a room dimly lighted by a single small window. A long table held stacks of bed sheets, towels and attendants' uniforms. Several haggard-looking women sat hunched by the table, silently plying needle and thread.

"This is our mending room," explained my guide. "All our supplies are mended here."

I asked whether the women were paid for their work. No, they weren't, she replied. "Why, they love to mend things!" she said. "Lucy, come here a moment, please."

Lucy dropped a towel she was darning. Her snowy hair haloed a kindly face. Mrs. Disler smiled at her. "Lucy loves to mend. Don't you, Lucy?"

Like nearly all the inmates, Lucy seemed unaccustomed to conversation. She made no attempt to answer the question, beyond a halfhearted nod. Pinned on her dress was an old-fashioned gold watch, the first decorative jewelry I'd seen on any inmate. I admired it.

She smiled. "My mother gave it to me," she said with a sort of reminiscent happiness.

Mrs. Disler broke in. "Well, I guess Lucy wants to get back to her work."

We met Adelle in the corridor, a stately lady dressed almost as if she were going to a tea. She hadn't been in the home long, and the clothes she brought with her still looked nice. Not yet seventy, she comes from a fine family; a brother heads a large manufacturing firm. But after her husband's death, her only income was her widow's Social Security allowance of $18 a month, and she had to move in with her son's family. The children drove her to distraction, and she was forced to go to the County Home. Since she has that tiny income, it is applied to the $35.50 monthly rate charged against each inmate. Her son makes up the difference. If she were a pauper, the township Poor Relief would pay for her.

Mr. Disler joined us for our tour of the men's wing. Here was the same sort of sitting room, but less attractive than the women's parlor, for it was a basement room with a cold concrete floor and windows too high to afford a view of anything outside.

At a scarred table four old men were glumly playing pinochle with a greasy deck of cards. When Disler asked in a loud voice, "How's the game coming, boys?" nobody bothered to answer.

Old Man With a Needle

I was led over to a corner where two men sat by themselves. One was blind. He sat stiffly on the edge of the bench. The other, a tiny man incredibly wizened and thin, was intently sewing a rip in a shapeless cap.

"So you're sewing your friend's cap," Mrs. Disler said amiably.

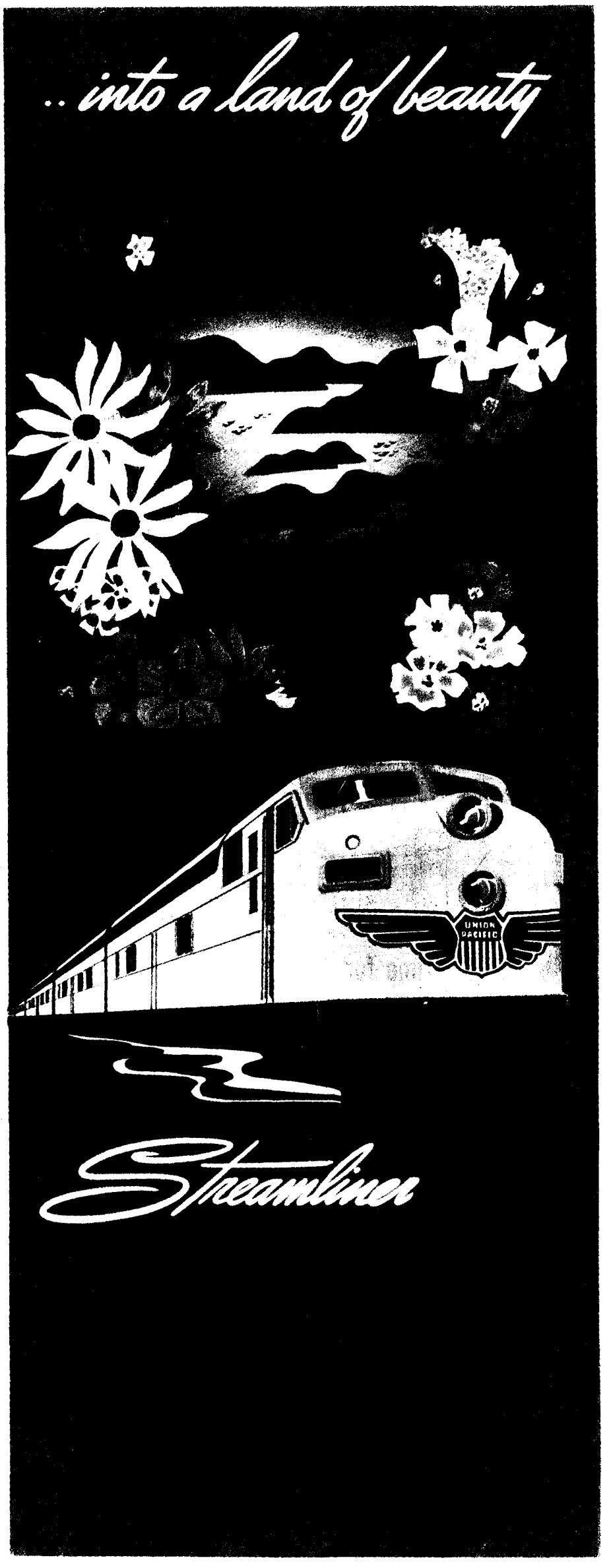
The little old man continued his squinting concentration. After a long minute he made a single tart comment, "Yes'm, Johnny can't do it hisself."

Disler steered me toward a doorway. I turned for a last look at the room. At least 50 men were sprawled listlessly on the benches. Two were lying down; several sat holding their heads in their hands. Except for the four card players and the needle man, all were doing absolutely nothing, not even talking. I wondered how human beings could get that way—so utterly phlegmatic, impassive, spiritless. Then I remembered Dr. Zehr's words again: Malnutrition produces a peculiar listnessness.

We moved into one of the men's dormitories. It was so crowded with iron cots that we had to walk single file. Three men sat on their beds wearing hats, as though they'd dressed before realizing they had no place to go. A tall, gaunt old man sat on a chair, and I noticed his strong profile.

"Hello, William," said Mrs. Disler, introducing me. William thrust out his hand without rising.

Mrs. Disler pointed to a small Duncan



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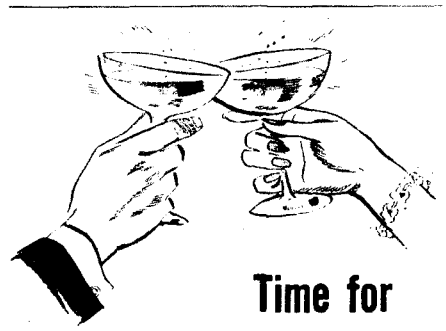

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Phyfe table beside the old man's chair. "William brought it from his home," she explained to me. "It's a very valuable little table, and he's going to will it to me. Aren't you, William?"

William replied wearily, as if he'd been asked the same question too many times before, "Yeah . . . When I get through with it, you can have it."

We went through a barred door into the wards for mental patients. There were 14 patients in the men's ward and 26 in the women's. Dr. Zehr had told me that none of them was dangerous, although a few have manic cycles during which they are drugged and tied to their beds to prevent them from hurting themselves. About half a dozen are kept in cells.

One of the patients in the women's ward was having an attack. I was a little sick at what I saw. A horribly emaciated person, with a face like a death's head, lay facing me. A woman attendant was holding the bed sheet tightly under the patient's wasted arms; she was struggling to pull it off. The unfortunate woman shouted a torrent of vituperative and obscene abuse at me.

She Never Gave Up Hoping

A patient named Nettie, a tiny, bird-like woman in her late seventies, threw herself at us. "I'm leaving today!" she shouted. "My niece is coming for me!" Then she burst into wild sobs. She had grasped my coat sleeve and Mrs. Disler's skirt, and she held on, tightly. Mrs. Disler apparently was accustomed to these outbursts and soothed her by saying, "Yes, Nettie, I know all about it."

Nettie released her grip and we moved across the room. But presently she was back and repeated her performance, shrieking like a hysterical child, "I tell you, I am leaving! My niece is really coming for me! Why doesn't anybody believe me?"

Mrs. Disler explained that Nettie has been making this same appeal for several years. The niece never comes, and so far as Mrs. Disler knows, doesn't exist except in Nettie's imagination.

Finally there were the hospital wards, about eight beds in each. Several are pathetic arthritis cases, with hands so swollen and deformed they hardly look like hands; others are senile disease and chronic cases, pathetically emaciated, toothless and shaking with nervous tremors that make the iron beds rattle.

We completed our tour just before it was time for the midday meal, and I wanted to see what dinnertime looked like under the improved conditions the newspapers had mentioned. Mrs. Disler conducted me to the men's dining room. Seventy-five old men were lined up outside the door, silently awaiting the gong.

It rang, and the line erupted into the room. There were a dozen or so small tables, each set for six. As soon as a man was seated he served himself to noodles and mashed potatoes from two big bowls in the center of the table. Then he hunched over his plate, eating ravenously, ignoring his neighbors. There were two slices of bread at each place and a tin cup of black coffee.

I walked slowly around the tables. I had been told that the inmates could have either coffee or milk, as they chose. But there was no milk in sight anywhere. I had been told that anybody who wished could have a second helping, but there were no second helpings that day.

I asked Mrs. Disler what the dessert was. "Dessert?" she asked, staring at me as if I were talking about another world.

The old men were already getting up from the tables, so we left and returned to the office. On the way we passed the staff dining room, which had its own cook and menu. Here the Dislers and 27 employees are fed. Dr. Zehr had explained to me, "You have to feed the employees well, or they'll leave you."

In the office, Mr. and Mrs. Disler seemed to think my inspection was completed. They waited for me to announce that I was satisfied with the way the home was being run. "You see, we have nothing to hide," said Disler.

"And we certainly aren't starving the inmates!" added his wife.

I remarked that the dinner I had just seen seemed to consist entirely of starches, which certainly didn't provide a balanced meal. "What about the meat, vegetables, eggs, butter, milk and fruit that you told the newspapers you had added to the menu?" I asked.

"Of course they get all that stuff," explained Disler. "But not at every meal."

His wife interrupted to explain: "We have to give them soft things like noodles and stew," she said, "because most of them haven't any teeth."

"We gave them butter yesterday," said Disler. "But they'd get sick if they had it too often. It's too rich, and they aren't used to it."

Later I discussed the "improved" food situation with Dr. Zehr. His view was that there had been a little improvement —that the food was still inadequate. Disler claimed the lowered mortality rate showed that everything was now much better. Dr. Zehr said the mortality rate was still too high: in the month following the "run of deaths" there had been seven funerals. This, he insisted, was almost four times the average mortality rate for the seven years previous.

I showed the doctor a picture in a Fort Wayne newspaper. It showed Disler watching a cook break eggs into a pudding—supposedly proof of the inmates' improved diet. "That's Myra Malone, the staff's cook," I was informed. "The inmates never saw that pudding. It was served to the staff."

To complete my picture of the Allen County Home, I arranged to meet four members of the staff in town one evening, during their time off. They asked that their names be kept secret, because they didn't want to jeopardize their jobs. But they were all indignant about conditions. One of them was a nurse who has been at the home for several years.

"Vitamin starvation is an exact description of what has been happening," she said. "Under the previous superintendent, breakfast every day included a cooked cereal, bread, milk and coffee with sugar. The Dislers changed this to bread and gravy with plain black coffee, and cereal only infrequently."

Sample Starvation Menus

A typical Disler dinner, she said, used to be bean stew, flavored with an infinitesimal amount of pork, bread and black coffee. Supper on the same day would be bean soup, bread and black coffee. Practically no butter or margarine had been served to inmates since the new superintendent came in. The only eggs had been a single hard-boiled egg which each inmate received as a treat for Easter.

I talked to an "orderly" whose job included preparing the bodies of the dead before the undertakers called for them. "I sure was busy one Sunday," he said. "Three of them died inside an hour."

One of the nurses also remembered that Sunday afternoon. "We were kept busy trying to calm the patients," she said. "They got nervous and excited when they heard the undertaker's heavy cart rumbling in the corridors. This had been happening practically every day, but when it occurred three times in an hour, they got a bit agitated."

As a further step in my observations I decided to visit, for purposes of comparison, the county homes in two neighboring counties. Both institutions are of the same old-fashioned type, but they have one important advantage over the Allen County Home—they have farms which supply a considerable part of their food requirements.

The Adams County Home is small, with only 35 inmates. The farm embraces 274 acres, and raises grain, hogs, cattle, chickens and garden truck. Last year it produced all the requirements of the home, with an $8,000 surplus. I watched the inmates enjoying a supper of cold cuts, potato salad, bread and homemade butter, topped off with apple pies that made my mouth water.

Plenty of Farm Produce Here

The Delaware County Home has 103 inmates and a 197-acre farm. The institution was spotlessly clean, and it had storage cupboards in the cellar containing 3,000 one-gallon cans of pears, beans and tomatoes, all grown on the farm. Sunday dinner consisted of several fine-looking hams, big pitchers of milk, bowls of butter and large platters of eggs, bacon and cheese. In the dairy an electric churn was turning out 17 pounds of fresh country butter.

It would be very hard for anybody to complain about the menu provided at these county homes.

Since my tour of the Allen County Home, the grand jury investigation Dr. Zehr had mentioned has been held. This is what happened:

Dr. Zehr finally turned in his resignation, as the Allen County commissioners demanded—though not until after he'd testified before the grand jury. The grand jury, in its report, upheld Dr. Zehr's contention that the meals were inadequate, recognized "the need" for an experienced superintendent at the Allen County Home, and suggested state legislation to abolish the requirement that the appointee be a farmer.

But Disler is still its superintendent.

Before I left Fort Wayne Dr. Zehr had given me his views on the general subject of county homes. The problem, as he sees it, is not just one of providing proper food. Old folks need more than food. They need loving care, and hobbies and social stimulus. They need something to keep them interested in life.

The United States has a swelling population of old folks. In the 1930-'40 decade, the number of persons over sixty-five increased five times as fast as the total population did. They now number nearly 14,000,000.

They have become more of a problem than ever before because of the accelerated tempo of modern living and the changes in national economy. In the good old days, even if Grandma were quite feeble she could still manage to cross the street alone. Mother was always around to look after her anyway. But now Mother often has a career, or doesn't have any time to spare. In the past, large families were the rule, food was cheap and an extra mouth to feed presented no serious item of expense. Nowadays, with the housing situation generally acute, it's frequently impossible to "take Grandma in," simply because there's no room.

Most of the experts with whom I have talked say county homes are still necessary, but radical changes must be made in their policies and administration.

A county home, they urge, should be the medical and social center for all the old people of the area. It should be freed from disrupting political manipulation. Facilities should be adequate, and there should be permanent staffs of doctors, nurses and experts in occupational and recreational therapy. Unfortunately, such sensible and obvious reforms in the nation's county homes seem far in the future. They won't come until an aroused public demands them.

In the meantime, frail little Nettie in the home in Allen County will go on hysterically beating her tiny fists against a stone wall, crying defiantly but hopelessly that her niece is coming to take her away, that she is finally going to get out —"I am, I tell you! I am, I *am!*" THE END

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The Marvelous Mounties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Hammond. "I'll be right over." And he jumped into his car.

This time Hammond found just what he wanted. Outside the McBratney barn was a beautiful set of tire tracks. Hammond made plaster casts of the tracks and followed them down a dirt road to the farm of a man named Ned Isaacs, some 12 miles away. The tires of Isaacs' truck exactly matched Hammond's plaster casts, but Isaacs denied any knowledge of the theft. Then Hammond began to open the sacks of wheat in Isaacs' granary.

In the fourth sack he found a rolled-up cigarette paper. He also found cigarette papers in the seventh, eighth, tenth and twelfth sacks. By the time he got to sack number thirteen, Isaacs confessed.

They Serve as Town Cops Too

Unlike our F.B.I., which only concerns itself with violations of federal laws, every imaginable case comes under Mounted Police jurisdiction. In the six of Canada's ten provinces where there are no provincial police (the equivalent of our state police), the Mounties patrol the highways and work on purely local crimes—including murders, rapes and robberies—which in the United States scarcely ever are handled by the F.B.I. In 72 cities and towns, the Mounties (by the request of the local authorities) are the town police. They walk beats, escort old ladies through traffic and sample apples at the neighborhood fruit stand just like any city cop.

In the federally controlled north country they really *are* the law. The 1947 Annual Report of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police modestly gives some indication of this in the following statement:

"Our personnel are the game wardens of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon Territory; the registrars of vital statistics for the Northwest Territories; collectors of fur tax and issuers of game licenses for the Northwest Territories and the Yukon Territory; issuers of business licenses in the Northwest Territories; collectors of poll tax and dog tax in the Yukon Territory; issuers of liquor permits at Norman Wells and Port Radium in the Northwest Territories; administrators of family allowances to

Working undercover Inspector Leopold once won high Communist party office

Eskimos and nomads in the Northwest Territories and northern Quebec.

"Our members attend to Eskimo welfare generally, and to the relief of destitution amongst white persons, half-breed persons and Eskimos. They supervise liquor shipments to outlying settlements; have charge of and operate lifesaving and fire-fighting equipment, and do much other work."

Typical of this amazing versatility was a case in the Far North a few years ago. In January, 1946, the Mounted Police detachment at Coppermine in the Northwest Territories learned that an Eskimo man named John Ayalik and an Eskimo woman named Sadie Kopana Haogak had died of natural causes on Richardson Island in September, 1945. Everything seemed perfectly in order until further word reached the Mounties that the dead woman's husband and the dead man's wife had been having an affair for some time, and now were living together openly. This indicated the need for an investigation, and a pair of Mounties set out by dog team for remote Richardson Island.

When they arrived the Mounties exhumed the bodies of Ayalik and Mrs. Haogak and discovered that both had been neatly shot through the head. Since the examination showed that the bullets came from the rifle owned by the dead woman's husband, they went to arrest that gentleman and found that he had shot himself to death as soon as he had learned of their arrival on the island. The Mounties then went to arrest the dead man's wife, who informed them that her boy friend had indeed committed the murders. It was an open-and-shut case; but Mrs. Ayalik had to be brought to trial. And this was where the versatility of the Mounted Police came in.

Mrs. Ayalik and the growing number of corpses were taken to the small Mountie detachment at Coppermine. Then the Coppermine detachment radioed Mounted Police headquarters in Ottawa. A few weeks later a Mounted Police plane, flown by a Mountie pilot, took off from Edmonton, Alberta, carrying a judge, a defense counsel, a court stenographer, a Mountie firearms expert and a Mountie pathologist. When they landed at bleak Coppermine, a Mountie ship, manned by a Mountie crew, was waiting for them. It had been dispatched from far-off Cambridge Bay to serve as a floating hotel for the judge and defense counsel during the course of the trial.

At the trial a Mounted Policeman, dressed in formal scarlet tunic for the occasion, served as prosecuting attorney for the Dominion of Canada. The Mounted Police pathologist testified as to what he had found in the autopsies, and the Mountie firearms expert scientifically presented comparative photographs of the death bullets and other bullets fired from Haogak's gun. A jury found the late Mr. Haogak guilty, and acquitted Mrs. Ayalik for lack of evidence linking her with the planning or execution of the crimes. A few hours after the verdict the entire portable Mountie court was flying or sailing back toward civilization.

Evidence for Red Spy Trials

This omnipresence of the Mounted Police in Canada is a wondrous thing. When Canada's Communist spy trials got under way in 1946 the Mounted Police quietly and efficiently ran down every shred of evidence before the Canadian people were aware there was need for an investigation—an accomplishment that is often contrasted with the sometimes premature revelations made by our own Congressional investigating committees. When the price of bread went up in Alberta after the war, the Mounted Police checked every bakery in the vast province to find out why.

When World War II ended, Mounties of German descent went out among Canadians of German descent to determine their reaction to the defeat of the fatherland. And when anti-Soviet Russian farmers began to come into the country after the war, Mounties of Ukrainian descent worked undercover among them, to find out if any subversives had sneaked in with the crowd.

One Mountie feat matches anything ever announced in the F.B.I. record. In the 1920s a Mounted Policeman named John Leopold disguised himself as a worker and joined the Canadian Communist party. After several years he rose through the Communist ranks until he actually became a secretary of the party and one of the most important Communists in Canada! This would be the equivalent of a member of the Politburo suddenly turning out to be a British intelligence officer. Leopold's real identity didn't become known to many of his comrades in the party until he mounted

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the witness stand to testify against them in a series of trials in the 1930s.

But it is the routine, everyday cases that make the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, as J. Edgar Hoover puts it, "one of the great police forces of the world." For example, on February 28, 1947, a black sedan pulled up to the Ontario Hospital in Whitby, Ontario. Four men entered the hospital with drawn guns. When they came out they had with them some 5,000 tablets of the hospital's morphine supply. This case was broken when a Mountie, working in civilian clothes, posed as a narcotics buyer and contacted a Hamilton, Ontario, gang led by a suspect named John Charles Mombourquette.

"Where can I get a *big* load of morphine?" the Mountie asked.

"We've got quite a stock in Whitby, 75 miles away," said Mombourquette.

The Mountie then drove to Whitby with a gang member named "Boob" Willis, who proved the appropriateness of his nickname by gaily chronicling his part in the daring hospital holdup—just to make conversation on the long trip.

In Whitby, Willis took the Mountie to a gang outpost manned by a pair named Frank Podvinsky and Mike Povinsky. These gentlemen escorted them to a hiding place in the woods, whence they emerged a few minutes later carrying a cardboard carton containing all the stolen morphine. Soon thereafter three uniformed Mounties pulled up alongside in a patrol car. There was a brief, albeit decisive struggle, and in a few minutes the mob and the morphine were all safely under lock and key.

Using the same methods, the Mounties broke up a gigantic ration-stamp fraud ring after the war. The trail led to a paper plant in Hull, Quebec, to which the government sent Canada's used ration stamps to be beaten into pulp.

Posing as workmen in the plant, the Mounties uncovered an amazingly resourceful operation. No less than 19 artisans in the plant had combined their skills to rig up an ingenious series of devices which prevented the ration stamps from being hacked to pieces by the flailing knives of the machines. The men actually entered the machines while the knives were flailing and waded arm-deep in water and pulp to fish out the undestroyed coupons. The retrieved coupons were split up among 48 conspirators (29 butchers and grocers also were involved). By the time the Mounties were through with them this little pastime cost the 48 a total of $9,689 in fines and costs.

Perhaps the most touching of the recent Mountie cases involved an Alberta farmer named Joe Tomschak. In June, 1947, Mr. Tomschak found six strange eggs on his property, from which a half-dozen rare, wild trumpeter swans were hatched. Four of the baby swans died, and to save the two tiny survivors, Tomschak took them to his barnyard where they were raised by an old hen who had hysterics every time her two charges went into the water. A few months ago one of Tomschak's neighbors complained to the Mounted Police that he was illegally holding two fully grown trumpeter swans in captivity. Constable H. B. Turner was sent to investigate.

Turner's report is a unique masterpiece of police common sense. He wrote: "The swans were observed by the writer resting in the farmyard. They are quite tame and it was possible actually to pet them. They show no fear of Mr. Tomschak and like a cat or dog they rub their necks against his legs. When Mr. Tomschak drives to Grande Prairie to buy supplies the swans fly over his car and circle the store until he comes out. Then they fly back to the farm with him. The swans are free to come and go as they please, but apparently they prefer to remain with Mr. Tomschak. The swans therefore are not in captivity, and no action can be recommended under the Migratory Birds Act."

The Mounties are efficient, but they have a heart, too.

The Mounties are a small, select group with high standards and a proud tradition. What sort of men make up this exceptional Force? Read the concluding instalment of this two-part article in next week's issue of Collier's.

Gentleman of the Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

inspirational bent. In only two instances did the Monitor allow its conservative policy to influence its coverage.

The first instance, which was more diverting than dire, had "Operation Vittles" spelled "Operation Victuals" for a couple of days. After that the personnel of the copy desk apparently decided to be hail-fellow-well-met and switched to the colloquial spelling.

The second, which occurred—or rather, did *not* occur—in the issue of July 2d, was infinitely more serious. It stands as an incisive indictment of one of the Monitor's gravest failings.

On that day the Times reported, among other things, that, "While a steady stream of United States and British transport aircraft plowed through low clouds to bring food and medical supplies to the western section of the city, the Soviet military administration through German agents sought to barter for medicine and certain types of food. . . . Military hospitals in the Soviet area are short of penicillin and Salvarsan." The Monitor's news dispatch for that day made no mention whatsoever of the plight of the Russian military hospitals.

In the considered opinion of even the warmest admirers of the Monitor that omission is a clear-cut case of withholding information of definite historical significance.

The only possible condition—and a mighty flimsy one at that—on which it could be considered defensible would be the assumption that the paper has no wish to appeal to non-Christian Scientists. This, as Canham himself has stated, is far from the case.

"The Christian Science Monitor Views the News" (a radio program on which Canham speaks every Tuesday evening from 9:00 to 9:15 P.M. over a full network) is only one example of the steps the paper has taken to reach a wider audience.

Aside from the Monitor's allergy to disease, disaster and medication, there is plenty of evidence to support Canham's contention that "We make every effort to edit this newspaper for a non-denominational readership." For one thing, the Monitor, undeterred by the fact that most Christian Scientists happen to be registered Republicans, can now refer to itself with complete accuracy as a nonpartisan paper. It refused to endorse a Presidential candidate in 1948 after having come out for Landon in '36, Willkie in '40 and Dewey in '44.

"We try to be nonpartisan," says Canham, "but we have our problems trying to retain our amateur standing."

This is probably an overly modest bit of self-appraisal. It is not without a certain significance, after all, that Canham's own by-lined contribution to the

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ditorial page is called "Down the Middle of the Road."

In the main, the Monitor's desire to prove all things and hold fast that which s good" equips its audience with a remarkably well-rounded point of view.

The constant and devoted Monitor eader may also be a conversationalist of extraordinary impartiality. A decade or so ago, for example, he would have been able to approve of the objectives of the New Deal without failing to impugn some of the techniques used to achieve them. Today he might not support the Taft-Hartley law integrally but would nevertheless concede that there was something needed besides the Wagner Act.

That Canham already has taken steps to brighten up the Monitor is proved again by the "Washington Letter," a column which is carried in the Saturday magazine section and represents the combined efforts of the members of the Washington office.

Incredibly enough, this chatty dispatch comes pretty close to being an out-and-out gossip column. Up to now, however, it has given Walter Winchell no cause to lose any sleep.

The column's chief failing is one which can serve as an indictment of the paper as a whole. This is the Monitor's almost constitutional inability to achieve the stature of a vigorous crusader like, say the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

For all its implicit disdain for some news with which Winchell and Pearson are concerned, the Monitor cannot boast, as they can, of anything so meritorious as having helped destroy the German-American Bund or of having called attention to General Vaughan's Goeringesque passion for medals.

Twice in recent years the Monitor has been severely criticized for its *laissez faire* behavior in matters that cried out for embattled and responsible championship. The first instance concerned the paper's failure to take a forthright stand against a series of vicious anti-Semitic outbreaks in Boston. On this count the Monitor can probably be acquitted, since Canham says he was complying with the wishes of a prominent rabbi who felt that crusading coverage might incite further trouble. The second instance, however, has become a *cause célèbre* in the minds of the paper's critics.

This revolved around the Monitor's treatment of the public hearings consequent upon the dismissal of Dr. Miriam Van Waters from her position as superintendent of the Reformatory for Women at Framingham, Massachusetts.

There can be no purpose served by reviewing the case here beyond saying that it is now acknowledged that Dr. Van Waters, a progressive penologist of vast prestige, should never have been removed.

The Monitor, however, remained completely detached, allowing other Boston papers—notably the conscientious and outspoken Herald—to campaign against the palpable injustice being done an incorruptible public official.

"Our only sin—if it *was* a sin," Canham explains, "was our failure to crusade for Dr. Van Waters. There is, however, such a thing as maintaining a judicial attitude—of reporting evidence dead-pan. That's the course we chose to take."

At the moment Canham professes to be eager to imbue the Monitor with a crusading spirit.

"I only wish we had the staff to crusade against municipal corruption," he says. "We'd do it in a minute. And don't think that we aren't anxious to get scoops either. We like scoops."

Such protestations notwithstanding, the Monitor is a contemplative rather than an aggressive paper. Although it was the only daily in the United States to keep its readers in ignorance of what happened when Ruth Steinhagen took aim at ballplayer Eddie Waitkus in a Chicago hotel room last June 14th, the Monitor nevertheless felt it expedient to give a certain prominence on June 30th to the fact that Miss Steinhagen had been declared insane.

"The reason we did that," says Canham, "is that we felt it might deter other bobby-soxers from doing something equally sensational."

Canham's observation on this point represents the first time since the paper was founded on November 25, 1908 that anyone ever credited the Christian Science Monitor with a following among bobby-soxers. Until Canham's remark there had been pretty good reason to believe that the paper was read mainly by middle-aged people of some financial means.

There are not many impecunious Christian Scientists, a fact which prompted one man to remark, "If I didn't smoke or drink, I'd be rich too." In any event, when the plate is passed among the congregation at the Mother Church on Sunday morning the collection is never, as one recent visitor put it, "defiled by a clink." It is quite true, in fact, that the Christian Science faith seems to make its followers prosperous. In any case Monitor readers manage to get along very handsomely indeed despite their ignorance of who won the third at Suffolk Downs. And it would be understandable if they were to resent the paper's making any radical departure from its present policy.

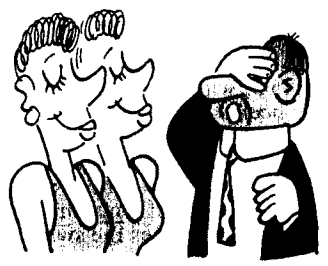
It is not very likely that the Christian Science Monitor would ever run a scoop that would cause it to renounce any of its stubborn beliefs. Not long ago Paul Deland, the managing editor, was asked what the paper would do if an amazing cure for some disease were discovered.

"What, for example," asked his questioner, "would happen if somebody should discover a genuine cure for cancer? Would the Monitor tell its readers about a cure for cancer?"

Deland thought about this while he massaged his stomach gently with his palms. Then he smiled happily.

"The Monitor," he said, "tells its readers about a cure for cancer every day—Christian Science." THE END

Picture Postmarks



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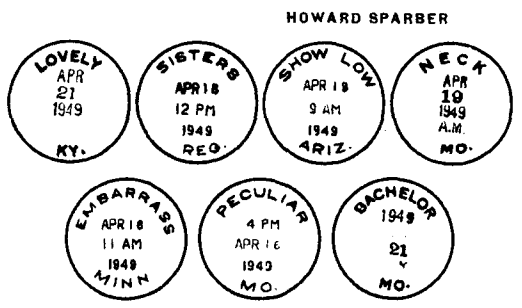

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First, I tried a few chords on the piano to experiment with some of the Solovox voices. Violin, cello, clarinet. It was so easy. Then I played a waltz I faintly remembered, using the flute solo. What a thrill it was to be able to make my ordinary music sound so new and interesting. The folks were very kind—they said it sounded wonderful. I must admit, *I thought so, too!*

now I play every day!"

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Crack-up of an American Communist Family

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

was a Communist, Communism must be a good thing. Wives of many Republicans justified their support of the Republican party on very similar grounds. The Republican women read The Herald Tribune and admired Herbert Hoover; Marian read The Daily Worker and idolized Lenin . . . Lenin and Leon Trotsky.

Especially Trotsky. Gus literally worshiped Trotsky. Trotsky was a brilliant thinker, an analytical genius, next in greatness only to Marx and Engels. His photograph hung on a wall of Gus's and Marian's apartment. His best-known books—Lessons of October and In Defense of Marxism—filled a prominent niche on Gus's shelves. It had been that way since Gus and Marian had set up housekeeping.

One day in 1929, Marian glanced at the wall and realized that something was missing. Trotsky's picture was gone. While she was dusting the bookshelves, she noticed an empty space. Trotsky's books were no longer there! When Gus came home, she asked him about it. He exploded:

"That betrayer!"

Trotsky had been exiled by Stalin. He had fled from Russia to Turkey. The Party Line had changed the face of Marian's American home—without her knowledge or consent—to strip this distant Russian of two small bits of recognition. And after it was done she still didn't know why it happened.

As an aspiring young poet Marian kept a diary in which she carefully noted all her impressions. That establishes her naïveté.

"I don't understand how Gus can be so vehement against a man he only yesterday adored," she wrote at the time of the Trotsky incident. "I guess I will, though, when I know all the facts."

The diary gives its own pathetic account of the period that followed . . .

". . . Gus asked me today if I'd mind if he gave up his job. He wants to be more valuable to 'the cause' (that's what he calls it) and he can do that in other work that will pay less money. Of course I won't mind if he's sure it's the right thing. I want him to be happy . . .

". . . I got a job today, as a stenographer, to help balance the budget. Gus isn't paid regularly in his new work . . .

". . . It's almost a mile to the supermarket, but it's worth it. Everything's a few pennies cheaper there. If only the office typing didn't wear me down so far before I get home . . ."

Unemployed Join The Party

By that time the depression had fallen on the land. Millions were walking the streets looking for work. Having lost all faith in the Republican and Democratic parties when they lost their jobs, thousands of well-meaning people were joining the Communist ranks. Gus and his pals were leading a great crusade, the only crusade that appealed to the man in the street at the time, and Marian was enjoying her sacrifices. She wore the same dress every day for six years, until her friends chidingly called it "the uniform." When Ruth upbraided her about her dowdy appearance, she challenged:

"Who cares about clothes and furniture and such things? They'll all disappear in the revolution!"

Ruth gasped. Was this her sweet little sister Marian?

"Gus says we're practically living on the barricades," Marian gushed. "It's like being in an army, waiting for orders to march."

Ruth worried a lot about Marian in those days, and tried to be with her as often as possible. Loyalty to Gus as a husband was understandable, but now it seemed that Marian had married something called "the proletariat." All the books she read were "proletarian," all the meetings she attended were "proletarian." One of Gus's friends even christened his child "Prolet." Ruth remembers an art exhibit Marian took her to at the John Reed Club; among the paintings was a still life of fruits and vegetables which originally had been rejected as "bourgeois" but which was accepted after it was re-entered over the title, "Proletarian Dinner."

Phrases like "You've got to be a good hater!" and "Don't be a kulak" crept into Marian's conversation. Although she assured Ruth she didn't belong to The Party, she saw no one but Comrades, and she took Ruth to meetings at which the speakers raised their fists and cried:

"Are you ready?"

And the crowd shouted back:

"We are ready."

Her blind faith in her husband, and his blind zeal for an idea, had cut Marian off from all the realities around her. A second American revolution was about to break, he had told her, and it did not occur to her to question his word. So confident was she, in fact, that when Gus came home from a meeting one night and announced that he was taking her to Russia, Marian at first wanted to wait until after the government had changed hands here at home.

All they had between them that night was $90—saved from Marian's pay checks. They borrowed money to buy clothes and passage tickets.

". . . Today we reached London," the diary said. "We went through the slums . . .

". . . At last—Paris! But not Notre Dame. We toured the slums . . .

". . . Moscow has cleared our visas. What a relief it will be to see Russia, where slums have been abolished. I can hardly wait. The Promised Land! . . ."

The Utopia she expected to find in Russia turned out to be a rude shock to Marian. The first Soviet Comrade to greet her as she stepped down onto the Moscow station platform urged her to pile up her luggage and sit on it, lest it be snatched away. He also cautioned Gus not to wear his fountain pen so openly in his shirt pocket.

The real workings of the "classless society" she had crossed an ocean and a continent to see were mockingly apparent in the warm comfort and sumptuous meals at her hotel, and in the drawn faces of the wretches who slunk into the dining rooms behind the waiters' backs and shoved uneaten scraps from diners' plates into the mouths of starving children. By day, in tow of Soviet guides, she toured model schools, model nurseries, model farms, model factories—everything was a model for future perfection. By night, as she went to and from the theater, the miserable present uncovered its face. She could walk but a few steps before hearing the plaintive screech, "Tovarisch! Tovarisch!" And before her would shuffle a ragged scarecrow, barely alive, hands outstretched.

Beggar Scared by Escorts

When she was alone she gladly gave all the coins she had in her purse. But when her Russian escorts were near, they objected.

"Trotskyite!" they screamed, and the beggar crept fearfully away.

By American standards, Marian had left New York with a meager wardrobe of three dresses: one silk, two rayon. In Russia all the women stared at her in envy.

Gus finally asked Marian to try not to be so conspicuous, and she bought a peasant blouse in a native market. Wearing that, with the skirt of an old suit and low-heeled shoes, put her in such good standing as a Russian that she gave her silk dress, scarf and high-heeled shoes to a Russian widow who was well known as a translator of English works.

A few days after the switch was made, Gus invited Marian and the widow to the Bolshoi Theater to see The Red Poppy, a ballet based on the Chinese revolution.

In the lobby, during intermission, two Russian Comrades appeared to ask the pleasure of meeting Gus's wife.

"Mania looked lovely in my blue print dress, my high-heeled shoes and the scarf thrown gracefully over her shoulders," the diary records. "I felt appropriately subdued in the peasant blouse and low heels. Gus turned toward me to make the introduction. But the men, with eyes only for the American clothes, turned

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to Mania and told her how pleased they were to meet me."

Classless, indeed!

Before they left for Russia, Gus had pictured the Soviet to Marian as the land of the Five-Year Plan without any depressions or hunger. But after they returned he had to rationalize the "shortages" she had seen.

"We're spoiled here in America," he said. "We ought to eat more simple food. Cabbage soup and black bread is just fine."

Marian, disillusioned and rebellious, took him at his word. Their home-coming dinner was cabbage soup, black bread and apple sauce. On the following night it was borsht, black bread and a little jelly. On the night after that, it was cabbage soup.

"Cut it out," Gus capitulated when he saw that third meal, "and let's have some food."

The meals were easy to change, but Marian was not. She became as consistent in her questioning as she previously had been in her faith. What was the other side of the Trotsky affair? What was the truth about Jay Lovestone?

Lovestone had been general secretary of the Communist party in America, a popular leader. Marian had met him at parties and dinners and had liked him immensely. Gus was one of his ardent supporters. Then, sometime before the Russian trip, The Party Line had shifted and Lovestone had been removed from power as a "right deviationist." Marian reluctantly had stricken him from their circle of friends because Gus had insisted on it. Now, she felt like a heel about it. The least she could do was hear Lovestone's case. So she bought two of his pamphlets and took them home.

"What are you doing up so late?" Gus asked when he came in at 1:00 A.M.

Holding one of the pamphlets open before him, she replied, "I've been reading these."

Gus was as shocked as though he had found her with a lover. Picking up the pamphlets by one small corner with the tips of his thumb and forefinger, he lifted them from her hands as though they were poisonous reptiles.

Marian laughed nervously. Before she went to bed she wrote in her diary, "I am tied willy-nilly to The Party. The Party Line is my mother-in-law—an all-pervasive, grim, exacting presence."

Marian also had an Aunt Bess, who lived in Chicago. Sweet, conservative, Republican, she paid a call on Marian and Gus while Franklin D. Roosevelt was still a new President. Surprisingly enough, Aunt Bess was on Roosevelt's side. "The man is doing things!" she enthused. "Look at the mess he's trying to clean up. I'm for him." Her words fell into dead silence. Her brow wrinkled. "Well, don't you agree?"

A young Comrade friend of Gus's expressed a vehement "No!" "Roosevelt," he declared, "is trying to patch a cancer on a dying political system." He went on with the then current Communist line, replete with quotations.

Impressed by the sheer length of his words, Aunt Bess remarked feebly, "Well, I'm willing to learn."

She went home with several pamphlets on the sins of "reformism" and "social Fascism" in her handbag.

Several months later, Aunt Bess was back. No sooner had she removed her hat than she inquired blithely, "Where's that nice young man who was here last time? You know—the one who gave me all that reading matter? He certainly convinced me."

When she learned that the nice young man had been thrown out of The Party, that the views he had expressed then were now the reverse of The Party Line, she was speechless. And when she was told she'd be regarded as an "ultraleft deviationist" if she did not switch back to her original pro-Roosevelt position, Aunt Bess looked as though she was suffering a stroke.

During Aunt Bess's struggle to keep up with The Party Line, Gus went on a lecture tour. In his absence, Marian became very ill. The same "social Fascist" doctrine that confused Aunt Bess had stripped her niece of friends.

A city hospital seemed to be her only refuge when a "social Fascist" couple she hadn't seen for two years made a providential appearance.

Attack On a Good Samaritan

Bill Gloden was an agent for a right-wing union. His wife, Ann, was devoted to Marian. Together, they nursed her back to health before Gus returned. Two days after Gus learned of this Samaritan gesture, an attack was made on Gloden in The Daily Worker. Was Gus responsible? Marian never found out. But when he learned that she went with the Glodens to a 1934 mass meeting in Madison Square Garden—it was broken up by the Communists, incidentally—he gave her an ultimatum.

"You'll have to choose," he said, "between these weak-kneed liberals and me."

Marian chose the liberals. She left Gus, renting an apartment of her own. The marriage was definitely cracking up when a new shift in The Party Line pulled it back together.

This change did not originate in Gus's heart, but thousands of miles away in Stalin's head. The Communists had helped raise Hitler to power in Germany in the belief that he would be a handy stooge for the Kremlin later. By 1934, however, Adolf was hurling epithets at the Communists, and Moscow was uneasy. It might be safer if all the "social Fascists" were on the Russian side. Gus acquired a new watchword—"Unite and fight! Stop Hitler! Defend the Soviet Union!" Marian could have all the liberal friends she wanted if she'd patch things up. Gus promised not to expect her to go to Communist meetings or talk about Party doctrine. They were back together on that basis in time for her to watch him in the May Day parade of 1935, marshaling rows upon rows of atheistic Comrades ahead of a limousine carrying Father Divine beneath an immense sign emblazoned "God."

The ensuing five years brought back to Marian banished symbols of a happy childhood. Under The Party Line of the Popular Front, Christmas trees (banned to the faithful for years) were allowed again. It was acceptable, too, to celebrate Thanksgiving, and marriage was restored to its old and admirable state. Even babies were desirable.

Desirable? Babies were imperative if the Soviet Union was to have the man power it needed for the future. Inside Russia, legal abortion—long advocated—was abolished by decree. Contraceptives, once lavishly handed out in public clinics, were abruptly withheld. Paeans of praise rose from the Kremlin towers to the glories of motherhood. The Politburo made no mention of overseas quotas. But habit was habit to Communists everywhere.

Moscow cried, "Babies! More babies!"

Marian had a baby.

The diary shows that the child, a girl, was a little more than a year old in August, 1939, when Marian took her to a Communist camp to escape the enervating heat. Here is one historical entry:

"We arrived to find the place seething with political agitation. Placards and banners decorate the buildings. Every form of entertainment is a vehicle for anti-Hitler propaganda. The very hills and woods echo the slogan, 'No more appeasement!'

"There is a chart on one of the walls of the dining hall which indicates the strength and resources of the Allied powers. First is the Soviet Union, largest country in the world, two and a half times the size of the United States. Material resources, incalculable. Army, estimated at ten million—the most formidable single force of sheer man power on the face of the globe.

"Britain stands a poor second, followed by France and other nonaggressor states. Russia is the rock of faith. *It* will resist Hitler *now*. It will forestall another war. Whatever country appeases Hitler, Russia will *not*. I was looking at this chart when a Comrade stopped beside me. 'If we could count on Britain as we do on our fatherland,' he sighed, 'we could sleep nights.'

"A little later, I heard another Comrade hiss at a London broadcast, 'Fight, you British bastards! Fight!'

"None of us would have been surprised to hear that Britain had concluded a separate peace with Germany. But when the voice from the loudspeaker announced a pact between Hitler and Stalin, we froze in our places, mute with disbelief. The first Comrade to regain the use of his voice shrieked: 'It's a dirty capitalist lie!'

"A hush settled over the camp. Comrades spoke in lowered voices as at a funeral. The children, baffled by the suspended animation of their parents, asked questions like that of the four-year-old who pulled at my slacks and asked, 'Why don't we sing?'

"Why, indeed? Because no one knows now what to sing."

On the following day, the diary notes,

KATE OSANN

Look to Your Laurels, Lana!

For drive-in theaters, I say HOORAY!
You get double the value for the admission you pay.
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—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

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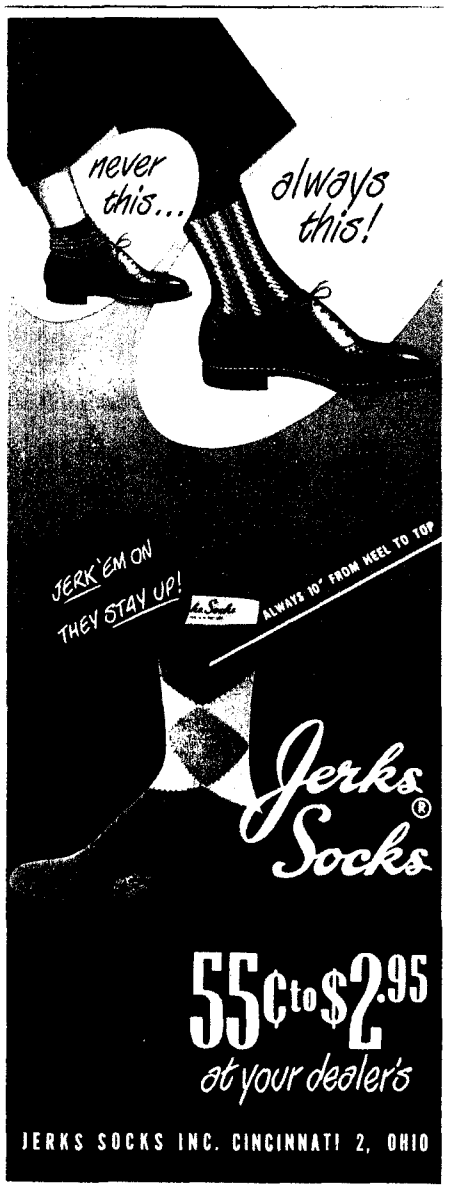

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the Comrades got their new instructions. Marian was watching her baby at play when the Comrade who yesterday had shouted, "Fight, you British bastards! Fight!" at the English broadcaster's voice bounded up to her.

" 'Well,' he exclaimed in utter glee. 'Now we've got 'em where we want 'em!'

" 'Got *whom?*' I asked obtusely.

" 'Why, the decadent democracies, of course! They're just the same as the Fascists! Let them tear each other to pieces! Then we'll take over. It's an imperialist war!' "

Another Change of Books

What The Party Line had pulled together it now hauled asunder. Marian tried to stay with Gus for the baby's sake, but The Party was still his first love. Once again the complexion of his bookshelves changed. This time every volume that approved of the Popular Front was swept out. A portrait of President Roosevelt was torn from one wall. Off the top of the bedroom dresser, where it had held an honored place, came a photograph in a large silver frame—the likeness of a couple who admired Gus greatly and named their son in his honor. Gus was genuinely fond of these people, but they had resigned from The Party when Stalin split Poland with Hitler and "if the photograph stayed here the Comrades might draw wrong conclusions."

Marian left Gus for the second time, pushing her child over snowy streets in a perambulator. Beneath the baby's feet was the diary.

"These four walls," said that night's entry, written in a corner of a rooming house, "are America. At least I am back in my own country."

As Marian turned once again to face the world alone, she supposed that the newest shift in The Party Line was universally evident. A short time later she discovered that this was not entirely true. The juvenile branch of the Communist world was in ignorance of the change. Marian first felt the tragedy of this when she met a woman Comrade with a three-year-old son.

Before the Hitler-Stalin Pact, this child had been taught to recite the slogans, "Stop Hitler! Stop Hitler now!" On his baby lips the words had amusing appeal. Whenever he had performed for Marian, she had rewarded the effort with a chocolate bar. He remembered this as he spied her now, and rushed to her side chirping, "Stop Hitler! Stop Hitler now!"

The mother flushed to the roots of her hair. Her slogans had changed to "Stop Lend-Lease! Stop conscription! Stop Britain!"

The oblivious child, still expecting the chocolate, repeated, "Stop Hitler! Stop Hitler now, now, now, now, now!"

"Quiet!" The angry mother shook a warning finger. But the disappointed child took a deep breath and let go: "Stop Hit-ler NOW-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

As the wail expired, the enraged mother lifted her hand and struck him across the mouth.

The memory of that fanatical act has never been erased from Marian's mind. What sort of psychological creature would such behavior produce! Would a child, so reared, ever be able to learn to think independently? What future would there be for her own daughter?

Personally, Marian could see no evil in Gus's make-up. He was merely the victim of a mysterious fascination: the emotional attraction of The Party Line. The line twisted, turned and reversed itself, entirely beyond his control. Wherever it went, he followed. That was Communist discipline, not the democratic way which Marian wanted to implant in her daughter.

COLLIER'S "I deposited mine" KATE OSANN

During the period of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, Marian pleaded with Gus to quit The Party. He refused. She proposed a leave of absence, to give him time to think things over calmly. "Don't be silly," he replied. "You can't go A.W.O.L. from the revolution any more than you can from the Army." They lived apart, but he saw the child at regular intervals.

When the Germans invaded Russia, in June of 1941, the Communists once more were on our side. The political differences that had kept Marian and Gus apart disappeared. Marian accepted a new reconciliation again for what she thought must surely be the last time.

No More Need to Fear Hitler

But it was not the last time. In 1945, with the Germans beaten and Russia safe, the Party reverted to its old tenets of the class struggle. Gus came home to announce that he once more would adhere to The Line. Marian was incredulous.

"Believe me," he told her, "I'd have *preferred* to continue the policy of collaboration. But I belong to a disciplined organization. I'm a soldier."

Once again a decision made 5,000 miles away disrupted Marian's home. Once again she left Gus. Periodically, as before, he took time off from the class struggle to visit his daughter. Sometimes he took her to the movies. After one such trip, during the 1948 Presidential election campaign, Marian asked the child:

"Enjoy yourself, darling?"

Her vehement "No!" startled her mother. Like most children, the little girl was inordinately fond of the movies and ready to relate the whole of what she had seen on the slightest pretext.

"But why, dear?" Marian inquired. "What was wrong?"

The child's round little face clouded. There was a brief second of hesitation. Then she said, "When they showed the news, Daddy clapped for Mister Wallace. But he wouldn't let me clap for President Truman or Mister Dewey. He said they were peer-i-lists."

Marian almost dropped the cup in her hand. She tried to be casual.

"Never mind, dear. Next time we go together, we'll both clap."

The child's next question was more disturbing.

"Mother," she asked gravely, her eyes troubled, "is Russia a better country than ours?"

What had Gus told her? Marian could only guess. But she knew that in the long run The Party would have to be served. And capturing the mind of the young was one of its major tactics.

"Mommie!" The girl pulled Marian back to the question. "*Is* Russia better? *Is* it?"

Marian sat down and took the child's plump little hands into her own. As simply as she could, she explained the difference between democracy and dictatorship, praying to herself that the contradictions between her account and whatever Gus had said would not confuse the girl too much.

As her mother spoke, the child's face brightened. At the end, she looked up. "Then," she said simply, "our country *is* better." There was pride in her voice. "*Ours* is better."

For the moment, the crisis had passed. But as far ahead as Marian could see there would be a struggle between herself and Gus for the child's mind. And this is not a conflict involving just one young girl. It confronts our whole generation. THE END

Next Week

TRADITION CAN'T WIN WARS
By Gen. H. H. (Hap) Arnold

Confessions of a Congressman's Son

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The Barber Who Played in the Series

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

we will have a new Bird pitcher in—"

Will Naughton talked to his own image and mine and his son's in the mirror across the shop. He patted Homer's shoulder. "Here's the boy ought to be up there, pitching with his brains as well as his arm. Sam had plenty steam and good coaching from me and Homer here, but brains—nah!"

"That ain't hardly fair, Papa," Homer frowned.

"I know it ain't. I get disgusted. Sam's got a lot of stuff. Just gone wrong, that's all." He was close to tears.

LEWISHAM singled between first and second. Two runs came in. The idle barbers slapped one another on the back, laughed, leaned toward the sound of cheers that came from a thousand miles away. The Bird lead-off man got to first when the Sox pitcher had to delay his throw long enough to hold the runner at third. Bases full again.

"I wouldn't mind a son of mine not being able to play ball," Will Naughton said. "That ain't no more than a mere item. It's making a shiftless mess of his whole life that gets me." He jabbed his thumb into my ribs. "With the salary Sam's pulled down this year you know who's been furnishing a living to Sam's wife and two kids? Homer here, that's who." The old man kicked at something imaginary on the floor. "A good boy gone gutless, that's all. There's another woman in it, like you'd expect, and beer and cards."

"Why don't you sit down, Papa, and listen?" Homer said.

"Because I don't want to hear what I'm about to hear—either way." Then he half snarled at me, "Trouble with Homer, he won't give up on a notion. He's still got a notion Sam'll do, and it'll take bashing his head to a bloody pulp to prove different, I guess."

The Birds tied the score before their half of the eighth was over. The third man was out on a close play at first, and there was a big rhubarb out around first base, and we in the barbershop knew that the runner was safe, because he was running for our side.

Then we heard the words that quieted us: "Going out to the mound to pitch to the heavy end of the Sox batting order is big Sam Naughton, strolling in that careless Southern manner of his. Slow Freight, they call him, until he starts burning those strikes across. Then they call him Mr. Lightning. And justly so. Sam, you know, has been pitching in hard luck since that Sunday in July when—"

"Hard luck, my hat!" As if staggered by more than his condition Will Naughton moved across the shop to one of the chairs ranged against the wall under the mirrors. He sat there shaking his head.

Then something began to happen that made a chill along my backbone. Homer was looking across the shop at his father, and I could see them both—Homer in the mirror, the old man in the flesh. I saw them looking at each other and then I saw, or rather felt, that their minds touched and that they spoke in a strange whisper. Their lips did not move but there was an unreal sound such as you hear on a telephone line where there are no voices. And all the while the real sounds of the radio and the other men in the shop went on.

I heard the old man's voice saying, *"It's his faith in himself he needs again. The extra money from a winning share would come in handy. He wrote me how far in debt he's got. But the money ain't a lasting thing. The lasting thing is his faith in himself. A man needs that—banker, barber or ballplayer."*

"A fast curve ball that caught the outside corner for a called strike. One and one the count."

"That's our boy Sam, Mr. Will! Come on, Sam. Burn it in there."

And I heard Homer saying, *"If I could*

ZIUQ

Here is another quiz in reverse, guaranteed to teach you nothing. Below are the answers. If you can't guess the questions turn to page 73.

JACK MARKOW

Answers

1. (a) trumpet, (b) bass, (c) strings, (d) brass, (e) wood winds.
2. (a) You're Adorable, (b) Some Enchanted Evening, (c) I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy.
3. Pontiac, Hudson, Plymouth.
4. 1776.
5. London, Berlin, Tokyo.
6. Washington Square, Columbus Circle.
7. Two bells, eight bells, five bells, three bells.
8. Paris green, Portland cement, Dresden china.
9. Fires of Spring, Midsummer Night's Dream, Fall of the House of Usher, Wintergreen
10. The Taft-Hartley Act.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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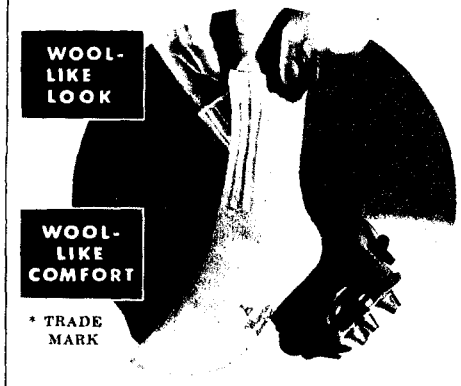

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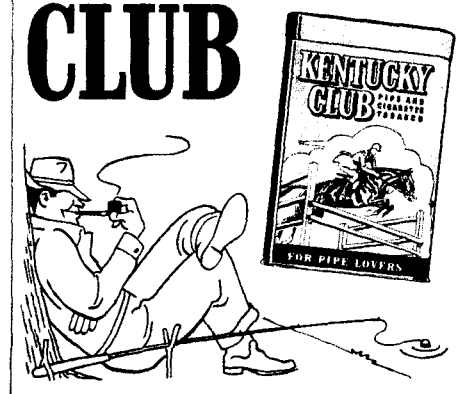

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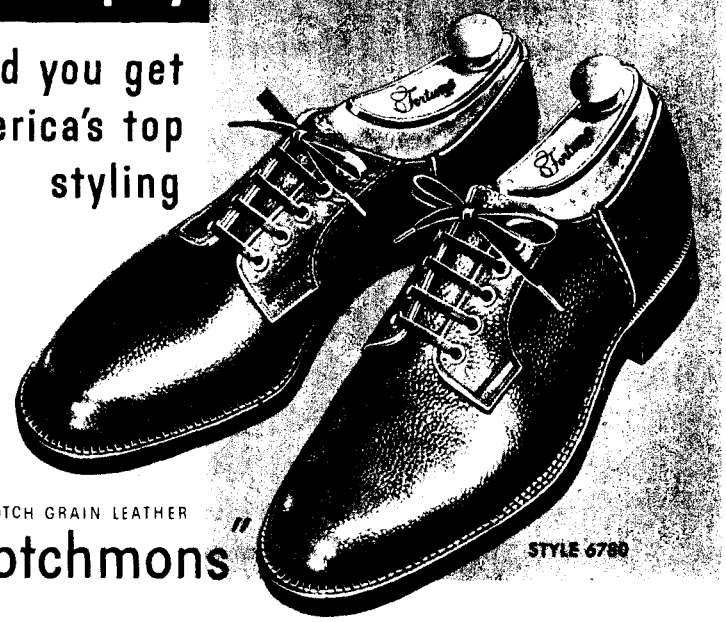

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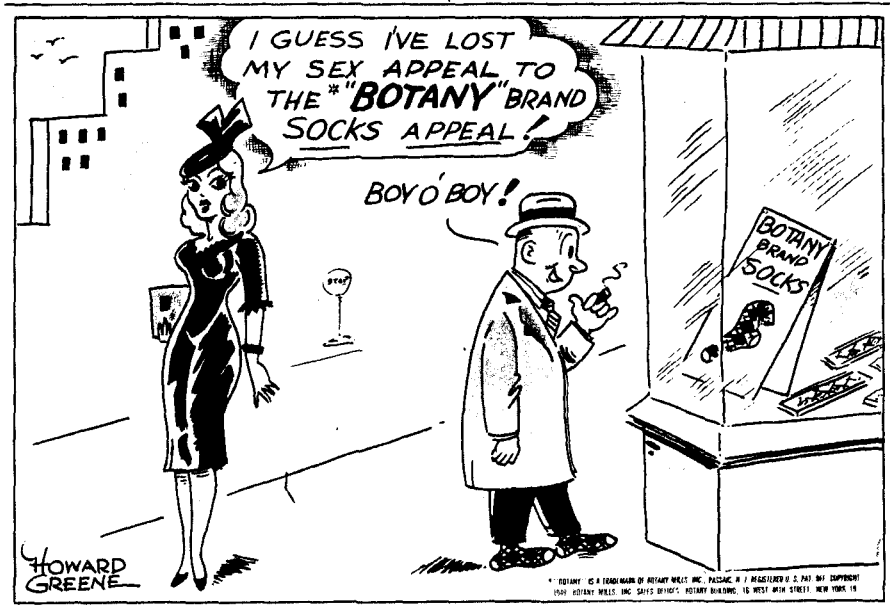

be there I could tell him how to pitch to them. I used to could tell by a batter's stance, by the way he held his bat, by the bend of his wrists, by the angle of his head, what he would cut at. The problem was just to get the right ball over. I used to manage to get a good many over."

"Sure, son, I know. Ballplaying lost a good man . . . but life in this town didn't."

"If I could just be there."

"Yeah."

Then together they were thinking a thing, and I didn't know what it was, but it made me afraid because somehow I knew that it was a thing beyond what men live with every day and call the world. I tried to listen only to the radio.

Sam Naughton got past the first batter on a fine fielding play—second to first. We had seen these players in exhibition games as they had gone North in more than one spring, and now in our minds we knew how they moved, we saw the scooped-up sizzler, the slamming throw to first base.

The second Sox batter doubled off the right-field wall.

The humming circuit of voices started again on the edge of my mind, and one of the voices didn't belong there, and my own face looked pale to me in the mirror, and I wouldn't admit to myself whose the new voice was, because it was saying, *"I just can't seem to control where I mean for it to go."* It was like a young boyish cry for help out of an old time and a far place.

And then the Naughtons—father and sons—were thinking a thing together, and I was more afraid than I had been, and I listened again only to the radio.

"Hackney is going back to his position behind the plate. Naughton goes to work very deliberately now. He stretches, checks the runner at second, steps in—the pitch—swung on—missed—strike one—a fireball down the middle. You could hear the stands ooh and ah over that one.

He struck out that batter and then the next one, retiring the side. I knew what had happened, and I was sweating at the thought of it, a thin sickly moisture on my upper lip and under my eyes. A part of Homer Naughton—the faith, the heart, the spirit of him had traversed that thousand miles and had been there pitching for Sam. It was later that I realized that something had to replace the missing part of Homer. That something had to come from Sam, and it meant that while those two men were being struck out somebody who wasn't really Homer Naughton at all was cutting my hair.

AS THAT third strike of the third out went over the plate, the father of Sam and Homer Naughton slumped low in his seat. His face was a blotchy mixture of red and white and yellow, and his breath was a thing we could hear through the shop. Homer went over to him, and so did Phil Bell. He tried to wave them away, but his hand made only a weak flapping. Phil Bell said, "Better get him to a doctor, Homer."

Homer said, "Papa, you all right? Papa, you hear what I'm saying?"

The old man nodded, smiled. His face quickly began to regain its normal redness with a few bright thready red-purple lines showing just under the skin. He was crying small glassy tears.

He didn't say anything aloud. But that curious humming speech of the minds of father and son began again, and they were telling each other how it was—how, since the two sons were parts of the same father, only the father could perform the strange transfer of spirits between his sons; how, whether a man sold himself to the Devil or gave himself to goodness, there was a strength demanded of him, a price he had to pay; how the price had been nearly the whole of Will Naughton's life; how if he should have to go through that ordeal again the price might be all his life.

I tried again not to hear what they

BUTCH

"All right, but if we're caught, I'm makin' like I don't know ya"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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were thinking between themselves. I listened to the radio. A Bird batter had singled and had been sacrificed to second. Hackney, the catcher, was being walked to set up a potential double play. Sam Naughton was the next batter.

Phil Bell yipped, "That won't help any. Old Sam's best hitting pitcher in the game."

The Naughtons didn't say anything. They were thinking that even if the Birds got a run across, there were still three Gray Sox batters to be got out in the bottom half of the ninth. They were thinking of what could be done about it, and then because that thought was too grim to dwell on before a time of decision came, they spoke, in that silent speech.

I heard the old man saying, *"How was it up there, son?"*

So there we were in the shop, all of us—the idle barbers, the old man, the brother, myself—believing as much as we could in a friend and neighbor who had a chance to be giant-sized in the game of his choice.

We leaned toward the radio that told of how our friend was doing.

"The pitch—a bunt to the third-base side of the plate—Hackney goes for it. The throw to first—in time. No chance at second. One out, a runner on second. The stands are strangely quiet—not much noise anywhere. Naughton hasn't used that fireball of his in any pitch this inning. Tobe Welman, who is here in the booth with us, says Naughton appears to have suddenly changed his style of pitching. He seems to be studying the batter a much longer time than is his custom. Now, the first pitch to Carlson. In there for strike one."

We listened, and Carlson watched a ball, low and outside, then swung at a second strike, and a third one. The announcer again mentioned the change in Sam Naughton's pitching pace. I saw Will Naughton smiling a wide smile, and then in the mirror above Will Naughton I saw Homer Naughton grinning a proud wide grin, and then I recalled a thing he had once said to me—how he felt sometimes that a little part of him was in every lad he had ever encouraged to play the game, win or lose, to the last pitch.

Recalling that, I knew then that not a little part, but a very large part of Homer Naughton's ability had been given over to his brother Sam, and was lodged there now as a part of Sam. It was Homer's gift of outmaneuvering a batter.

Suddenly I laughed out loud. I couldn't help it. It was a terrific thing, the way it hit me. It made me feel good. It made me believe in all the good things called miracles—just to think that from there out a part of the faith and heart and spirit of Homer Naughton would be playing the game he loved.

Homer said, "What's funny?"

I couldn't tell him. I was sure he would want it to be a knowledge secret to himself and his father and his brother. It belonged just to them, and it would cheapen it if they should know I knew it. So I said, "Look at my hair."

He did, and the other men did, and we all laughed, because it was something to laugh at.

A FEW moments later the third strike on the third out went into Hackney's mitt, and the radio blossomed in a tremendous blare of sound. Phil Bell and the other barbers beat one another on the shoulders, laughing louder than the cheering of thousands. Then they came over and shook the old man's hand, and punched his shoulders, and told him over and over that his son was their boy Sam. The old man kept smiling and crying and nodding.

After a while things were quieter, and Homer Naughton looked at my hair, and said, "A pitcher maybe, but no barber," and I knew what he meant, even though he thought I didn't. Then he told me the only thing he could do about my hair, and he did it, and when I went home and took off my hat, my wife said, "Ugh!"

She was right. A crew cut just isn't my style. THE END

"It felt pretty good, kind of strange, but . . ."

"A pretty big moment, h'm?"

"I can't seem to tell anything about it. It happened, and it feels good to remember, but I can't seem to say how it was."

"No, I guess not."

Then their thoughts were quiet, sober as death, because Sam had singled across a run, and the lead-off man had hit into a double play, and it was the time again for the Birds to take the field.

It was time again for Sam Naughton to take the mound, to pitch some ball.

I tried to get away from hearing that thrumming of the two men's minds, but it came in on me. The old man was saying, *"It's not that I'd be afraid, and if something happened to me it would be for more than to win a ball game or a winner's share in the pot. It would be to make Sam a whole man again and to take misery out of more lives than his and mine and yours."*

I could see him. His eyes were open, and he was looking across at his son; and I believed him, I believed that he would have made whatever supreme effort would have been required of him.

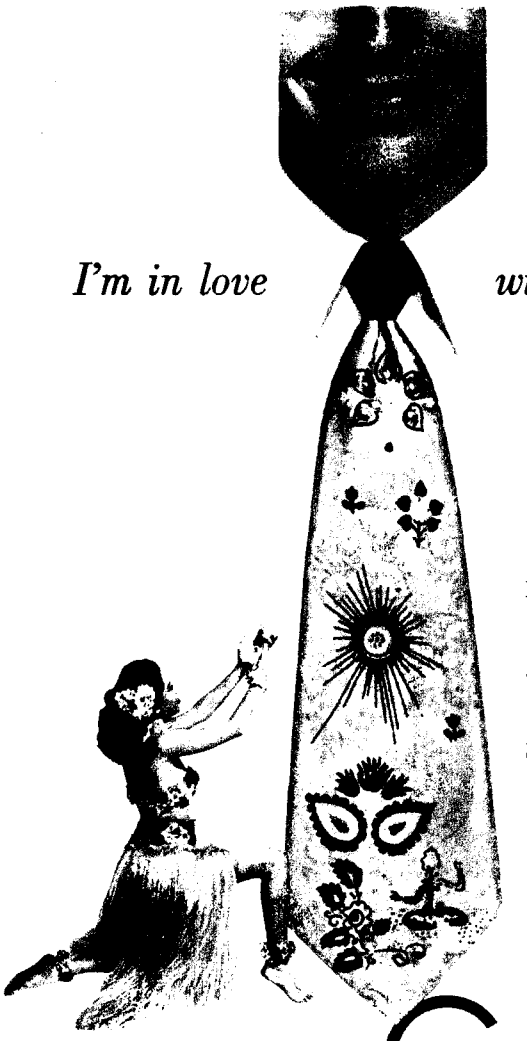
Sam Naughton walked the first Sox batter.

I heard Homer saying, *"I'd like to be in there again, pitching for him. But a man has to climb his own hill someday. It's not fair to him or to anybody else to sham it all the way. We can believe in him hard as all hell, but that's about the most we can do."*

ZIUQ

See page 71

1. (a) What noise does an elephant make? (b) Name a fish. (c) What is left of a hooked rug after it has been cut to pieces? (d) What are andirons made of? (e) What would you call a couple of hurricanes in a forest?
2. (a) What's so nice about me? (b) How about a date? (c) Why not?
3. Name a city in Michigan, a river in New York and a rock in Massachusetts.
4. What is 1949 minus 173?
5. Name a broil, a song writer and a Rose.
6. (a) What do bebop addicts call a man from the nation's capital who isn't hep? (b) What would you call a sewing group in an Ohio city?
7. What makes a terrible racket?
8. Name three substances considered highly indigestible by dietitians.
9. Name three books or plays and a flavor.
10. What would you call a vaudeville turn by two tap dancers named Olaf Taft and Horace Hartley?



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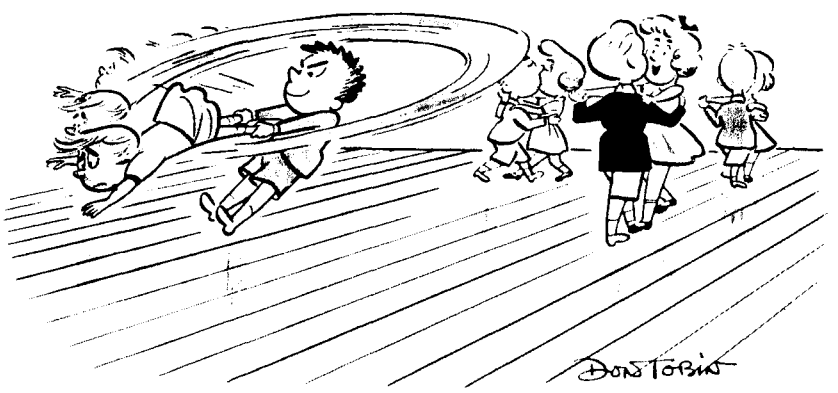

"I see Bobby had an extra bowl of Wheaties for breakfast."

Another hefty swinger is home-run hitter Ralph Kiner. And—he's been eating Wheaties for 12 years! Famous training dish—these 100% whole wheat flakes, milk and fruit. Solid nourishment—plus second-helping flavor—in Wheaties! Had *your* Wheaties today? Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

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SAM BERMAN

How Stalin Got That Way

TO MOST OF US Joseph Stalin is a symbol rather than a man. He is, according to one's viewpoint, a monster of scarcely human dimensions or a source of oracular wisdom. He is international Communism and the threat of world revolution. He is usually what we really mean when we speak of "the Russians." It is almost impossible to see him at all except through the lens of our preconceptions.

But Isaac Deutscher, a Polish-born London journalist, has managed an objective look in Stalin: A Political Biography, just published by Oxford University Press. His appraisal is obviously backed by painstaking research, a long acquaintance with Russian affairs, and talks with people who have known Stalin at various periods of his life.

The book is just what the subtitle says it is. Mr. Deutscher doesn't tell you what his subject eats for breakfast or drinks with his dinner. He probably couldn't if he wanted to, for Stalin has refrained from making public many details of his personal history. Apparently he doesn't want to let fact interfere with the growth of the Stalin legend.

Yet, for this reader, some of the book's most interesting pages are the nonpolitical ones which sketch the character of young Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili before the start of that revolutionary career which produced Joseph Stalin, the most powerful ruler in the world. They show how truly the child is father of the man. And they recall the fact, so often overlooked, that politics and policies are not born in an intellectual vacuum, but are influenced by the emotional experiences of the people who create them.

Stalin, the son of former serfs, grew up in miserable poverty. His father apparently was addicted to vodka and, under its influence, to cruelty. "Undeserved and frightful beatings made the boy as grim and heartless as was his father," according to a childhood friend of Stalin's who is quoted in the book. The boy's defenses, says the author, were "distrust, alertness, evasion, dissimulation and endurance"—fateful characteristics, as later events were to prove.

In the village school, where young Djugashvili was one of the best pupils, he learned the lesson of class consciousness and class hatred. For most of the children came from more well-to-do families than he did, and they snubbed him for his parents' poverty, in spite of his superior attainments.

When Stalin, at fifteen, entered a Russian Orthodox seminary at Tiflis, he was probably obeying his mother's wishes. The priesthood must have seemed to her an undreamed-of eminence for the son of a serf. But the son balked at the rigid discipline of the priests, who reported the seminarists for any irregular thought or action.

It was during his seminary days that Stalin rebelled against religion, the czar and his whole environment and joined the Socialist revolutionary movement. He repaid the priests' suspicions with deception and hypocrisy until, after five years, he was finally expelled.

Thus were born, in the remote Caucasus more than 50 years ago, the frustrations, resentments and hatreds which have brought death to thousands, oppression to millions, and the ominous, uncertain fear of war to the whole world. They are undoubtedly the hidden forces that give shape and direction to Soviet policy. And since that policy concerns us all, it seems a pity that so little has been known of the forces behind it.

Mr. Deutscher's readers will find a good bit of that deficiency remedied in this new book. The author has put together a detailed, penetrating and dispassionate portrait of his subject. He shows a complex and contradictory man who, like many frustrated persons, has grown to resemble what he has hated.

In 1902, Stalin, the young revolutionary, wrote: "Nothing could be more dangerous to tyrannical authority than the people's curiosity." Years later he was to repress not only the people's curiosity but even their slightest question of his authority and infallibility. He was to extract from 200,000,000 Russians the same blind obedience that he had rebelled against in the seminary. He was to put down all opposition by ceaseless intimidation and bloody purges that might have brought a blush to the faces of Russia's most despotic czars.

Mr. Deutscher also shows us an "ordinary, prosaic, fairly sober man" who has carefully built himself into the living deity of atheistic Communism. He shows us a plodder who sulked unnoticed for years in the shadow of the brilliant team of Lenin and Trotsky, and now revenges himself by a self-glorification of incredible ostentation and monumental bad taste. He shows us a man who is a shrewd politician rather than a theorist, a bureaucratic administrator rather than a planner, a man who has often been controlled by events and forced to improvise in crises, a man who has destroyed freedom after freedom lest his infallibility should be questioned.

This magazine believes it is important that Americans know as much as they can about Stalin the man, not Stalin the symbol. It should help to remove some of the exaggerated fear with which many people regard him.

He is most certainly a fearsome individual. He is a proud and ruthless tyrant. But he is also a mortal man, and an old man, and a man who suffers from ordinary human weakness and indecision. And, so far as the outside world is concerned, he is Russia.

When we fear Russia we are really fearing Stalin. The realization that Stalin is neither superhuman nor invulnerable might change the atmosphere of confusion and near hysteria which lately has marked our national attitude toward Communism and all things Russian, and so advance to some extent our own strength and the cause of lasting peace.

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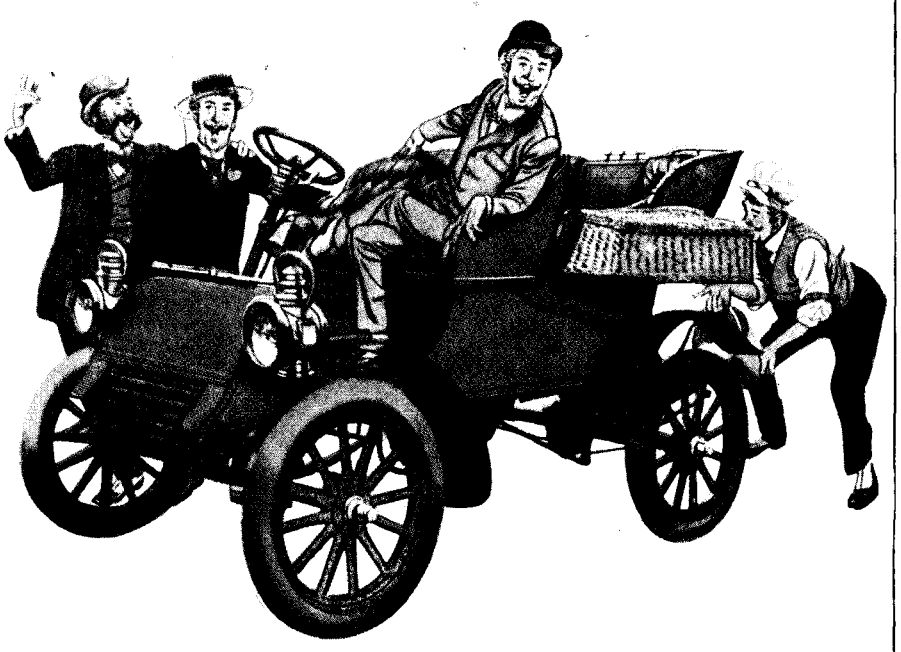
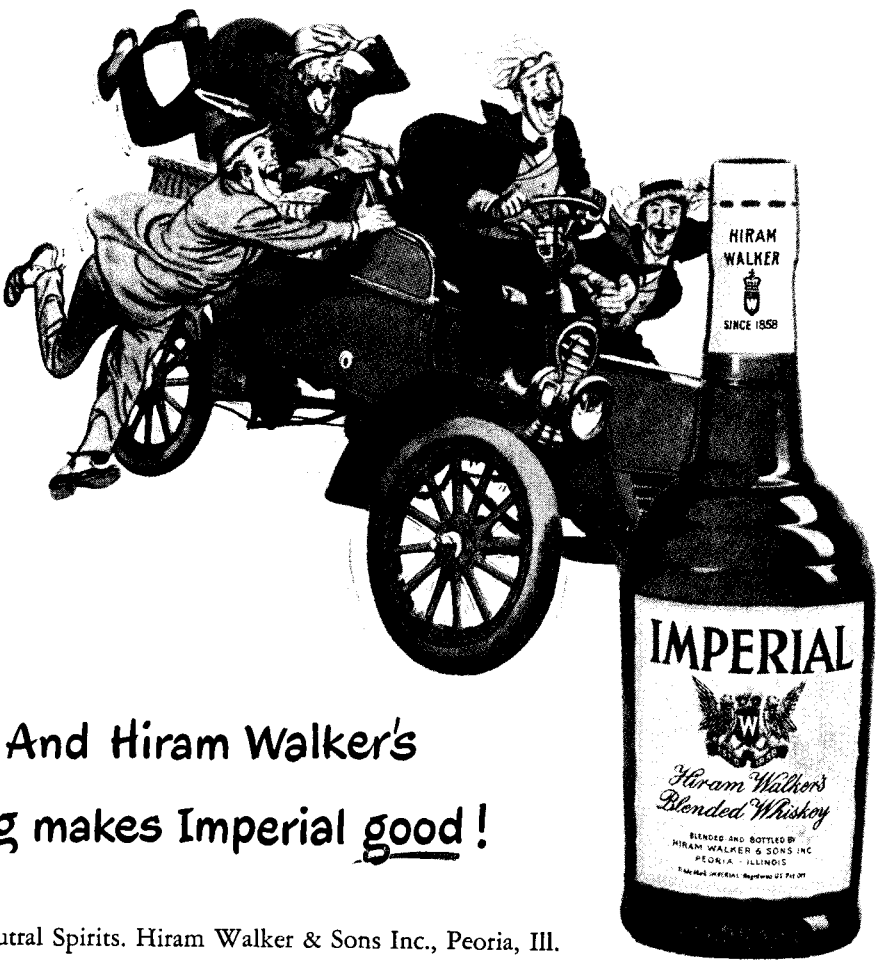
WHEN YOU WANT A DRINK WITH FLAVOR
THAT RECALLS THE DAYS GONE BY —



AND A FINE OLD-FASHIONED MELLOWNESS
THAT MAKES OLD-TIMERS SIGH —

THERE'S A NAME YOU OUGHT TO ASK FOR
THERE'S A WHISKEY YOU SHOULD TRY —

JUST TELL THE MAN YOU WANT IMPERIAL!



IMPERIAL is made by Hiram Walker. And Hiram Walker's 91 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!

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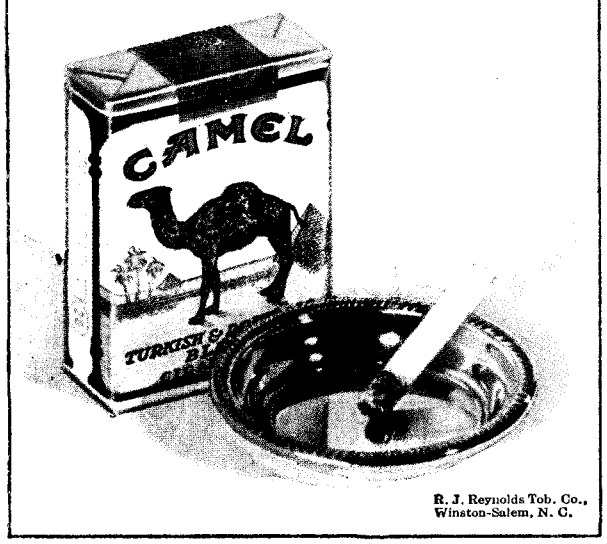
30-DAY TEST REVEALED

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported NOT ONE SINGLE CASE of THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MAKE YOUR OWN 30-DAY TEST— IN YOUR "T-ZONE"!

Over and beyond the reports of noted throat specialists on Camel mildness, the final judge is *you*. Change to Camels for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone". See if you don't find Camels the *mildest, best-tasting* cigarette you ever smoked!

"I MADE MY OWN 30-Day Test and here's what I have to report—Camels are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!" Mrs. Catherine D. Brown, housewife.

JACK SCOTT, field rifle shot: "That good Camel flavor hits the mark with me every time! And I've always found Camels agree with my throat."

HAT DESIGNER Mary Goodfellow: "My test of Camels dates back years, not days! Camel mildness is no news to me. And Camels are such a good-tasting smoke!"

"I CHANGED TO CAMELS for 30 days. Now I *know* how mild a cigarette can be! And for flavor—well, Camels sure suit me to a 'T'!" Commercial diver Jack Trahan.

MITZI RILEY, rodeo rider: "Smoking Camels for 30 days was all the proof I needed that Camel is the brand for me! I'll take a cool, mild Camel every time."

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